PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR

FEBRUARY 1985 $3.95

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OUR MOST CHILLING INTERVIEW EVER

SEX, DRUGS, AND SCANDALS: BLOWING THE LID OFF WALL STREET

"HOW EVEN YOU CAN SAVE OVER $100,000" BY JACK ANDERSON

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE: FASCIST FEMINISTS AND THE MORAL MAJORITY

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This month's cover features our Pet of the Month, Brittany Dane, who was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters. Brittany appears on page 67. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 151.

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Last year, Dan Walchak drove his bus 37,546 miles in and out of New York City without making a wrong turn. Or gesture. So he received a bottle of V.O.

The reward.

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HOUSECALL

A DEADLY PLAGUE
It could be the plot of some grade-B horror movie of the 1950s—a new breed of ruthless, random murderers killing thousands of innocent victims at whim and avoiding capture for years. But today's reality is a nightmare come true, as Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein reports in "Serial Killers." Sonnenschein discusses this growing and terrible phenomenon with Ann Rule, America's leading expert on serial murderers. And, in a companion article, investigative reporter Hugh Aynesworth interviews Henry Lee Lucas, a Texas drifter who admits to killing over 360 people. At this point, just about the only thing that keeps Lucas from his date with the executioner is the fact that police across the country need his help in locating the bodies of his victims. It's probably the most chilling story we've ever published.

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALL STREET
Drugs, sex, wild parties, brainless bimbos, and crazy scenes—sounds like Hollywood, right? Wrong! This time it's the bastion of world capitalism, the dark side of Wall Street. In an eye-opening exposé, former *Penthouse* editor Peter McCabe introduces us to many of today's hedonistic bulls and bears, Wall Streeters who seem more interested in buying cocaine than stocks and bonds. After reading this article, you may well decide you're better off putting your money in tin boxes and keeping them under your bed.

SCANDALS
This month's "Advise & Dissent" could be worth at least $100,000 to you. That, writes Jack Anderson, is how much you personally could save over the next 12 years if the government would crack down on waste, fraud, and inefficiency. In this column, Anderson announces a new citizen-action group to force the government to do just that. And we are more than proud that Anderson, one of America's most respected investigative reporters and columnists, will be joining the *Penthouse* family as editor of this column. Jack will seek out other leading opinion-makers to share their views with our readers.

LOUDMOUTHS
The ultimate outrage presently being perpetrated on Americans everywhere is censorship by militant right-wing feminist loudmouths. Professor Alan M. Dershowitz of the Harvard Law School—our leading constitutional lawyer, legal scholar, teacher, and practicing attorney—exposes the unholy alliance between these fascistic man-haters and various elements of the Moral Majority syndrome in "The Law" column in our new "View From the Top" section.

WORDS AND MUSIC
This month's fiction is a gripping short story by Michael Gilbert, "A Very Special Relationship." Gilbert, who has been hailed by connoisseurs of British mystery stories as the heir to Agatha Christie, tells the tale of a deadly bank-robbery team and their equally deadly adversaries. . . . In "The Three-Minute Movie," writer Nick Tosches and photographer Hank Londoner take you behind the scenes to watch rock superstars Hall and Oates cutting their latest rock video—a new art form that, as Tosches says, "is what Hollywood used to be, only smaller."

ART FORMS
You'll find many other stylish photographs within these pages, not the least of which are Malcolm Kirk's stunning studies of "Hair's New Wave," a photo essay featuring the bizarre, outlandish, and totally off-the-wall hairstyles worn by Britain's punk purists. . . . But the most stylish photos of all, of course, feature this month's petables—a compelling array of real women, all suitably unattired to be February's perfect companions for your Valentine's Day fantasy!

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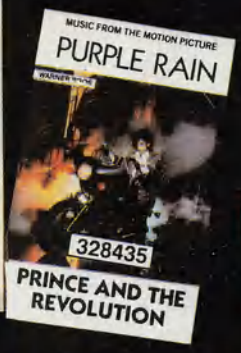

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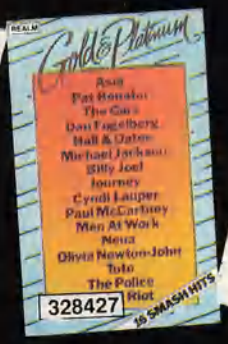

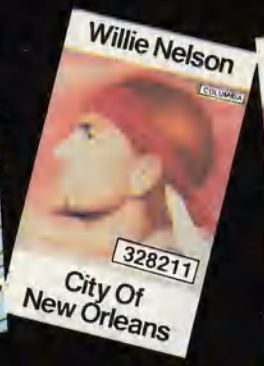

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"I'm ready for you," she whispered. I went wild and quickened the pace. She was totally uncontrollable."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

MOVIN' IN FOR THE THRILL

This past Saturday, my family and I loaded up the car with my sister's belongings and headed out to her college, some five hours away. After finding a parking space there, we started to unload the car. It was a really muggy day and I was sweating like a racehorse. About midway through the unloading, I was really feeling the six floors I had to climb each time, so I decided to take a break. Sitting down on the grass next to the car, I noticed this extremely attractive little lady struggling to unload her car. Being the gentleman that I am, I asked if she needed any help. She said, "Thank you, no." So I went back to unloading my sister's things.

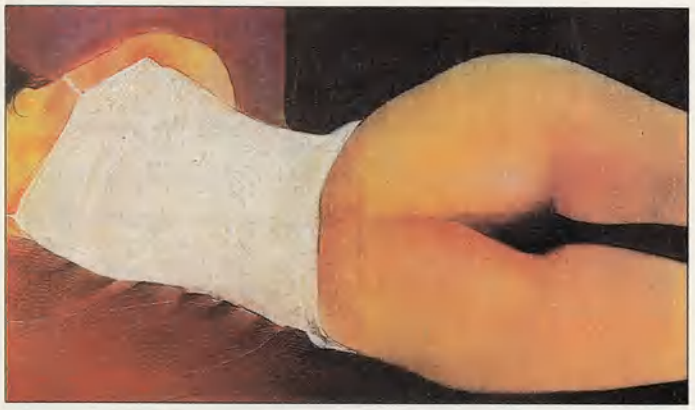
Halfway up those six flights of stairs, I found the same girl picking up all the stuff she had dropped. Seeing me, she said that maybe she could use some help after all. So, with my sister's box of belongings and now Lisa's, I was really having a hard time. Being a college wrestler and a construction worker, I really thought I could handle the heavy load. Well, just as I was feeling pretty cocky, I tripped and fell forward. Out of Lisa's box dropped a penis-shaped gadget. I honestly thought it was a curling iron of some sort. She turned the brightest shade of red I have ever seen and grabbed it out of my hands. Only then did I realize just what it was.

Acting like nothing happened, we reached her room and I mentioned how thirsty I was. She got me a beer and plopped down in a chair. It was then that I really noticed how fantastic she was. After some small talk, I asked her her age. When I heard she was only 18 as of last week, I decided to forget what my stiff pecker had in mind.

With both of us sweat-soaked from the muggy day, she excused herself and left to change her clothes. When she got back from the other room, my life flashed before me. I pray I will never forget what I saw. She was clad in a bikini top and short-short cutoffs. With a seductively shy little grin, she popped open a can of beer. In all my 28 years I have never wanted anyone as badly as I wanted this tender, brown-eyed, sensuously innocent dishwater blonde. Lisa's breasts were about the size of large grapefruits and her ass was bounteously curved. When she handed me my second beer, I told her I got high just by watching her in her cutoffs.

Feeling a little high herself, she asked if I would do her a little favor. "Sure, just name it," I said. She asked me if I wouldn't mind kissing her. My mouth nearly fell to the floor.

My God, that one kiss lasted for twenty minutes. I was still tonguing her when she started rubbing my best friend. While she did that, I unhooked her bikini top and the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen sprang into view. I was in pure ecstasy. I looked into her eyes and she was crying. I backed off and asked if she was okay. She kissed me and said she was having one long orgasm like she never experienced before. With that I fell to my knees and damn near ripped her shorts off.



What I found was truly the greatest sight of my life: Lisa's vaginal area was totally shaved. Droplets of love nectar dripped out of her. I buried my face between her breasts and slowly slid my lips and tongue past her stomach down to her pussy where I delicately tongued her dew. Never in my entire life have I ever tasted anything so delectable. Lisa's entire body shook uncontrollably.

By now, my penis was throbbing and pulsating like never before. I slowly eased her off the chair and onto the floor. She then begged me to enter her steaming hot cunt. She was unbelievably tight. I even had a hard time sliding my cock into her. Once inside of her, I could actually feel her individual pussy muscles caressing my dick. It felt so great, I went as slow as I could. "I'm ready for you to fill me up," she whispered in my ear. With that, I went wild and quickened the pace. Again, she was totally uncontrollable. With all my might and force I pounded into her like I never believed possible. I climaxed like a killer earthquake. I never pumped as much sperm into a woman as I did into Lisa.

As we lay there, Lisa looked up at me and kissed me tenderly. She then asked me where the rest of my family was—which brought me back to reality. We laughed, showered, and then went up to my sister's room hand in hand. The rest of my family had gone to dinner and came back again. Realizing I had forgotten the box that I carried as far as the third floor, Lisa and I turned around and, hand in hand, walked down the hall, laughing all the way to her room. As we entered, the deep musty smell of our earlier escapade filled our nostrils and put us back into that lovemaking mood. But, with the family already pissed off at me, we decided to use what little self-control we could find. I grabbed the box, got Lisa's address, and kissed her good-bye.

PENTHOUSE FORUM in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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Founded March 1965

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editor & publisher

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(U.S. edition)

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FEBRUARY

Yes, it's true. I am definitely ready to go back down to see my Love Goddess. In fact, I'm leaving to go back the minute I finish this letter. Please print this. I would love to show it to Lisa to prove to her just how much that weekend moved me.—*Name and address withheld*

PROBLEM SOLVED

I enjoy sex with my boyfriend, but I've always wondered, as I guess most girls do, what it would be like to make love with another girl. My closest girlfriend, Kathy, is married and one year older than me. She is a gorgeous creature (I'm easy on the eyes, too, or so I'm told), and when we're out together we get a lot of stares and whistles. That always turns me on, but what really turns me on is *her*. I've never discussed this with her for fear it would frighten her off. So I didn't know what to do.

I did know, however, that her sex life left a lot to be desired. Apparently her husband seldom gave her an orgasm, and she, more often than not, ended up in the bathroom masturbating. Although I had never done it with another girl, I was convinced that I could give her an orgasm. You see, we're very close and never hesitate to touch or hug each other. If we're really excited, we kiss, but it has always been a sisterly kiss. Well, Xaviera, in her July 1984 column, dropped an idea that gave me a real rush. As soon as I read it, I knew it was my solution. She suggested that a girl with a problem like mine "accidentally" pull her vibrator out of her purse and watch for a reaction.

Well, one night Kathy and I were going to go to the movies, because her husband Harry was out of town. She came over to my place after work and we had a couple of gin and tonics on a light supper of chicken salad. As we approached the end of our second drink, I told her I had a newspaper clipping that I'd saved for her in my purse. When I brought my purse back into the living room, I pretended to be upset that I couldn't find the clipping. Finally, I dumped the contents of the purse on the coffee table—vibrator and all.

She spotted the vibrator, inhaled sharply, and said, "What's that?"

"Oh, that's Waldo, my best friend!" I said. "When I'm tense, he helps me relax. Here, feel him against your neck." I put the end of the vibrator in my mouth and lubricated it. She just looked at me with her eyes opened wide. I then laid the vibrator on the side of her neck and let her feel its pulsing. Then I ran it down the inside of her arm while I lighly held her hand, palm up. She was wearing a short-sleeved blouse, a little miniskirt, high-heeled shoes, and no stockings. I pushed the coffee table aside so I could kneel in front of her. She didn't say a word: She just let me proceed.

I picked up her left ankle and lifted it until her leg was out straight. Then I applied the vibrator to the inside of her calf. "You'll have to move to the edge of the couch," I said. She hitched forward and braced her foot on my right leg. This motion, of course, exposed her crotch. I could see her very sheer bikini panties, with little blond hairs peeking out from around the light material.

"Now lean back and relax," I told her, as I slowly moved the vibrator up the inside of her calf. At that point, I shifted the vibrator toward the inside of her thighs and slowly slid it up to and around her crotch. She was breathing harder now. After placing her calves on my shoulders, I repeated the process on her right leg. Now I had a clear view of my still-clothed target. When I reached for the fabric, she sort of whispered, "Oh, my God!" I held the vibrator up vertically and passed it over her crotch very slowly. "We'd better get these off," I said, and quickly laid the vibrator down while I hooked my fingers under her bikini bottoms. She voluntarily lifted her pretty ass to permit me to slide off the now moist garment.

I continued to work over her crotch with the vibrator, now unimpeded by any fabric. I was careful not to pay too much attention to her clit—I wanted to save that for my tongue. After a few minutes I reached down, picked up her bikini bottoms, pushed them into my face, inhaled deeply, and said, "Oh, these smell good!"

By this time, her cunt was wide open and practically dripping. I stared right into her depths and told her, "You are so beautiful down there. I just can't resist you." With that, I moistened my lips and moved forward, planting a big wet kiss on her open cunt lips. She reacted by inhaling quickly with a loud "oh-h-h-h-h!"

I firmed my tongue and licked around her outer lips, once, twice, three times. She said, "Oh, God, don't stop—just get closer." I flicked her inner lips with a rapid fire, then flattened my tongue on them, and licked her like a pussycat. I thought she was going to go out of her mind! She pushed her pussy up into my face and squirmed. Mind you, I still hadn't concentrated on her clit! I then inserted my tongue as far as I could into her love channel. She began to thrash her head back and forth, moaning, "Oh, my God, oh, my God." I tongue-fucked her a little longer, then pulled out, and began to work on her little clit, which was hard as a pea. Well, I'd only given it two or three licks when she started to come. And she didn't stop. She pulled my head down into her and said, "My God, I love you."

After she had calmed down, she amazed me by saying, "Now I want to do you. I've never done this before, but it's the most wonderful thing I've ever experienced. Let's make a night of it!" And we did!—*Name and address withheld*

AUTOEROTIC

One warm evening in late August, I picked up the October 1984 issue of *Penthouse* at my local convenience store. Back in

my apartment. I started scanning the pictorials. The first one, the lesbian love scene, got my motor running; both women were lovely. The pictures of Pet of the Month Marie Ehlman, with her passionate expressions, made my temperature rise. I wish I had attended the Pet of the Year Pageant—the picture of Canada's entry in the pictorial "The $1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant" was particularly exciting. But when I saw the pictorial of Jody Swafford, I knew I had found my evening's entertainment.

I stripped and climbed into bed and lay on my stomach, holding my pillow like a lover. *Penthouse* was open before me, at the beginning of Jody's pictorial. Her tits were lovely and her expression was absolutely molten. I started rubbing my penis on the bed sheet. I was hard in a moment, and I turned the page. Jody was in high black boots, lifting up her very short skirt, revealing her pubic hair. Boots and short skirts blow my mind—I was breathing harder now, and every stroke of my penis felt better than the last. I lingered a few more moments and turned the page.

On the left-hand side, there was Jody's wonderful ass; on the right, the first hint of her pussy. I thought about her legs parting for me, and the feeling of her tits against my chest. The pleasure was too intense. I stopped stroking for a few seconds to avoid coming so soon.

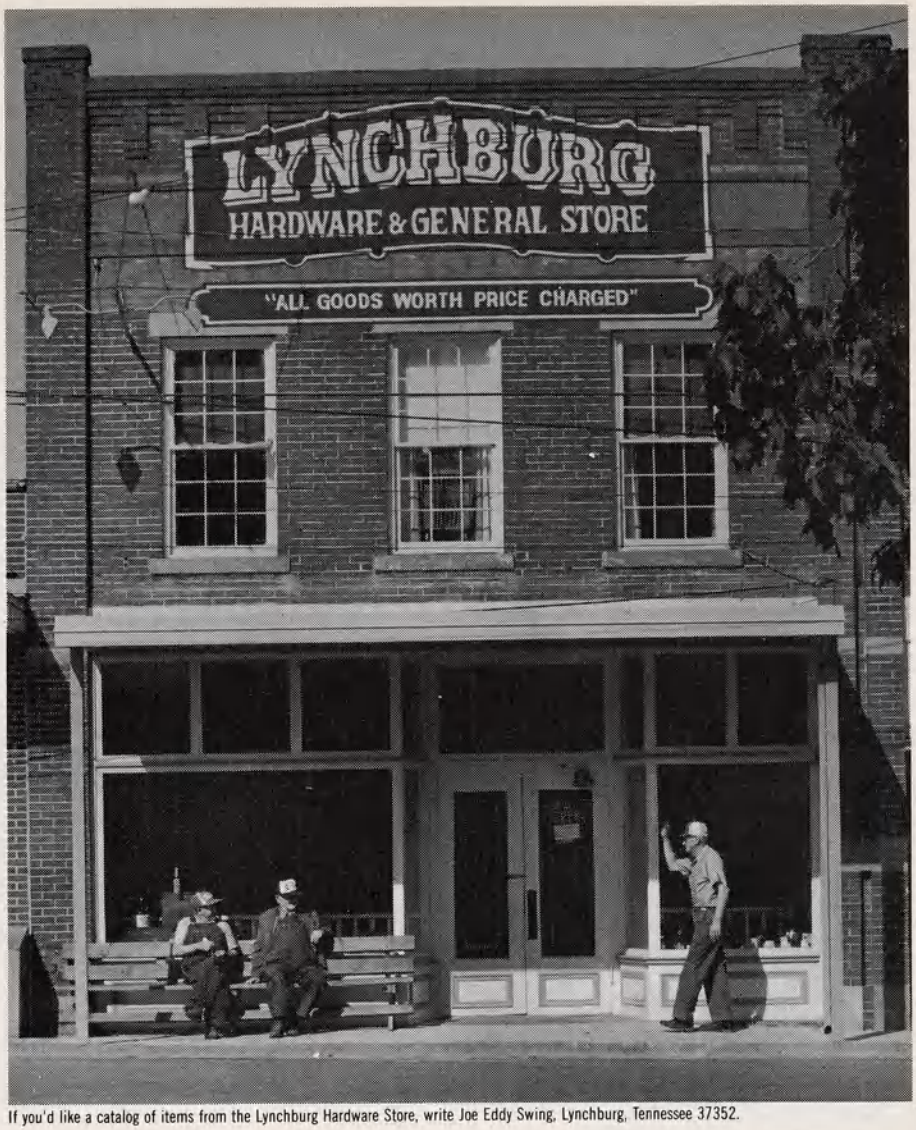
I moaned in ecstasy when I saw the next page: those boots again. Every nerve in my penis was tingling. I wanted Jody to stand over me with her hands on her hips and masturbate me with the toe of her boot. On to the next page. Jody was presenting both her ass and her pussy for my consideration, wanting me to take her from behind. I was panting like a marathoner after a race.

But onward! Next she was on a barstool, her pussy resting on soft leather; she was lost like me in autoerotic ecstasy. Finally, on the next page, there she was: lying back in bed, her eyes dreamy, her legs wide open, her pussy deliciously inviting. I pumped like a madman. What heaven!

Now, what picture to climax with? It was an easy decision. I quickly turned back to my favorite shot and lost all control: her high black boots, her round ass, her irresistible pussy, her black belt, her full tits, her chain necklace, her face so full of lust, her satanic black hair. I cried out her name. I told her that I loved her and wanted to fuck her forever. I thought of my cock fucking her pussy, first slowly, then faster.

Suddenly my cream was spurting. The first drops lubricated the sheet under my cock, supplying the slippery friction that feels just right as the head, in climaxing, becomes so sensitive. I pumped and pumped, then collapsed in pure contentment, giving Jody's picture a kiss before falling off to sleep.—*Name and address withheld*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150



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PET FORUM

LOG ON FIRE

Très magnifique, Penthouse! Your November 1984 pictorial "Camp-Fired Girls" exposed three of the most lovely ladies who ever caused my rod to rise. These three beautiful women have toasted my

Camp-fired girls

marshmallows and their natural sculptured bodies have caused my log to erupt in flames. Please give me more information about my newfound fantasy girls and let's see full pictorials of each in the future.—*M. Milanovich, Oak Creek, Wis.*

Dear M. M.,
All your hot talk has me on fire! And do remember, only you can prevent forest fires!—The camper in the middle

DESIRABLE STATES

Dear Mindy Farrar,
I'm sure that the photos of you in the November 1984 issue of *Penthouse* will convince many readers that Kansas women are among the best-looking in the nation. And frankly, I'm convinced that *Penthouse* could not have picked a better representative from any state.

Mindy, your *Penthouse* spread is truly a collection of erotic jewels. How can any man look at these photos—so tastefully done—and not recognize you immediately as the woman of his dreams? A woman whose picture-perfect beauty is both natural and innocent, while at the same time sensual, erotic, and inviting. Mindy, your photos are so very stimulating, I can only imagine what it must be like to see you in person. How can any man who only briefly glances at your absolutely lethal beauty not be overcome by the strongest feelings of desire? Surely a more perfect woman does not live.—*R. D., Boston, Mass.*

Dear R. D.,
As Dorothy said, "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore." Well, neither am I. I am living on the West Coast now (Los Angeles is a bit like Oz!), but I take my Kansas spirit with me wherever I go. And believe you me, I can go a long way!—Mindy

Joanne

FAST LANE

Obviously our December Pet of the Month, Angela Marie Mineo, isn't the only one turned on by fast and foxy cars. Many readers have asked us to identify the spectacular car (below) featured so prominently with her in Carl Wachter's "Puppy Love" pictorial. It is a Mercedes-Benz replica of a 1934 540K, kindly provided by Jim Slemons Imports, Newport Beach, California. It's sleek, curvy and handles like a dream—the car, that is.

Angela

LONELY FOR LATHAM

Dear *Penthouse*,
I just want to congratulate you on your September 1984 15th Anniversary Issue. Your pictorial on Vanessa Williams was good, as was the one on Tracy Lords. Lords is one of the best models you've featured in years.

Your pictorial tribute "15 Years of Pets of the Year" was the best "exercise in nostalgia" ever.

My only complaint is that the blond and beautiful Joanne Latham (September 1979), your Tenth Anniversary Issue centerfold, has not been in your magazine in five years. I looked forward to the anniversary issue in the hopes that you would present Joanne again. She is one of your top models, and I'm hoping that she will appear in *Penthouse* soon.

Please don't let Joanne's numerous fans go much longer without seeing her in your wonderful magazine. It's been a lonely five years without her.—*Nick Thanatos, Detroit, Mich.*

Dear Nick,
Joanne Latham is presently dividing her time between sunny California and her native England, working to make a name for herself in the film industry. We wish her much luck and wait for Hollywood to notice what Penthouse *readers can't forget.*—The Editors

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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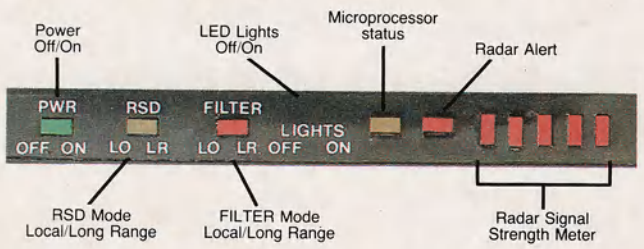

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PENTHOUSE **FEEDBACK**

APOLOGY

The $1,000,000 Pet of the Year, Jeanette Starion, was featured in our November 1984 issue wearing the swimsuit shown below, photographed by John Galluzzi. We neglected to mention that it was designed by Oleg Cassini for the Linea Mare Swimwear line. We apologize for this omission.—The Editors

OLYMPIC HUMOR

I am writing about the cartoon feature entitled "Olympicide," which appeared in your Special Olympic Issue of August 1984.

These cartoons by Steve Attoe were, all in all, in unusually poor taste, especially for your magazine.

I am responding particularly to the first cartoon, that being the lighting of the Olympic torch containing hundreds of cats. I do not wish to take off in a hysterical tirade about this particularly unpleasant cartoon, but would rather like to point out to you that, not so subtly, depictions such as this lead to a desensitizing of many people to the rights and welfare of nonverbal animals.

On the flip side is another particularly heinous cartoon, showing a mother strapped to a chair, beaten to a bloody pulp by her son. This is very offensive.

I realize that in the editorial decision-making process, reactions of past readers to previous editorial content are taken into consideration, and I would like to strongly urge you to not allow such offensive, insensitive, vulgar, and tasteless material to appear again.

I would certainly hope that you would agree with me that an individual who thought these to be funny would be a potentially dangerous individual to our society.—*Donald E. Doyle, M.D., Los Angeles, Calif.*

The Humor Department replies:

It's difficult to satirize a partial *Olympiad, in which media representatives and the largest American security force since Omaha Beach heavily outnumbered the attending nations. Throw in the "tinsel town" production of Jane Fonda and a Hell's Angel carrying the Olympic torch and you've actually got a better piece of satire than any cartoonist could produce. Okay, next time we'll* really *offend our readership—we'll report the next Olympics exactly as it is!*

HEAVY-METAL NOIZE

After having read "Feeling the Noize" [November 1984], I can safely say that I have more than enough reasons (or excuses) for enjoying heavy metal and hard rock. I must say, Nick Tosches has shown some real insight into the world of rock, at least greater than the many so-called journalists working for rock magazines. Whether heavy metal is used as an escape from daily monotony or perhaps as a source of one's identity, it must be made clear (as Tosches has done) that its relation to Satanism, sexism, and fascism is strictly platonic. Heavy metal is fun. We must remember that all it is, really, is a form of entertainment. The mysteries and fantasies of such taboos (Satanism, sexism, etc.) are only employed by rock bands to enhance and excite their audience. In this reader's opinion, heavy metal is much more enjoyable than the nickel-and-dime philosophies offered by the "new wave" of music. Thank you for an informative and, most importantly, objective view of a popular and often misunderstood form of music.—*Steven Wexler, Syracuse, N.Y.*

Unfortunately, it was a complete letdown to read "Feeling the Noize" by Nick Tosches. I looked forward to this issue because I thought *Penthouse*'s snappy writers would really write up heavy metal with some savvy. Boy, was I surprised! I don't think Mr. Tosches would know what heavy metal was if he was hit in the face with a spiked wristband.

Seriously, Tosches's misrepresentations and misapplied facts achieved nothing short of boredom. For example, Judas Priest's song "Take These Chains" refers to symbolic chains that bind a man's heart when he's lost his girl. This song is not some sort of bondage anthem, as the article implies. Possibly, Mr. Tosches was titillated by his overactive imagination, because B & D and S & M are mere elements in heavy-metal music, not its essence.

This is by no means the only error. Note that the David Lee Roth poster was enclosed in the album *Women and Children First*, not *Diver Down* as the article indicated.

Nick Tosches misled those "non-metalers" and dismissed this music as mere pretense for conveying some kind of barbarian sexual mores. If there is justice in the world, please, somebody, write an accurate and interesting article about heavy-metal music which informs rather than misleads.—*Steven E. Cohen, Bayville, N.Y.*

Being the world's No. 1 Van Halen fan, I was absolutely outraged when I discovered some blatant errors in Nick Tosches's article "Feeling the Noize." The errors were:

1. Van Halen's music is not heavy metal.

2. The poster of David Lee Roth (lead singer for Van Halen) in chains, photographed by Helmut Newton, was a limited-edition printing included in their 1980 platinum album *Women and Children First*, *not* their 1982 platinum album *Diver Down*.

3. The "S & M" aspect

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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If you're thinking of moving in with your girlfriend, you'd better read this first!

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

The notorious Lee Marvin "palimony" case a few years ago opened up yet another front in the never-ending war between the sexes, offering unmarried cohabitants the same opportunities for heartbreak and financial ruin that married men and women have "enjoyed" for years. And in its typical fashion, the feminist movement has not hesitated in exploiting our shifting social mores and often unprepared legal systems, which have to decide the financial rights and wrongs of so-called "quasi-marriages."

The Census Bureau reports that there were 1,890,000 unmarried couples living together in 1983, more than three times the number in 1970. Moreover, only 45 percent of the nation's 18- to 34-year-olds were married and living together in 1983, compared with 56 percent in 1970. "This decline is to some extent a reflection of the increasing tendency for young adults to delay marriage, and the increase in divorce," the agency said in a report on the study of marital status and living arrangements. The traditional nuclear family (a wage-earner husband, a homemaker wife, and two or more children) now accounts for less than ten percent of all American households. "We're in a state of transition and my overall impression is that we are going to continue in the direction we've been going," writes futurist R. Morton Darrow. It is the concrete legal and financial implications of this transition that is of great concern those of us who have been fighting for men's rights.

Legally, the key to any palimony suit is the existence or nonexistence of an oral or written agreement between a couple living together without benefit of a formal marriage certificate. In the past, California family law has established trends that other states have often been quick to follow. For example, California was the leader in no-fault divorce, in which the guilt or innocence of either party becomes irrelevant. It was in California that Michelle Triola Marvin was awarded $104,000 in her landmark palimony case. Although the award was overturned by a higher court, the lower court made its ruling on the grounds that she needed the money in order to return to a more "prosaic" existence. Obviously, this could be a dangerous precedent to follow.

In reality, the plaintiffs in the most publicized palimony suits have usually lost out in the end, but keep in mind that the ground has already been broken and the courts could very easily begin to turn against male defendants in such suits. Moreover, I believe that any celebrated palimony case gets the immediate attention of state legislatures around the country—many of which are unduly affected by the feminist movement's lobbying. So if you are already living with a woman without being married to her, or if you are thinking about making such a move, it is important that you be on guard to avoid a future palimony suit.

First of all, I suggest that you read carefully *The Unmarried Couple's Legal Handbook*, by Richard Gallen, Judith Kaplan, and Joseph Bianco. This excellent guide to the legal pitfalls of unmarried bliss (which unfortunately is currently out of print) tells you what your rights and responsibilities are in today's murky and ever-changing society. (For example, the very act of cohabitation is a criminal offense in several states—although it is unlikely that anyone would ever be prosecuted for it.) Some advice from the *Handbook* includes the following: Maintain separate bank accounts; execute a written agreement to determine ownership of only those possessions that you've acquired while living together; don't encourage your girlfriend to change her last name to yours—especially if you live in a state that recognizes common-law marriages; and remember, unless there is a written agreement, you are not responsible for supporting your girlfriend after you split up.

But also remember that this advice may soon be worthless if feminist activists, aided and abetted by some members of the bar, succeed in using the courts and legislatures to create a world in which live-in relationships become a perilous arrangement for men. If this happens—and there are always courts that will at least entertain the feminist concept that nonmarried women are not getting equal protection under the law—any man who lives with a woman will be, in effect, biting the apple once again and begging for financial trouble in the future.

For now, however, there are some danger signals to look for if you want to protect yourself from a possible palimony suit:

- Has your girlfriend indicated that she's somehow given up her career to help you at home?
- Has she indicated in any way that her work around the home—or any help she has given you with your business—should be compensated for financially?
- Have you given her any reason to believe that she is caring for all your financial needs or sharing in house payments?

Unfortunately, to fully protect yourself against such suits, it is necessary that you and your lover put in writing beforehand exactly what services (exclusive of sex—and, no doubt, the feminists will try to change that, also!) you expect of each other. You have to realize in advance what most divorced men learn too late: Love and romance can end, but bitter litigation can last almost forever.

Make no mistake about it. In every area of life—especially in business—height matters.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

Over the years I've come to the conclusion that being short may be one of the keys to business success. Of course, when we're kids, we all want and hope to be tall. Some of us will inevitably be disappointed, but perhaps because height *is* so important during childhood and adolescence, the shorter among us are driven to compensate early on. We have to be tougher and more aggressive to survive in the school yard and on the playground, and therefore develop a natural feistiness that carries us through life.

It is probably no accident that most of the world's great conquerors have been short: Alexander, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Hitler were all small, even by the prevailing standards of their time, and went out of their way to emphasize this by surrounding themselves with tall subordinates.

All the famous movie moguls—despots and autocrats to a man—were short. Louis B. Mayer had his desk raised on a dais a foot above the floor, and made a point of never getting up when a visitor entered his office. Harry Cohn had a special chair built so that he would appear taller than his luncheon guests at the Columbia studio commissary. Darryl F. Zanuck, Sam Goldwyn, and Irving Thalberg were all short (and notoriously feisty, to make up for it), and there are even those who argue that the reason David O. Selznick was so hated by his fellow movie magnates was not because he made *Gone With the Wind* but because he was taller than they were. Almost *all* the great Hollywood agents were even shorter than the studio bosses, which perhaps explains why they were able to do business successfully with those infamously prickly potentates.

These examples may seem to amount to nothing more than historical trivia, but beware: Experience teaches that it is almost always a mistake to be taller than your boss or the president of your company. Short men have a natural tendency to dislike tall men, and when in a position of power, they often like to surround themselves with tall subordinates as proof of their superior ranking. If you are six feet tall and your boss is five foot six, it may not matter to *you*, but it probably matters to *him*, and he will—perhaps quite unconsciously—be tempted to humiliate you in order to demonstrate his power.

If you *don't* think height matters, then you're not short. Short people, however successful, are *always* conscious of being short. If you're tall and have to negotiate a piece of business with someone who is much shorter, sit down as soon as possible and remain seated. Don't rub your height in the other person's nose by standing around and towering over him. Short people don't like being looked down on.

It's no treat being short in a height-conscious society. As a child, you get made fun of ("Shrimp!"). As an adolescent, you have to fight hard to prove yourself in sports against boys who are six feet tall and football naturals; and as an adult, you have to compensate for your manifest lack of height by superior ambition, intelligence, or ruthlessness.

Of course, the reverse is true, too. Tall men have a natural tendency to distrust smaller men, and even fear them. A tall man in a position of power—a company president, say—is likely to treat a short subordinate warily and put his faith and trust in men of height equal to his own, who aren't likely to be jealous of him because of his size. I had a graphic demonstration of this when I worked briefly at one of the major TV networks, where all the senior executives were tall. No matter how hard I tried, I never seemed to get promoted, and finally a sympathetic young woman took it upon herself to explain that my boss, a six-footer, didn't trust me.

"Why?" I exclaimed. To my knowledge, I had never done anything to provoke distrust on his part.

"You're short," she said. "He thinks you hate him. He figures you'll stab him in the back first chance you get, because you're jealous he's tall."

This was a painful revelation on two counts. First of all, it had never occurred to me that I was distrusted. But more wounding to my ego was the fact that—having been born in England, where height is less important (and people are shorter than Americans, on the average)—I had never regarded myself as *short*. At five foot seven and a half (how important that half-inch suddenly seemed to me!), I had always considered myself to be of average height: There were plenty of people shorter than me in the RAF and at Oxford.

"He really thinks I'm *short*?" I asked, with evident dismay.

She nodded, more than a little surprised at the question. "Well, you *are* short," she said. "You're shorter than *me*, right?"

It was undeniably true, and it put an end to the budding relationship between us, as well as the one between me and the network. I shortly took a job at a publishing house where the entire senior management was about my height, or even a little less, and soon rose happily through the ranks, since I fit in perfectly and didn't make anybody nervous. Whenever I saw somebody tall join the company, I always predicted he wouldn't last, and I was invariably right.

Make no mistake about it, then. In every area of life, height *matters*.

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FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

You often say and imply in your writings that most people achieve only a fraction of their potential for health and fitness. I'm a dedicated runner, and while my health is better than most people's, I'm sure there's room for improvement. But I am not scientifically inclined, and find it difficult to understand and follow complicated information about nutrition. Are there any simple *rules that I can apply every day to gain greater advances?*—R.W. Brice, Eugene, Oreg.

Remember that your body is dynamic and constantly engaged in the process of renewing itself. Blood cells, for example, last only about three months before they're replaced by new ones, so your blood is completely regenerated three to four times a year. Your skin is replaced entirely each month; your liver, every eight weeks.

Most people don't realize that even cells that are not completely replaced by new ones—such as brain cells—are renewed. Although the DNA pattern of your genes remains almost unchanged throughout life, the protein constituting DNA is renewed constantly. Each year 98 percent of your body substance, including even the enamel of your teeth, gets a new lease on life. And the relative health of this renewal reflects what you eat, drink, and breathe.

The realization that you get a virtually new body each year provides powerful motivation to pay close attention to what you put into it. You don't need a doctorate in physiology to make intelligent choices about what you eat. Over the last hundred years, food-processing advances have been made in taste, shelf life, and ease of handling, while nutrition has been almost entirely neglected. My institute, which conducts an annual survey of the American diet, found in 1984 that 72 percent of supermarket edibles are not fit for human consumption—that is, if optimum health is your goal. And if you eat such foods on a regular basis, the body you rebuild will suffer. There is no vitamin, exercise, therapy, drug, gadget, gimmick, or prayer in existence that will enable a body fed on rubbish to excel.

To build an optimum new body for 1985, realize that the closest to nutrition many packaged foods come is having the word "nutritious" falsely emblazoned on their packages. Don't buy them. The simplest tip to follow for sound nutrition is to ask yourself, when grocery shopping, When did the food grow? If you can answer it, go ahead and buy it. The closer to the time of their growth that you eat foods, the better off your body will be.

The media continually reports that this or that food causes cancer, other foods cause heart disease, the water is polluted, and everything is full of chemical additives, even vitamins and organic vegetables. Help! How can I stop poisoning myself?—N. Bogdonov, El Paso, Tex.

First of all, don't drink tap water. Most of it is chemically polluted due to groundwater contamination—and most water treatment stations are not equipped to remove the pollutants. Rule No. 1: Drink distilled water.

Secondly, avoid food contaminants. In every sample we tested of food packed in seamed cans, we detected lead. An eight-ounce serving of canned beans contains over 100 micrograms of lead—a toxic amount, if consumed frequently. Aluminum cans can pass metal into the food they contain, and aluminum is a pollutant now implicated in Alzheimer's disease and osteoporosis, a disease that weakens bones. Rule No. 2: Don't eat canned foods.

The pristine sparkle of open supermarket refrigerators leads us to believe that our food is being protected when it is not. Low-acid foods, such as meat, fish, and dairy products, spoil easily in such displays. Thermometers attached to the refrigerator walls may show a correct storage temperature of just below freezing, but if you were to test the food itself, it may well be ten degrees warmer—and you can bet that bacteria, molds, and yeasts are growing freely. Rule No. 3: Don't buy such foods, no matter what expiration date is printed on the package.

Most vegetable oils also go rancid quickly because they are heated during processing and lose natural properties that protect against spoilage. *Lancet* and *Nature* are among the leading journals of medicine and science reporting that processed vegetable oils cause multiple diseases in laboratory animals. Rule No. 4: Use only "cold-pressed" oils, and keep them refrigerated.

Finally, a miscellany of dietary tips that will help you live more healthily. Don't eat parsnips. *Nature* has recommended that parsnips be avoided because of the carcinogens they contain. Stay away from shelled nuts, especially peanuts, to avoid carcinogenic molds and aflatoxins. Don't buy foods containing nitrates or nitrites, two widely used additives; they are frequently found in sausage, bacon, and deli meats. Avoid charred parts of grilled or barbecued meats and fish. Take antioxidant nutrients such as Vitamin C, Vitamin E, and selenium. And get into the habit of eating carrots and green vegetables, which are high in beta carotene.

Editor's note: Readers with questions about nutrition and fitness are invited to submit them to Dr. Colgan. Some of these will be answered in upcoming issues. Please send questions to Dr. Colgan, c/o Penthouse, *1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965.*

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've always gotten very turned on by tall women with long legs and firm bottoms. These physical attributes are the first things I look for in a woman. The only thing more important to me is that a woman be confident and pleasant in personality. I avoid women who rely heavily on makeup, clothes, or phony social trips for their identity. I prefer natural women, or "earth mommas" as they're sometimes called. I love long hair in any shade, and I'm not turned off by unshaven legs or armpits. I figure that I don't like to shave my beard for women, so I don't insist that my girlfriends shave their bodies for me. Though if a woman enjoys her legs and armpits "smooth," it's all right by me—I'm easy.

I'm a 23-year-old college senior in the state of Washington. I'm not some kind of great seducer; in fact, I'm not a very handsome man, but I have had several relationships. I try to keep my body in good shape, mostly with swimming and good food, and I've been told by my lovers that I have a nice body.

Three years ago, at the end of my freshman year in college, I met a woman who changed for the better the way I make love. It was during a trip to the swimming pool that I first saw Tina. She was this gorgeous, tall blonde going off the diving board. When my eyes got their first look at her beautiful legs and her luxurious hair, they couldn't stop looking. She kept doing these fancy dives, then getting back on the diving board where she would go through a little ritual. She would pull the elastic legbands of her swimsuit out of her cute little butt and dive off again. I got out of the pool before she did and waited until she came out of the women's locker room. Through some fast talking and a good deal of persistence, I got her phone number. We went out on our first date about a week later.

She was at least five foot eleven, and I got the impression from talking with her that she hadn't had many boyfriends because of her height. She claimed she couldn't stand shorter men, and I thanked my lucky stars right then that I was six feet tall. After a month of dating, we had sex for the first time. She couldn't reach orgasm unless I ate her, so I gladly consented. Through her coaching, and a lot of practice, I learned how to get her off with my tongue. She relied on the rhythm method for birth control and there were times when we couldn't have coitus, so we had oral sex a lot. Frequently, we did a sixty-nine position.

As we became more intimate, I got to where I could bring her quickly to orgasm, and as she came, those long legs would wrap tightly around my head. Also, I found that I could stall her orgasm in the sixty-nine position until I was ready and then we could orgasm at the same time. I loved having her lie on top of me, my tongue flicking her clitoris, my nose almost in her vagina, my eyes staring at her little butt hole. In time, I grew more adventurous. Soon, while I ate her, I would wet my middle finger and tease her butt hole with it. She didn't complain, and I got even braver. One night, as we ate each other, a light shined through my bedroom window which illuminated her wonderful hindquarters to my view. I couldn't restrain myself from wetting my finger again and again and sliding it along her bottom. When I thought it was wet enough, I slid my finger into her arse. I didn't know what to expect, and the result surprised me.

Tina moaned deeply with pleasure as I slowly slid my finger in and out of her bottom. I kept tonguing her clitoris, and I slid a finger of my other hand into her vagina, so I could feel the

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skin in between the two. At this point, she stopped sucking me, but I didn't mind—I wanted to get her off. When she came, she came strongly. She groaned and shook her head, and her anal sphincter muscle tightened around my finger with each wave of her orgasm. It lasted about a minute, and when it was over, she told me that it was the best orgasm she'd ever had and that her bottom was just as sensitive as her vagina. This act became a regular part of our lovemaking.

We tried variations on this theme, including anal sex and her finger up my butt, but nothing compared with how she got off with my finger up her ass. I was always very careful not to put my "dirtied" finger in her vagina.

I broke up with Tina about a year ago, but her memory still lingers in my mind. Now, whenever I go to bed with a woman more than just a few times, I can't help but slide my finger up her ass. I've had very few complaints, and quite a few grateful reactions to it. I've concluded that most women, if treated with care and consideration, enjoy anal penetration—if they are slowly initiated into it.

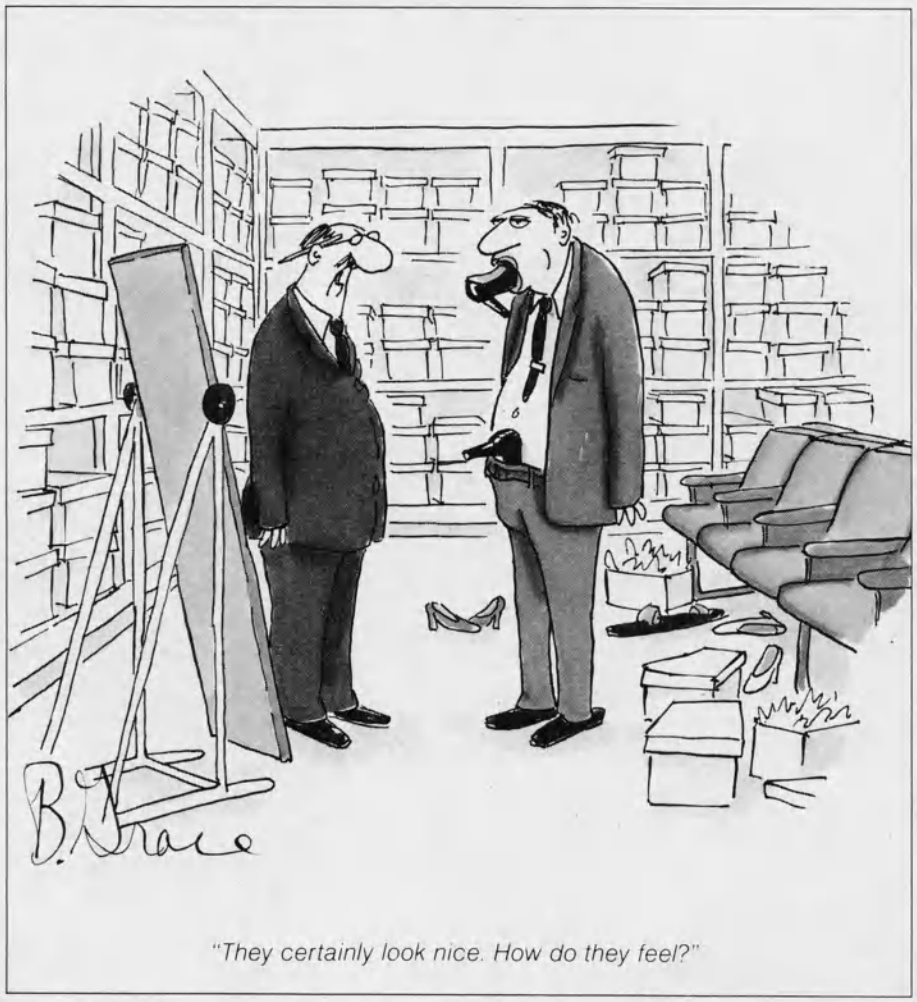
But lately I've heard that this practice is potentially dangerous, that a poorly manicured fingernail can scratch inside and cause damage (even death!). Also, with Tina it was as if I was hitting one of her erogenous zones; no other woman has reacted quite like she did. Are some women more susceptible to this type of pleasure? My current lover claims that my anal fascination is homosexual in origin. She says that it shows homosexual tendencies because male homosexuals use anal sex in their lovemaking. I told her that was bunk. I've never been interested in men, only in women. But I do wonder, would this anal fascination qualify as perversion?—J. F.

Nothing that a man and a woman do to each other during lovemaking can be classified as homosexuality! The anus of both sexes is very sensitive and can definitely be considered an erogenous zone, as your ex-girlfriend Tina knows.

If you were interested only in your girlfriend's ass hole, to the exclusion of all other parts of her body, one might call it a perversion, but in your case it's not.

By your own account, you are a sensitive and inventive lover, and your greatest enjoyment seems to come from giving pleasure to your partner. Having discovered one woman who was delighted by your anal explorations, it is only natural that you should try it on others. Of course every woman has different tastes, and so have men! What enchants one person may be the ultimate turnoff to another.

I once had a German lover who was a genuine ass fetishist. He was delighted by female hindquarters.



"They certainly look nice. How do they feel?"

Many men who apparently have no homosexual tendencies find stimulation of their ass hole during intercourse tremendously exciting.

If you penetrate a woman's vagina (with either cock or finger) after rectal penetration, without washing in between, she is likely to develop a vaginal infection. Any germs or bacteria introduced by way of the anus are going to cause rapid trouble, particularly if you have jagged fingernails and tear the delicate skin inside. However, observing proper hygiene, there should be no danger, providing nothing is forced in too clumsily and the hole is properly lubricated.

ERA DEBATE

For the past eight months I have been dating an older (37) but very attractive lady. Madeline is also well-educated and owns a very lucrative business. I, on the other hand, am younger (30), less well-educated, and have a middle-class job. Our sex life has always been great, but now I feel a need for some advice.

Several times while having sex we have played around and I ended up tying her to the bed, going down on her, using a dildo, and taking other liberties. She always responded by saying that one time it would be her turn, but I never thought much of it.

One night we went out to a nightclub and had too much to drink. We ended up in a heck of an argument over women's lib and politics, and I admit I said some mean things about women in general that were very cutting. I guess I did it because of her success and the fact that she was paying most of the bills.

We didn't see each other for a couple of days, and when I called she told me that if we were to continue seeing each other, a simple apology would not do. She also said she was plenty pissed and wanted to think and would call me in a couple of weeks.

When she finally called, she asked if I remembered some of the things I said that night about women being too weak and not having the balls to follow through on tough decisions. Also about women not being ruthless enough to compete with men in direct confrontations. I replied that I did remember and that I was sorry and wished we could get back together. She said the only way was to agree to her terms.

That afternoon I received a letter from her by her office runner. She said that I could come over that night, let myself in, and strip naked in the entry hall. She would then bind me, do things that I couldn't believe, and her womanly compassion wouldn't show at all. Her final line was that if I agreed, be there at 7 PM., and if not, don't call her again.

When I let myself in at seven, the house was dimly lit. By seven-thirty I was in her basement, securely bound, with my ass sticking up in the air and a large gag in my mouth. She had bound my arms be-

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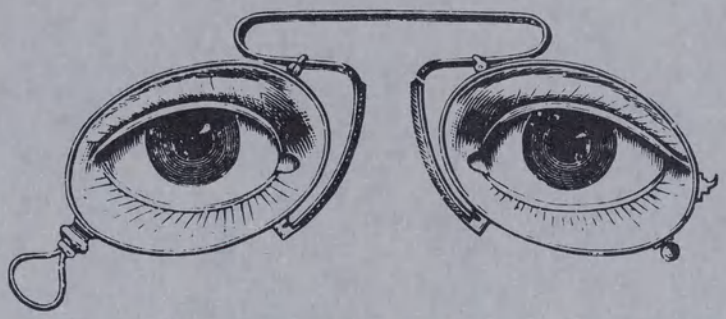


VIEW FROM THE TOP

NEW NATIONAL CRIMES

BY EMILY PRAGER

In the last few years, new scientific and technological advancements have brought us New National Crimes. These are totally original, previously unheard-of areas of criminal endeavor, as bloodless and detached as the experiments and mechanistic mass production that made them possible. Who would have thought you could steal without leaving your home? Who would have thought you could commit fraud and use your ovaries to do it? Lord, how far we've come!

Random Murder. We still do not know the identity of the original thinker who conceived the idea of slipping poisoned pills into random Tylenol bottles on drugstore shelves. Random murder, as the police will tell you, makes no traditional sense. Most murder is committed within families, after all, or at least on a one-to-one basis. The fun of murder, one assumes, is getting out one's rage in an immediate and personal way. So where's the kick from killing someone you don't know, in a manner whose effects you will never see? Well, one answer surely is publicity. Another is the thrill of having pulled off the perfect crime. Weirdo power.

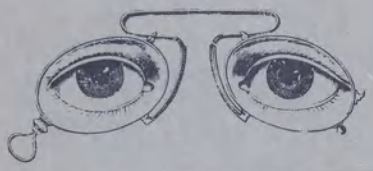
But what is horrifying, and illustrative of the soullessness creeping across our land, is the complete lack of involvement, albeit criminal involvement, here. You don't dirty your hands. You don't get emotional. You simply open a bottle, insert a pill, and go home and wait. No energy. No drive. No tension. No risk. The mind that invented random murder is as coldly rigid and isolated, as undemanding and uninterested as a human mind can be. On the other hand, it's simply a microcosm of the larger mentality that would endorse the pushing of a button that results, hours later, in a city on the other side of the earth being nuked.

Computer Vandalism and Theft. There has always been white-collar crime. But before the computerization of America, the white-collar criminal still had to visit the crime scene, if only once a month to juggle the books. Nowadays, computer techies can steal a company's secrets while throwing a party. They don't even need an inside contact. Teenagers once had to throw rocks, shoot BBs, or stage a break-in in order to vandalize a company's property. Now they can just sit home at their terminals and wreck a company's files or send off Titan missiles, and still be available to help Mom with the chores. It is the detachment from the crime, once again, that is alarming.

Surrogate-Mother Fraud. Advances in genetic research have fostered the growth of many new oddities, among them the surrogate-mother industry. For a fee between $10,000 and $50,000, a woman can now sublet her ovaries for implantation of a stranger's sperm, and rent out her womb to carry his baby to full term. But, inevitably, with all new industries come new industrial crimes, and last year we saw our first case of surrogate-mother fraud.

A woman who received two sperm implants from a client gave birth to a baby who was severely deformed. The client refused to accept the child or pay the fee, claiming the woman had slept with someone else and the child was not his. Hospital blood tests proved him right: The woman had had intercourse with her husband during the time of the implants, and the child was the result of that union. If it isn't bloodless enough to rent out your body and your genetic characteristics, your chromosomes and your hormonal balance, and nine months of your life, then it's really detached to regard such an undertaking frivolously.

In the late 1950s Dwight D. Eisenhower, of all people, gave a speech in which he pointed out a fact that is even truer and more chilling today. He said that America was too emotionally immature to handle her own technological maturity. Certainly the infantile, self-obsessed nature of the New National Crimes—with their bloodless obliviousness to cause and effect—leads me to believe that if we're not careful, we'll spend the rest of the century sitting in our own shit. OI—■



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE LAW

FOOLISH FIG LEAVES

Big Sister is peeking into your window to find out whether you're reading anything "sexually explicit which subordinates women." The men holding up the ladder Big Sister is perched on are none other than the Reverend Falwell and his gang of antifeminist Moral Majoritarians. And if Big Sister catches you reading any objectionable stuff, she is going to report you to President Reagan and Ed Meese—who have sworn to defeat the Equal Rights Amendment, who regard all abortion as murder, and who consider homosexuality a felonious sin.

No, this isn't a "Saturday Night Live" takeoff on an Orwellian nightmare. It is an all-too realistic representation of the crazy-quilt coalition that concocted the recently enacted Indianapolis antipornography statute now under challenge in the courts.

The Indianapolis statute—which was drafted by a feminist law professor named Catharine MacKinnon and a radical man-hating author named Andrea Dworkin, and enacted by a conservative city council with the support of a right-wing preacher—goes further in censoring magazines, books, films, and even museum paintings than any law in recent history. It defines pornography to include "the sexually explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted, whether in pictures or words." Nor does the term "sexually explicit" narrow the prohibition; instead, it broadens it to include nudity like "uncovered exhibition of the genitals or buttocks."

The ordinance's drafters readily acknowledge and even boast that it is not limited to the hard-core porn of the peep show and the X-rated variety. (Much of that already has been banned by laws approved by the Supreme Court, though these laws are often not fully enforced.) Rather, the new law is aimed at the mainstream and Main Street media that offend some women: *Penthouse*, cable television, R-rated movies, and sexist fiction.

The Indianapolis statute

Dworkin: right-wing feminism.

empowers "any woman" aggrieved by a book, magazine, movie, or painting to file a complaint with a government agency. If the agency and a court agree that the material is covered by the ordinance—that is, if it contains nudity and subordinates women—the agency may issue an order against it. Simply put, that means a censorship board may ban it, even for reading or viewing by an individual in the privacy of his or her home.

Nor does the ordinance exempt books, films, and paintings with serious literary or artistic merit. Indeed, one of the drafters argues that the more serious and acceptable sexist art is, the more dangerous it is to women.

The specter of feminist censors roaming through bookstores and museums and filing complaints against books like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, or paintings like *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, may be farfetched, but it surely is invited by the ordinance's broad language. And all it takes is one aggrieved woman to start a censorship proceeding.

The current court challenge may well end up in the Supreme Court, as cities throughout the country line up to enact their own versions of the feminist censorship statute.

This "new approach" to censorship seems politically unstoppable. A *Wall Street Journal* columnist observed that if this ordinance had been drafted by the Moral Majority, it would have been "laughed out." But since it has the backing of thousands of feminists—including some otherwise responsible leaders—it is being taken seriously by big-city politicians anxious to do something about smut without exposing either their left or right flanks.

It used to be that the perennial preelection prattle about how smut is destroying our moral fiber would be greeted by sustained applause from the right and a collective groan from the left. Now things are different. The right is still applauding, but the left is in disarray. Many loyal opponents of censorship are unwilling to alienate their friends and allies in the feminist censorship movement. The result is a juggernaut which politicians in cities ranging from New York to Detroit to Madison and Wichita will find hard to resist.

The good news is that a growing number of sensible feminists are becoming appalled at their censorial sisters. Anticensorship coalitions are springing up around the country. Groups such as the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force have recently emerged in New York, Berkeley, Montreal, and other cities. The women in these organizations are pointing to the dangers inherent in granting the power of censorship to those who regard sex as a dirty word. They are reminding their sisters of earlier episodes in feminist history, as when nineteenth-century American feminists joined with their conservative enemies to enact legislation raising the age of consent for girls, criminalizing prostitution, and closing the saloons. Eventually these early feminists felt used when they were thrown out into the street by their strange bedfellows. As one anticensorship feminist has put it: "In all these cases, conservatives ultimately exercised more power in determining how laws, once enacted [by the coalition of conservatives and feminists], would finally affect women's lives—more power than the feminists then imagined."

History may well repeat itself if shortsighted feminists conspire with their archenemies to deny us all the freedom that nourishes equality. If together they

Interpretations come and go: Dune *arrives on screen.*

succeed in closing the porno bookstores, the Moral Majority will turn on the feminist censors and start closing feminist bookstores, gay bookstores, pro-choice bookstores—and finally all bookstores except those that sell the gospel according to the radical right.

When I recently debated the leader of the Moral Majority in New England, I asked whether his organization would, if it had the power, ban the writings of Andrea Dworkin—the coauthor of the Indianapolis statute and an occasional user of four-letter words in her books and speeches. He answered without hesitation: "We would most certainly ban such ungodly writings. It is not necessary," he reasoned, "to use pornography to illustrate its evils. It is only necessary to read the Bible."—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

FILMS

MONEY AND MELANGE

Sun-parched and desolate, the barren sandscape of the planet Arrakis has led to its being called "Dune." Yet this seemingly dead planet is the universe's only source of "melange," the substance which has made star travel a reality. Once considered a lifeless outpost, Dune has become the most important satellite in a vast empire. It has also become the setting for what may be the most expensive science fiction film ever made.

He who rules Dune can be emperor of the universe. But things aren't that simple in the movie business. *Dune*, officially budgeted at $45 million, is only the first of a projected three-part series being produced by Raffaella De Laurentiis, daughter of Dino, the international film mogul.

Attempts to film *Dune* began in the sixties, when the late Arthur P. Jacobs, who brought the *Planet of the Apes* series to the screen, optioned the book. He died before production began, however, and the Frenchman who obtained the rights hired Chilean cult director Alexandro Jodorowsky (*El Topo*) to make the picture. Although he assembled a superb creative team to design his production, including artists Salvador Dali, Jean "Moebius" Giraud, Chris Foss, and H. R. Giger, as well as American Dan O'Bannon, coauthor of *Dark Star* and *Alien*, Jodorowsky's vision of *Dune* strayed too far from Frank Herbert's novel.

"I was interested in exploring the messianic impulse," said Herbert, "finding out why people follow a leader to extremes, such as going to Guyana and drinking Kool-Aid. But while Jodorowsky, who is very anti-Catholic, was developing his script, I kept having to remind him that there wasn't really an appropriate place in *Dune* for a scene where the pope is horsewhipped."

Jodorowsky's production fell apart in the winter of 1975–76, and it wasn't until 1978 that Dino De Laurentiis got the rights to the series. He hired Ridley Scott (*The Duellists*, *Alien*, *Blade Runner*) to direct, but again, problems arose over interpretation. "Ridley wanted to turn the relationship between the messianic leading character and his mother into an incest story," said Herbert. "Perhaps my pointing out how the fans would have been driven away had its effect, but in any case Ridley left. After a time David Lynch became the new director. I had never seen his films, but when I watched *Elephant Man*, I finally knew we had someone who could make *Dune* properly."

Neither Lynch, De Laurentiis, nor star Kyle MacLachlan is willing to predict whether the film will catch on with the general audience, or even attract the Dunies. "The film might be too difficult for younger audiences," said De Laurentiis, "but if it's successful, Dino's committed to making 'Dune II.' And if that happens, the only way someone else will produce it will be over my dead body." Lynch has begun writing the sequel, which he will direct if he gets the go-ahead.

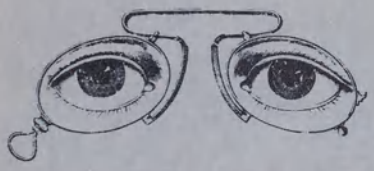
"Dune's spice/drug melange is the film's equivalent of oil in today's world," said De Laurentiis. "If oil were only available in Greenland, then everyone would suddenly be fighting to take it over. He who controls melange controls the universe." And he who attracts the Dunies will make the sequels.—*James Delson*

Reed: positively respectable.

SOUNDS

NEW SENSATIONS

"There's something really great about riding a motorcycle," says Lou Reed, who until recently had been tagged rock's poet laureate of the seamy underside of city life. Every chance he gets, Reed



VIEW FROM THE TOP

straddles his motorcycle and roars onto the highway, aiming for the forested hills that lie beyond the New Jersey urban sprawl.

On Reed's most recent album, he sings about riding through the Delaware Water Gap toward Pennsylvania, stopping at a roadside diner for a burger and a Coke, playing a hillbilly song on the jukebox. "They was arguing about football as I waved and went outside," he sings, "and I headed for the mountains feeling warm inside/I love that GPZ so much you know that I could kiss her." The name of the song, and of the album, is *New Sensations* (RCA).

It seems there's a new Lou Reed emerging. The old one wrote "Heroin," the most graphic and penetrating of all drug songs, and "Walk on the Wild Side," a guided tour through the decadent sixties scene that coalesced around Andy Warhol. The Velvet Underground, Reed's original sixties band, laid the groundwork for the emergence of punk rock and has been the single most powerful influence on rock's new wave of performers.

Later solo albums like *Berlin* and *Street Hassle* were received rapturously by the critics and the record-buying public in England and most European countries. But the low-down subject matter of these albums and of the earlier Velvet Underground material has shaped the public's perception of Reed as a "negative" artist, a downer. It's a perception Reed's new music and Reed himself aim to correct immediately.

"I find that what other people think of as negative and what I think are often completely different," says Reed. "I don't think writing a song about, let's say, a difficulty in a relationship is negative, certainly not if it suggests a way out of the difficulty. And sometimes, people take me very seriously when I think I'm being humorous, even if it is my own kind of humor."

Guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh: free food, free sex?

Reed considers *New Sensations* to be the third album in a trilogy that began with *The Blue Mask* (1982) and *Legendary Hearts* (1983). Shortly before making *The Blue Mask*, Reed put together the best band of his career, with cool beatnik Robert Quine on guitar—matching Reed's ax riff for feedback-roaring riff—and Fernando Saunders, a wonderfully supple and melodic bassist. For some years, Reed had kept his guitar in a closet and worked with jazz-oriented bands. With his new band, he began playing again and reaffirming his direct link to the visceral power of rock and roll.

"Rock and roll means freedom, freedom of all different kinds," says Reed, "and from the day I first heard it on the radio, it changed my life. With this band, we get back to those rock-and-roll basics, those few, simple chords strummed just *exactly* right. But the challenge isn't really the chords. It's how far you can take your music with your voice, your imagination, and your emotions." Maybe *that's* the secret of Reed's recent rejuvenation. There's a lifetime of music, and a depth of feeling, underlying all those new sensations.—*Robert Palmer*

SEX NEWS

MIRACLE CONDOMS

Tissue-thin miracle condoms have already been developed, but, like the 200-miles-per-gallon carburetor rumored to have been quashed by Detroit, they are not allowed on the market. According to researchers in Canada's Health and Welfare Department, all the technology is there to produce synthetic "safes" that would feel virtually like another layer of human skin and allow sweat and body moisture to pass through while trapping the sperm inside. Large pharmaceutical companies, with millions of dollars invested in the Pill and in machinery to manufacture the current style of condoms, refuse to make the huge initial outlay required to manufacture the new condom.

SHORT TAKES

Pittsburgh has a problem. Well, it's got a lot of problems, but one in particular is bothersome: hookers. Working girls are flocking to Steel City because the jails there are so overcrowded that prostitutes are rarely made to serve time. If the girls were sent to jail, said one judge, "we would have to turn loose murderers, rapists, and arsonists." . . . Women in Oakland, California, have filed sex-discrimination suits against dry cleaners, alleging that ladies are charged 60 cents to $1.10 more than gentlemen for their shirts, just because their garments are classified as "women's blouses." The gals are reportedly tired of getting taken to the cleaners. . . . A reporter who checked into an Oregon commune to see if tales of free food and sex were true came out a believer. Jay Maeder of *The Miami Herald* said guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh established a haven for the homeless, offering free tobacco, food, and—after a two-week quarantine—sex. Were the promises kept? "I never got out of quarantine," says Maeder, who left the camp before his two-week waiting period was up.

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A new breed of ruthless, random murderers is spreading terror across America . . . and the FBI warns that their number is growing.

SERIAL KILLERS

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

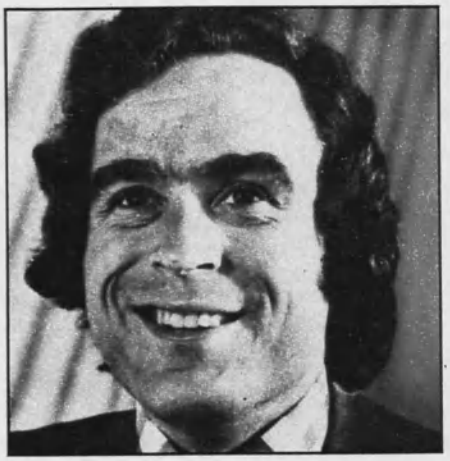
What could be more frightening than a deadly maniac who chooses strangers for his victims and takes their lives for no apparent reason? What could be more terrifying than a murderer who roams the country in his search for more helpless and unsuspecting victims, and will not cease until he himself is either apprehended or killed? It is a strange phenomenon, but over the last ten years there have been at least 30 so-called "serial murderers": men who have killed several victims, almost always at random and almost always strangers. And even more terrifying is the fact that law-enforcement officers say the number of these killers is growing.

In Columbus, Georgia, over a period of eight months, seven elderly women were raped and murdered by one man. On death row in Florida, Ted Bundy awaits execution for a fraction of perhaps more than 30 rapes and murders he has committed across the country. In the unsolved case of what Washington State residents are calling the "Green River Killings," 46 prostitutes have disappeared and are believed to have been murdered; so far, 20 bodies have been found. And in what has been the most shocking example of serial murder—at least so far—a drifter in Texas has acknowledged killing more than 360 strangers. (See Lucas interview, page 44.)

Outwardly, at least, these monsters who prey on women and children give no sign that they are demented killers. Carlton Gary, who has been indicted for three of the Columbus murders of elderly women, was described by a police captain as "an extremely brilliant young man." On sentencing Ted Bundy to die in the electric chair, Judge Edward Cowart remarked: "You're a bright young man. You'd have made a good lawyer, and I'd have loved to have you practice in front of me, but you went another way, partner. Take care of yourself."

While serial murderers do not often look the part, neither does one of the world's leading experts on the subject look hers. A divorced mother of four children, Ann Rule would seem to be more comfortable presiding over her daughter's Brownie meetings than hanging out with hard-nosed homicide detectives in all-night diners. But Ann Rule has been fascinated by crime since she was a little girl. "Of all my cousins, boys and girls, I was the one who was fascinated with law enforcement," she says, "and I'd go out and sit in the offices and talk to the deputies in the little jail in Michigan where my grandfather was the sheriff. I can remember that they didn't have that many homicides in this little county, but I'd listen to them decide how they knew this one is a sui-

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN



Few who knew him could believe that beneath the many faces of Theodore Bundy was a monster who raped and slaughtered more than 30 young and beautiful women. Seen above are six guises of Bundy's personality—a personality which managed to charm and impress even the judge who sentenced him to die in the electric chair. Joseph Kallinger, "The Shoemaker," is seen on the opposite page with his two young sons. After a history of abusing his children, Kallinger murdered the oldest and claimed that the other accompanied him in a wild four-month terror spree in New Jersey, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. Ottis Toole (top right) is the 38-year-old homosexual lover of Henry Lee Lucas, a confessed murderer of more than 360 men, women and children (see Lucas interview on page 44). Toole was an accomplice in several of Lucas's murders. Successful Chicago building contractor and civic-minded Jaycees member John Wayne Gacy (bottom right) had a predilection for young boys. He murdered and sodomized 33 of them.

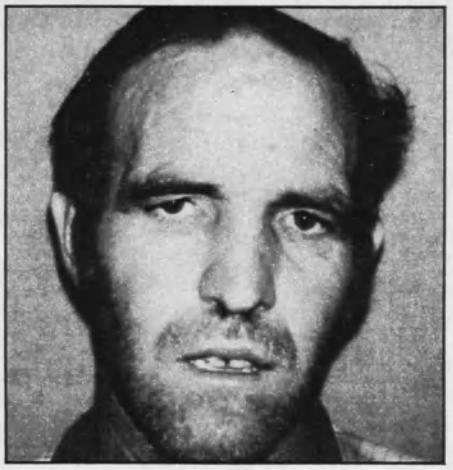
cide and not a homicide. And then, if it was a homicide, talking about the person who did it. And I was fascinated—especially by forensic science. How do detectives go from a piece of a button or a fiber or a hair or a drop of blood, and trace it back to a killer?"

Another element that fascinated Ann, and one that would later make her one of the nation's leading experts on murderers, was the question of what makes somebody a killer. "What is the psychopathology of a child growing up; what events turn—and hopefully, we're all innocent babies to begin with—what turns them into monsters?"

Ann had no indecision about her future. She knew that when she grew up she was "going to be a policewoman." She never thought that she'd be a writer, "because writing is too hard!" Ann attended Willamette and Oregon State universities. Despite her earlier fears, she graduated with a degree in creative writing, a talent she had discovered in her junior year. Not forgetting her first love, police science, Ann minored in psychology and sociology. To help support herself, she worked at an Oregon reform school for girls and at a youth-service center in Seattle. Immediately after graduation, Ann signed up with Seattle's police department.

It was to be a whole new world for the inexperienced 21-year-old. "I worked for a year and a half as a policewoman, and I worked bunco, sex crimes. I was a virgin at the time, and I'd be taking sex-crime statements. I'd say, 'What? He did what?' I didn't know half the stuff I was writing down, but I learned after taking enough of those statements."

While Ann loved working as a policewoman, she was forced to leave the department. Suffering from poor vision, Ann failed the department's medical exam. It was the biggest disappointment of her life. "I'd go blocks out of my way so I wouldn't have to drive past the Public Safety Building, because I missed it so much." Shortly thereafter Ann got married, and for a brief time served as a caseworker for the state. There were four children from her marriage, and to earn some extra cash Ann began to write crime articles for Washington newspapers. She also wrote 30 articles for *True Confessions*—all of them, she recalls, "made up out of whole cloth, out of my head." When her marriage failed, Ann had to become serious about her livelihood, and using her police connections, she began to write true crime stories for *Fact Detective* and *True Detective* magazines. Using the pseudonym Andy Stack, "because no one will believe that a female knows enough about criminal investigation," Ann was to have more than



1,500 crime articles published. It was during this time, while working as a volunteer at a suicide-prevention clinic, that she met a coworker who would change her life.

Did you have any idea when you met him that there was something the matter with Ted Bundy?

No. I worked with him for over a year, every Tuesday night. My shift was from ten at night until two in the morning, on the "crisis" lines. Ted was a work-study student who worked from nine at night until nine in the morning. He was about to graduate with distinction in abnormal psychology at the University of Washington. There would be nights when nobody would call or only a couple of people would call, and Ted and I would talk. I saw nothing that was peculiar about Ted. I had been a policewoman, I'd minored in psychology, I'd worked in a juvenile detention home, I'd been a crime writer, and I'm fairly perceptive about other personalities. But I saw nothing.

The only thing, in retrospect, was that Ted never spoke about sex. There are very few men who, when talking to a woman, sooner or later won't bring up the subject. When detectives used to say, "Ann, why couldn't you have spotted him?" I'd say, "You guys are so much weirder than Ted ever was."

Ted would walk me to my car and be sure that it was safely locked because he didn't want anything to happen to me on the way home. So when I found out that he was a serial killer—and it took me over four years to accept that fact—there was a certain loss of innocence, there was a lack of confidence in my own judgment.

How are serial murderers different from mass killers?

A mass murderer kills a whole bunch of people in one fell swoop. For instance, Charles Whitman in the University of Texas tower would be a mass murderer. Richard Speck in Chicago is another. Even Charles Starkweather was a mass murderer because he murdered in one killing spree across the country over a period of five days.

But a serial killer kills one or sometimes two at a time over a period of time. Even males work on a pseudo–menstrual cycle, and I have found several serial killers who killed at the same time each month, so that detectives who charted their path could almost predict when the next killing would take place. Also, they may go on for years and years until they either die or they're caught. They don't stop.

Do those men who become mass murderers differ from serial killers in their choices of victims?

I think they do. Serial killers murder females, children, homosexuals, old people, bums. I have yet to find a serial killer who kills weight lifters. Mass murderers, they seem to be more random. They go out and they flip out—like Whitman with a brain tumor—and they just kill. But they're all random. A serial killer rarely, if ever, kills anybody he knows. Ted Bundy, Kenneth Bianchi, and the Hillside Strangler did not know any of their victims: whoever was unlucky enough to cross their paths.

How do they kill?

Serial killers are what I call "hands-on" killers—strangulation, stabbing, bludgeoning. It's rare for them to simply shoot their victims, as in a sniper attack. It usually seems to be a sexual attack of some sort. They are working out a rage in which the hands-on part of it seems to be essential.

Do serial killers have any particular sexual orientation?

I think that they're either homosexual or bisexual. They have some problems with their sexual identification. In the case of serial killers who kill women, they feel like there's something missing—some part of them is missing, and it may be insecurity about their masculinity—so that just after they kill, for a little while, they feel whole. It doesn't last, of course. And the problem gets worse. Unfortunately, the more women they kill, the closer together the

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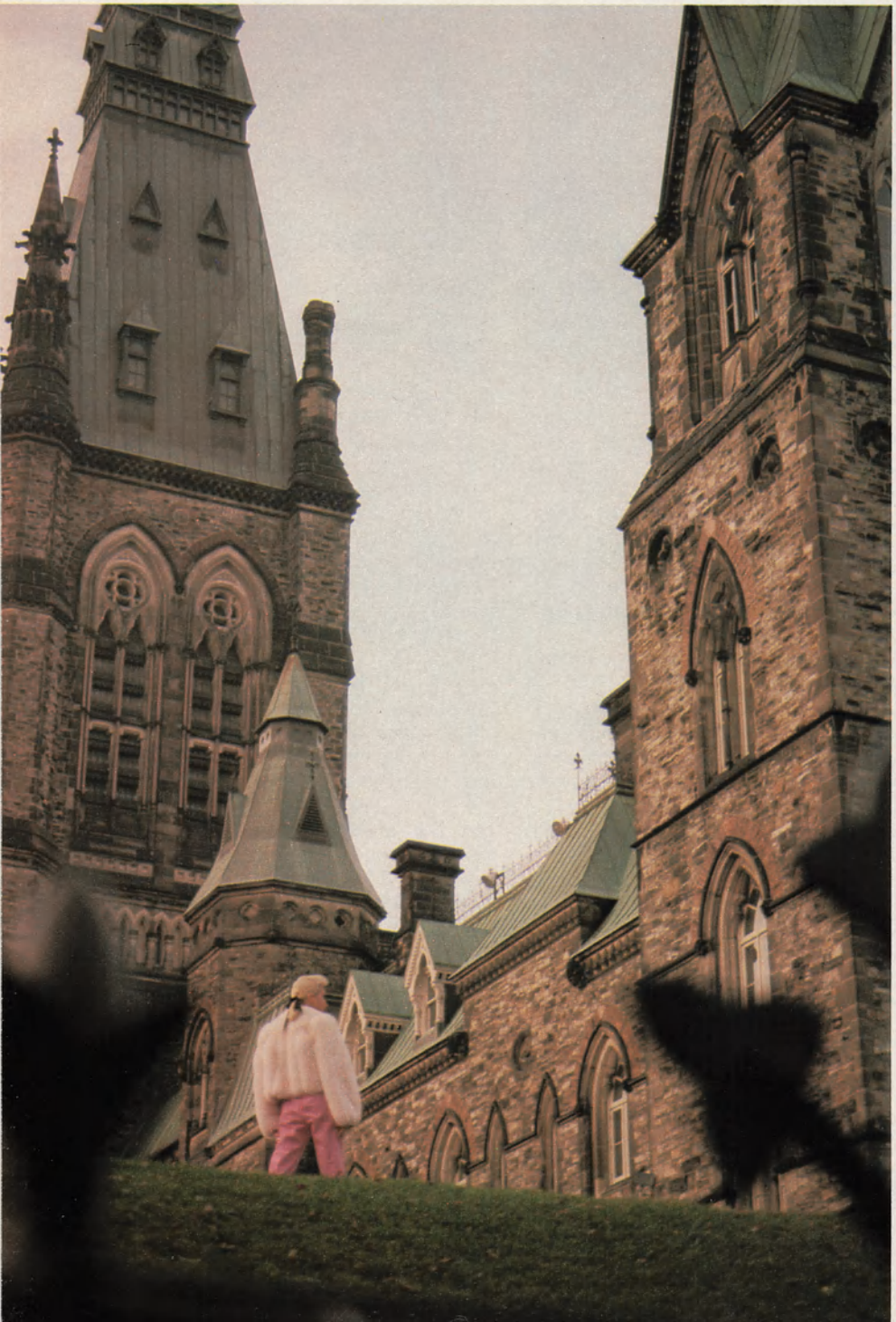
Wardrobe courtesy of Freworks, Venice, Calif



"Boy, if this doesn't promote Canada, I don't know what will!"

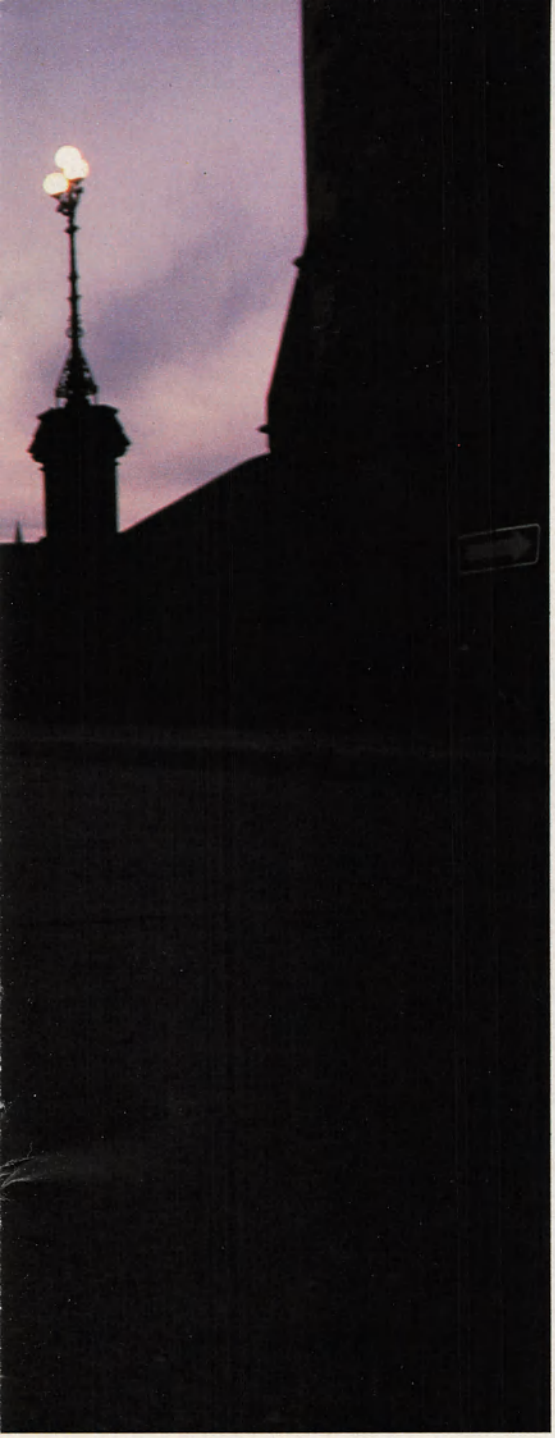
NORTHERN STAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

"I think that the human body, nude, is a beautiful creation and an art form," lovely Sondra Dickson tells us, "especially when efforts have been made to keep one's body in top condition." And after perusing these photos of Sondra's *Penthouse* debut, we think you'll agree that this 35-23-34 creation is an exquisite art form in her own right—an elegant lady whose many attributes make her one of Canada's more desirable exports.

Lovely Sondra is a one-woman Canadian tourist bureau. Looking over these photographs, she remarked, "Boy, if this doesn't promote Canada, I don't know what will!" But after living for some time in California, Sondra has discovered a home away from home. "I love Beverly Hills," she tells us. "I've been back and forth to California many times—I have relatives here and I guess that helps make me feel very, very comfortable." And being comfortable is something that is tremendously important to her. Her biggest sexual turn-on, she confides, is "being with one special man who is sensitive and gentle . . . but at the same time, someone who is masculine and who has a very strong character. Someone who never needs to feel threatened or insecure."

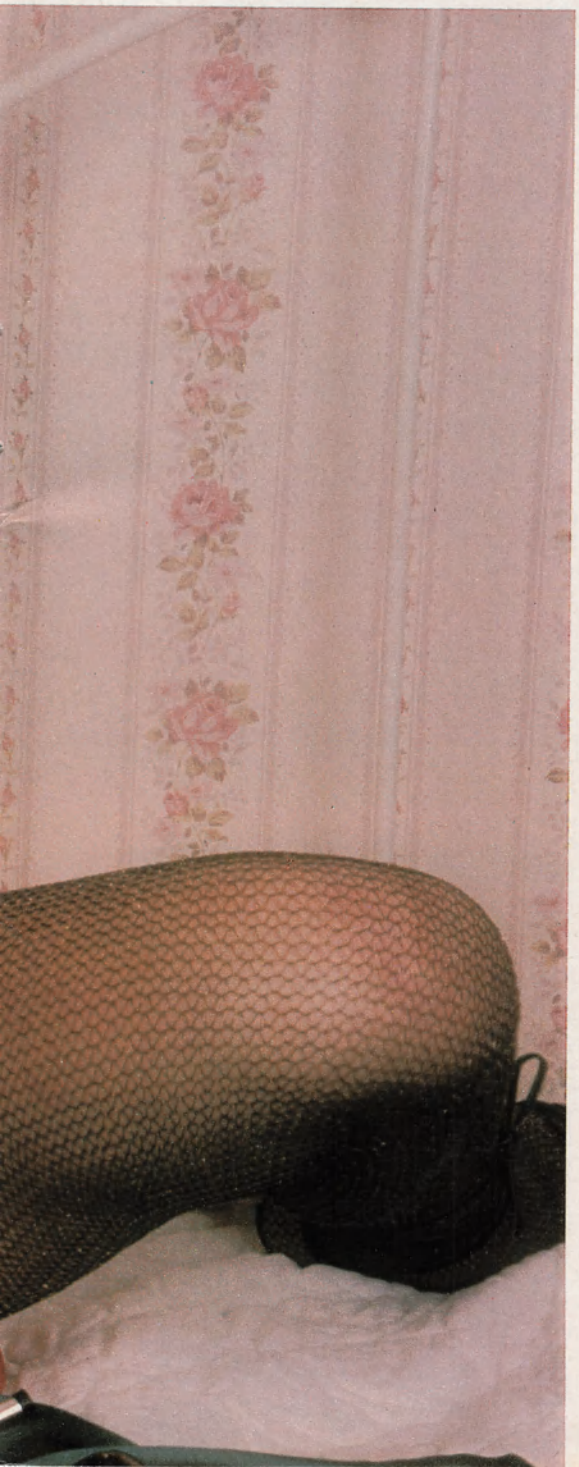
Someone, in short, who is very much like Sondra herself.



RÉSIDENCE
DU
GOUVERNEUR GÉNÉRAL
DOMAINE PRIVÉ

"With sex, what everybody else wants to do is just fine . . . as long as no one's hurt."

A stranger once told her that she seemed like a very sensual person, and Sondra agrees totally. "I am soft, loving, affectionate, and caring"—that's how our beautiful northern neighbor describes herself. "I like those things in myself, and I look for them in others," she adds. "I think that they are very important. I think that the world needs to start thinking about those things more and to appreciate them." Coming from a religious family, Sondra was a late bloomer; but even the most seasoned observer couldn't be fairer about the dos and don'ts of sex. "I am sexually liberated in the sense that what everybody else wants to do is just fine. As long as you do not physically injure anyone, go ahead and do it."



While Sondra has great affection for her ex-husband, she feels that her marriage was a mistake. "I was completely enamored of my husband, but he proposed to me only three weeks after we first met. In my mind now, it was far too soon to make a decision to marry." These days, while waiting for the right man to come along, Sondra has set some goals for herself. "I would like to be a newscaster," she says, "because you can learn so much every day and you really have to be on top of things." But a career, she continues, "would only be a first step. After that I would like to have a family . . . with a loving, kind, warm husband who is absolutely wonderful—and those are just some of the qualifications!" Who can doubt, looking at Sondra's own specifications, that there will be many, many contenders eager to meet her demands!

KILLERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

periods of killing become.

Do you have a profile of serial killers?

I can give you a profile of the ones I've researched. Usually they're very intelligent—or if they're not intelligent, they're street-smart, and it's almost as good. The dumb ones get caught early on, before they can be titled serial killer. Often they're very attractive, they're charismatic, the facade is perfect. Theodore Bundy and Kenneth Bianchi are very handsome. Many of these killers are men that most women would want to date.

What kind of relationships do they have with women?

Usually they have either a wife or a woman that they're having a so-called "normal" relationship with. So the killing part of them is entirely separate from their regular male-female relationship.

Why is it so difficult to apprehend serial killers?

They travel continually. Where you and I might put ten to 20,000 miles a year on our cars, some of them will put 100,000 to 200,000 miles a year. Harvey Carignan ["The Want-Ad Killer," who murdered and dismembered several young girls in the Pacific Northwest] had five vehicles at his disposal, and he drove at least 200,000 miles a year, always trolling for a victim, always alert for some victim who might cross his path.

Ann Rule is quite literally a person who knows where the bodies are buried. As she drives through the Seattle suburbs and woodland areas, she points out the spots where some unfortunate victim's decomposed body was found by the police. There is nothing vicarious about her fascination and interest in murder. Indeed, Ann's strongest feelings are reserved for the victims and their families. She has a frontier sense of justice, and feels that their deaths and sufferings must be avenged.

Despite her strong feelings about punishment, Ann Rule believes it is imperative that we learn as much as possible about the psychology of serial killers. In her books on serial killers Bundy, Jerome Brudos, and Harvey Carignan, Ann has made every effort to learn about their childhoods for some clue to understand what motivates these men to kill.

How does a child grow into a serial killer?

I've been dealing with men who kill women, and something happens to them before the age of five, at the hands of a woman, usually. These little boys have been abused, rejected, humiliated, abandoned, or they've had a mother or a mother figure who expects more of them than any little boy could ever do. He's to be superior in every way: he's to be brilliant and go through school and become a doctor, a lawyer, a president, be socially perfect—and it's too much of a burden. So here are these little boys who can't fight back at the abuse.

How does that affect them as they grow older?

The rage stays in, and when they grow up and they're strong enough, they strike out back at women. Some of them will look at women who resemble the mother figure to kill; others pick women that are the opposite. For example, take the case of Jerome Brudos, "The Lust Killer." His mother was no-nonsense; she wore those black lace-up shoes, plain dresses. He was taught early on that any sexual interest he had was "naughty." One time, he brought a pair of beautiful women's shoes home from the dump, when he was four or five years old. He would put them on and was clomping around in them, like little kids will do. His mother just screamed at him that what he was doing was "evil, wicked." He didn't know. He was supposed to throw them away, but he kept them for a while, and she caught him again. Well, later on, when he was a teenager, he developed a fetish for women's shoes. At first he stole them; then he would knock women down to get them. Eventually, he would kill women and keep their shoes—and in some cases their feet—to fulfill his terrible fantasies. I think

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

"KILLING EVERY WAY KNOWN TO MAN"

If you believe Henry Lee Lucas and the Texas Rangers, this slow-talking drifter from the mountains of southern Virginia will go down in history as the most prolific serial murderer ever.

Lucas, a one-eyed introvert with a third-grade education, has accumulated four life sentences, one death verdict, and assorted lesser legal penalties for his role in a several-year killer's odyssey throughout the U.S.—a wild spree that, he claims, resulted in more than 360 murders, many of them without any real motive other than to satisfy whatever demons possess him.

The Texas Rangers, that blue-chip special force within the Texas Department of Public Safety, claim that between 190 and 200 of "Henry's cases" have been "solved" or "cleared." Yet, after more than a year of investigation by a Rangers task force, there remains a three-

month waiting list of law-enforcement officers who want to visit and interview the 48-year-old tattooed killer.

As mind-boggling as these numbers is the fact that only three or four of the solved or cleared cases offer any evidence apart from Lucas's own admissions—nothing more, for example, than a single fingerprint in one upcoming case, a couple of hair matches in another. Lawmen throughout the nation have generally agreed that Lucas has "an amazing memory." Scores of times, they say, Lucas has cleared their cases by telling them "things only the murderer *could* know."

Various psychiatrists and psychologists who have examined Lucas differ in defining the nature of his problem. Some claim he is a sociopath, others say he's just dead mean. Some consider him insane beyond belief, others deny that such a man could be insane. Almost all, however, trace his depravity to an extreme hatred for women, exacerbated by a brutal mother who beat him incessantly, mistreated her double-amputee husband, and often brought men home to have sex in front of Henry and his brother.

The resentment Lucas harbors toward his mother is deep and the recollections of some family members and residents around Blacksburg, Virginia, seem to corroborate the worst of Lucas's memories.

Lucas might still be out there killing were it not for a feisty old Texas sheriff, W. F. Conway, who thought Lucas had something to do with the disappearance of an 80-year-old Ringgold, Texas, woman in the fall of 1982.

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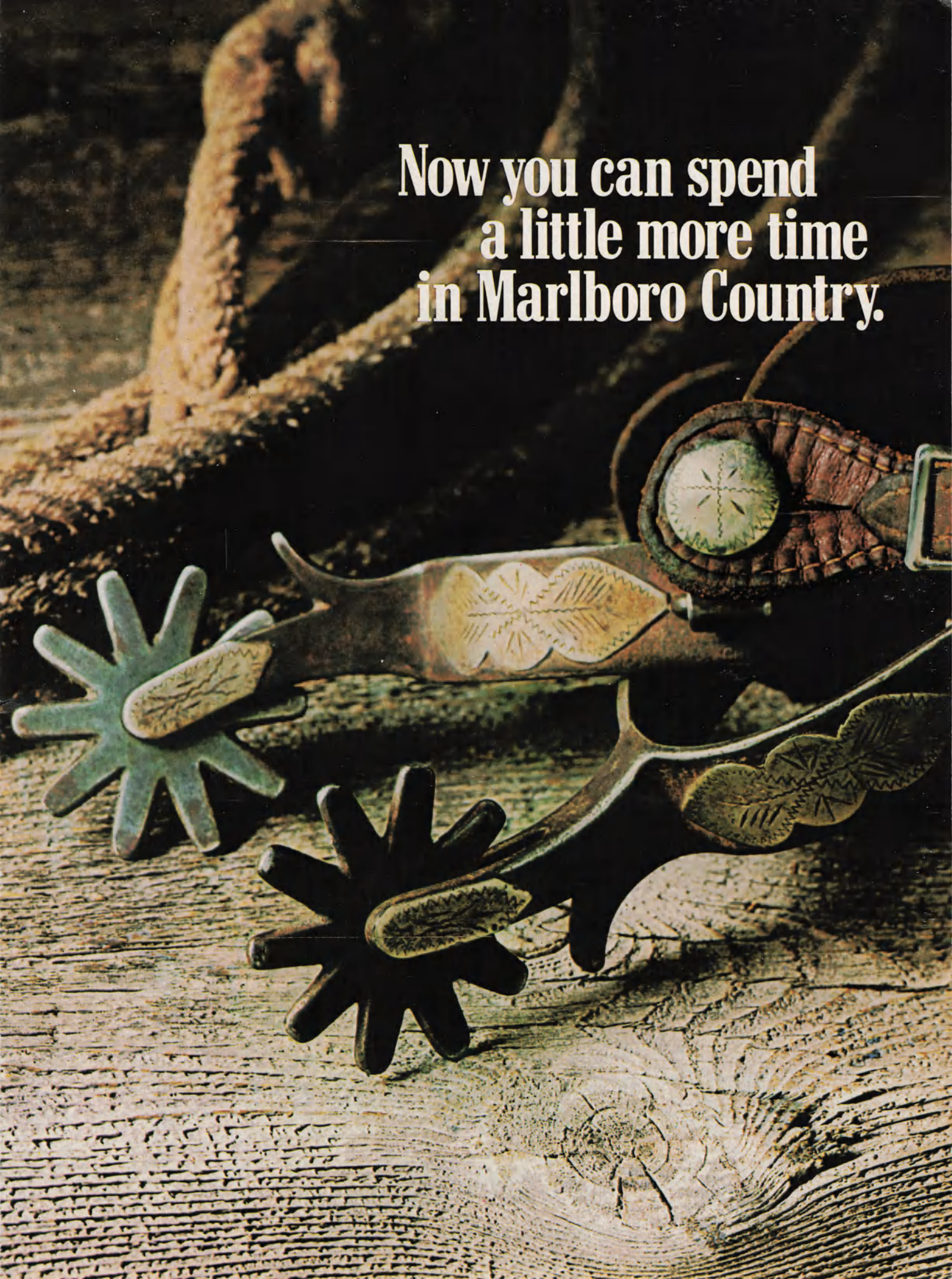
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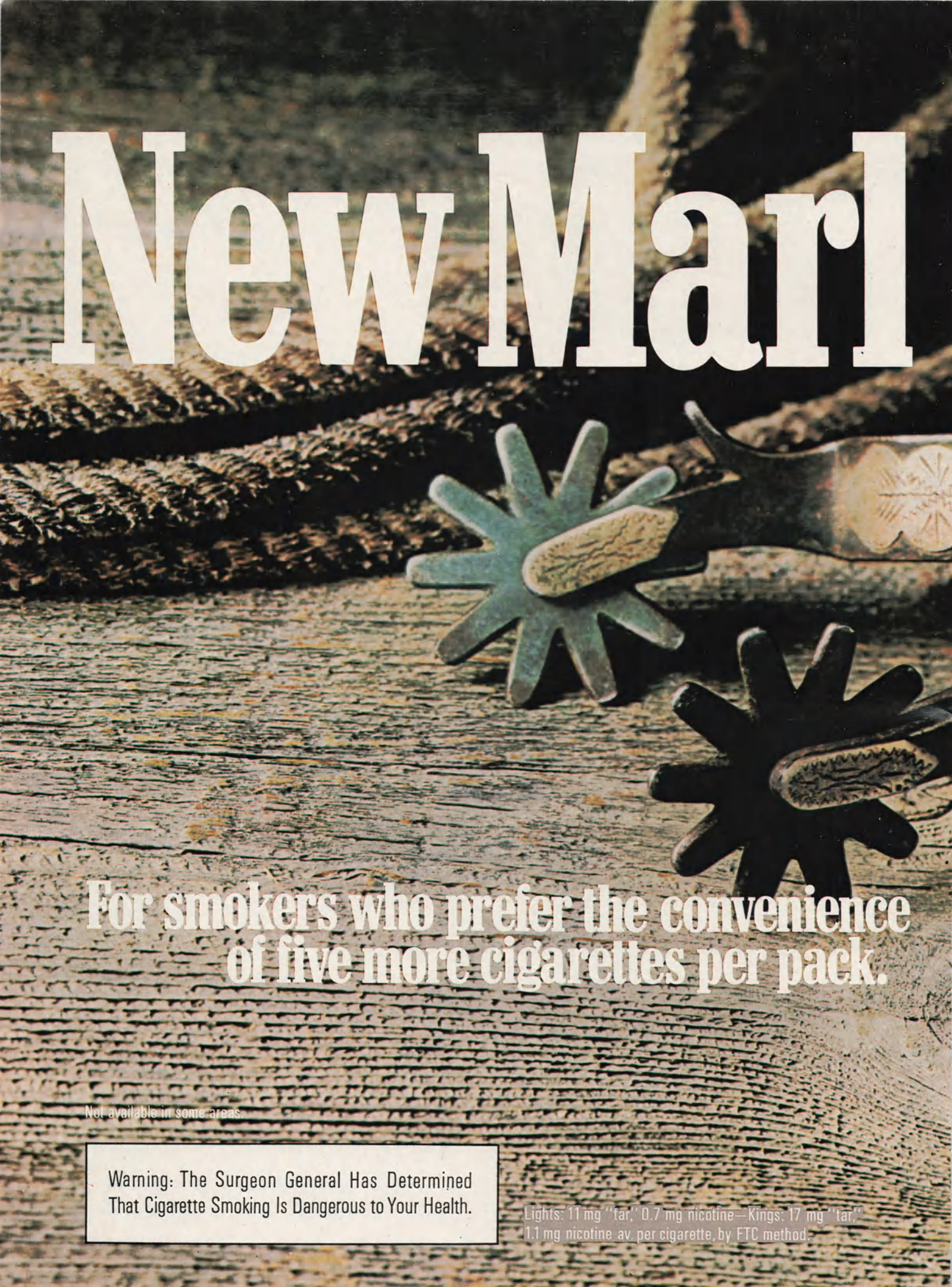
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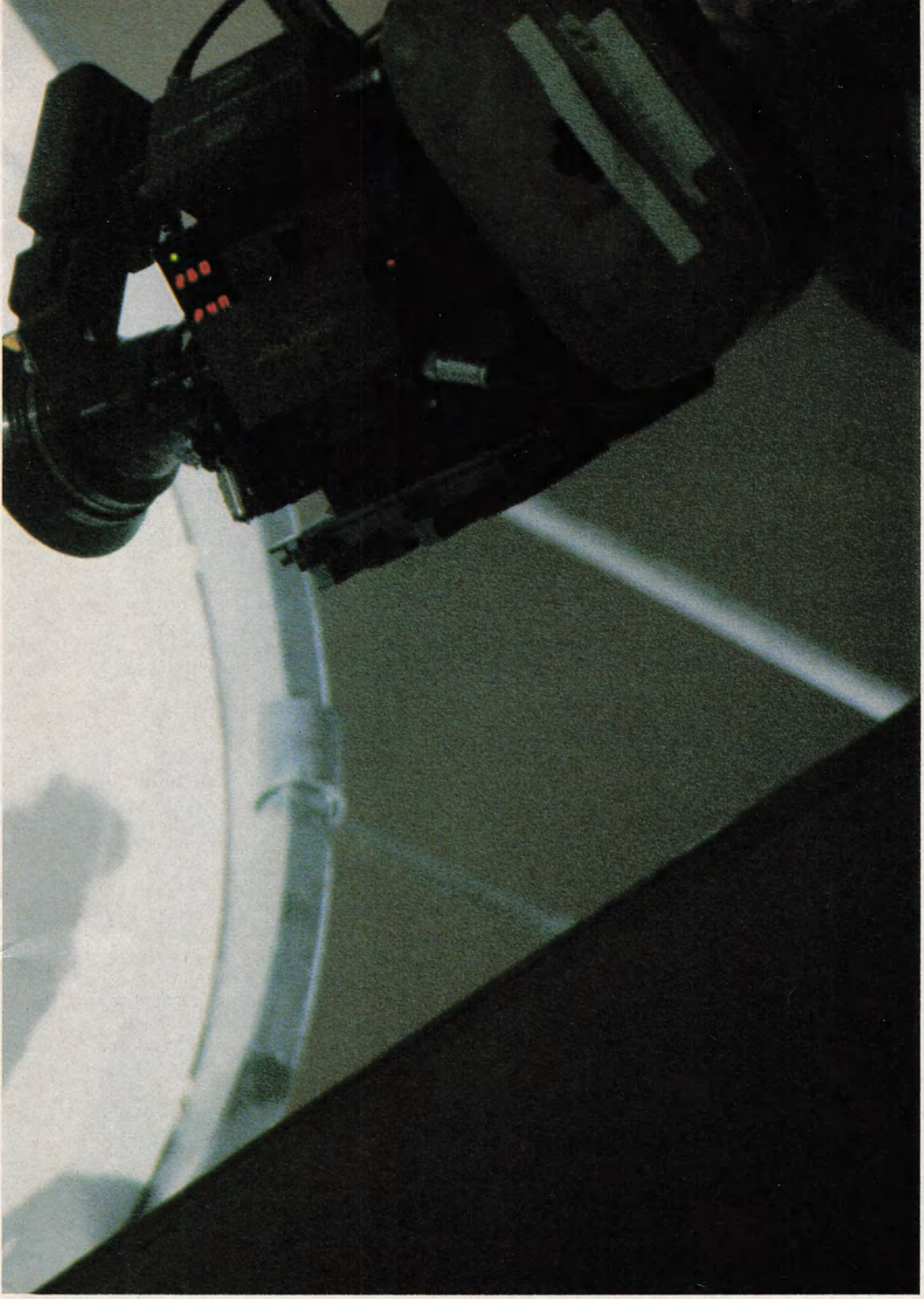


THE THREE-MINUTE MOVIE

Behind the scenes of a rock video shoot. It's what Hollywood used to be, only smaller.

BY NICK TOSCHES

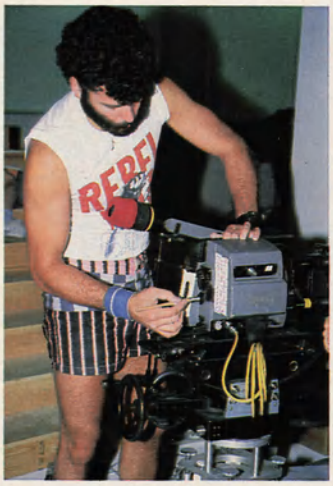
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

The sign in the window evinces a vain striving toward literacy: THE BROADWAY STUDIO'S. Tony Argento and his father, standing out front on the pavement, have little cause to worry about extraneous apostrophes, however.

It's a cool September night in the heart of Astoria, Queens. Broadway, the main drag, has known better days. A few old neighborhood men, lost since the *Daily News* folded its Night Owl edition, walk slowly with their dogs. Strand Lanes is open, but there are no bowlers. The center of local society, the Off-Track Betting office across the street, has long since shut for the night. In the bar adjacent to it, two lone patrons contemplate the ineluctable modality of the Budweiser clock on the wall. The pallid visage of the moon seems inclined to spit down upon it all.

Yes, Broadway has seen better days. But Tony and his old man aren't complaining. They're smiling, talking in the mother tongue, looking at the black limousines and the silver limousines and the maroon limousines that have converged near the Broadway address with the benighted apostrophe.

Tony bought the run-down Strand Theatre earlier last year, and he gutted and fixed it with the idea firmly in mind of turning it into a film studio. He knew that Kaufman-Astoria Stages and Silvercup Studios, the nearby major production outfits, were doing well. He thought that a third, smaller studio might be able to wet its beak in their overflow. But in the six months that his studio has now been open, its busi-



"I figured we'd have the title of the album, *Big Bam Boom*, in huge letters, like *Ben Hur*, as part of the set," says rock video director Jeff Stein. "And there'll be this immense set of drums. The bass drum will roll over Daryl and John. . . . We don't usually follow the story too closely. We just see what happens as we go along."

ness has exceeded all expectations.

"They did a few TV commercials here," Tony tells me. "I can't remember what for. Then they started coming in here for the rock videos. The skinny guy with the hair—what's his name, Billy Idol—he just got finished making one here." Tony looks around at the long shining cars, then rests his elbow upon a parking meter. "Now this," he says. "The biggest one yet."

America is a place where everything is called an art form. Like the skinny guy with the hair, Tony has become a part of the newest of those art forms. The old-timers were right: nice country, America.

"This is just a warning to get prepared for an important change in a major aspect of American civilization," declared the *New York Post* on February 20, 1940. "Plans are being made to supplant the phonograph with a coin-operated movie projector." By the summer of 1943, the Soundies Distributing Corporation of America, an affiliate of the Mills Novelty Company, had installed about 4,500 movie jukeboxes, or Panorams, in nightclubs, bars, and luncheonettes throughout the country. For a dime (regular jukeboxes cost a nickel in those days), one could both see and hear any of the top pop acts of the time perform. Eight new Soundies were released each week.

While the Soundies art form seemed to have a bright future, the outlook for music's marriage to that other new art form, television, was not propitious. In an article entitled "Music's Place in Television,"

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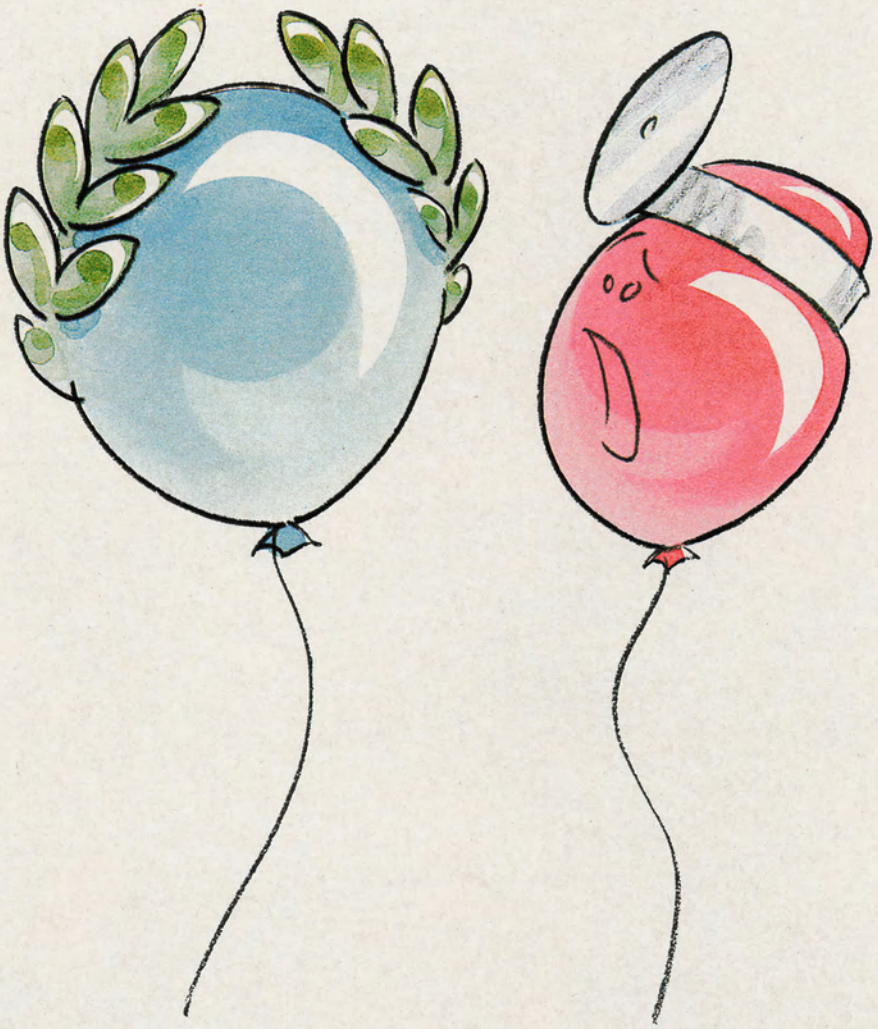
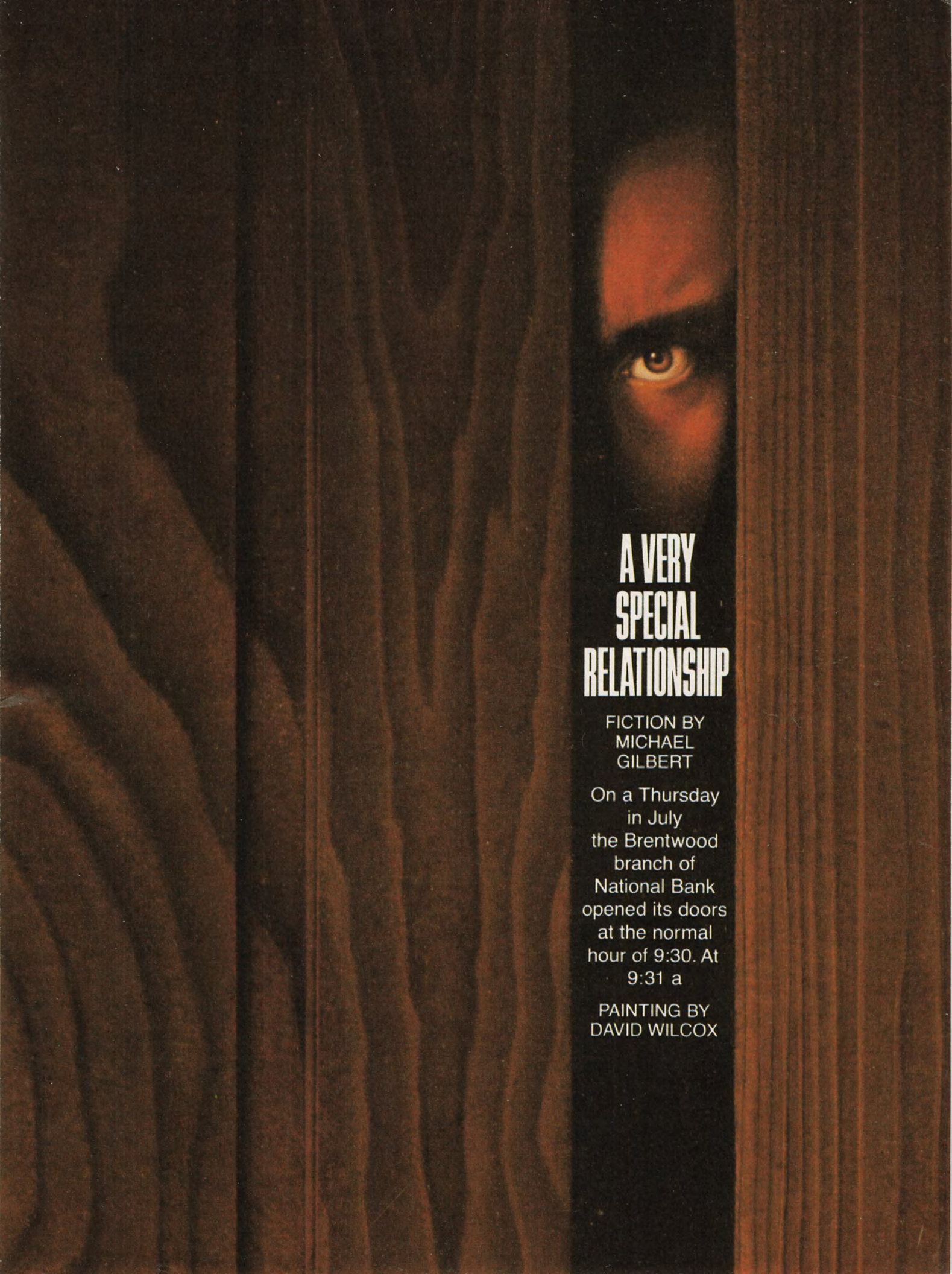
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I'll give you the good news first—*your Napoleonic obsession has disppeared."*



A VERY SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP

FICTION BY
MICHAEL
GILBERT

On a Thursday
in July
the Brentwood
branch of
National Bank
opened its doors
at the normal
hour of 9:30. At
9:31 a

PAINTING BY
DAVID WILCOX

car drew up on the other side of High Street and four men got out, strolled across the road, and went into the bank.

Young George Williamson, the bank clerk on duty at the counter nearest to the door, thought that he had never seen four such odd customers. His first reaction was amusement. They looked, he thought, like a quartet of amateur actors: extras in some country-house scene, who would be found, when the curtain went up, strolling about upstage, murmuring "rhubarb" to one another. One, who looked the youngest, had blond hair, one had brown hair, one had red hair, and the largest of the four had black hair. All of them had mustaches that exactly matched their hair color, and the big man sported, in addition, a neat black beard.

As they walked through the door, the impression of chorus work increased as each of them whipped out and put on a pair of dark glasses.

Fear came to Williamson when the blond young man produced an automatic pistol from inside his coat and said, in a conversational tone, "If you or your muckers make any move I don't like, I'm going to open up your stomach. Tell the other two geezers to move up here."

For a moment Williamson was paralyzed with shock. He saw the gun come up and waved frantically. The other two tellers, both older men, sidled along toward Williamson.

"Lovely. Now you can all sit down and hold hands. Don't be bashful. Fact is, I feel more comfortable if I can see where your hands are. That's right. Now you be good boys and you won't be hurt."

Meanwhile, brown hair had taken a chair and set himself down beside the street door. He had a shotgun across his knees. The commissionaire, who'd been hit by the gun's butt, lay on the floor behind him. Blood was trickling slowly from a wound on his forehead and dribbling down onto the polished floor.

The other two men had walked straight across into the manager's office. Mr. Pilkington was behind his desk, opening his morning mail, with his secretary in a chair beside him. He jumped up, knocking over his own chair as he did so.

The big man said, "Don't let's waste time, dad. All you have to do is open up the strong room and fetch out the cash. Thursday's payday round here, I understand, so there'd better be plenty of it. And no tricks."

Both men produced sacks which they must have been carrying, rolled up, inside their coats.

The manager said, "I can't . . ." but got no further. Red hair, who had worked his way round behind the desk, hit him a slashing blow across the face, which threw him back against the wall. The big man said, "If you don't do what I say, and quick, I'm going to blow this girl's face in, and don't think I'm joking."

The manager said, "All right." He spoke with difficulty. The blow had split his lip and broken two teeth. With a hand that was shaking, he got a ring of keys from his pocket and unlocked the door in the paneling, which led down to the strong room.

"She comes with us," said the big man.

In less than ten minutes they were back again. Both sacks were bulging. The girl carried one, red hair the other.

"Now show me the way out at the back," said the big man.

The manager led the way into a passage, at the end of which was a strong-looking door.

The big man said, "Unlock it."

"It's bolted, not locked," said the manager thickly.

"Then unbolt it."

As the manager stooped toward the bottom bolt, the big man kicked him. The boot caught him squarely under the chin. There was a loud crack as the jawbone splintered. The manager tumbled into a heap on the floor.

"One of them is a cold-blooded shit," said Morrissey. "There was no reason to shoot those two men. But Blondie had to demonstrate his skill with a gun."

The big man was already moving back toward the office. Red hair had finished tying the girl to her chair and was now gagging her. He said, "Seems they've got company out front."

The big man opened the door and looked into the bank. Three men and two women were squatting on the floor behind the door. Brown hair, who was sitting astride his chair beside them, said, "We may have trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

"Another man looked in just now. Dodged out before I could stop him."

"All right," said the big man. "We've finished."

Three of them moved back into the office. The blond boy stepped up to the street door and eased it open. Two policemen were standing beside the Ford Escort.

"Bastards," said the young man. As slowly and carefully as though he were firing at a target on a range, he took aim and squeezed the trigger. The nearer of the two policemen jackknifed forward as the heavy bullet hit him in the spine. The second one grabbed him as he fell and started to pull him round behind the car.

"Easy meat," said the young man. He took aim and fired again. The second man jerked, but continued to pull. Both of them were now lying behind the car.

The blond boy turned back into the bank, smiling broadly. Everyone there was frozen into shocked immobility. He said, "If anyone moves for the next two minutes, he gets the same." Then he walked into the manager's office and shut the door behind him.

Williamson was already crawling across the floor behind the counter. One of the older assistants tried to stop him. He said, "You heard him. Two minutes."

"Be your age," said Williamson. He reached the alarm and pressed it.

Outside, at the back and a little distance away, they heard a car starting up.

Chief Superintendent Morrissey, the big white-faced Jew, had boxed for the police in his youth. He was heavier and slower now, but still formidable. He had summoned the heads of the four North London special crime squads to his room at New Scotland Yard.

He said, "This business at Brentwood. We haven't got much yet. In fact, to be perfectly accurate, we've got bugger all. I couldn't talk to the manager. He's in the hospital having his jaw set and is still under sedation. The commissionaire's okay, but he was put out almost as soon as the men got inside. All he knows is that the man who hit him had brown hair—and dark glasses. The girl's been having hysterics on and off ever since. Two of the clerks saw the one they call 'the young man' quite clearly. So clearly that all they can tell us about him is that he had light hair—and dark glasses."

Superintendent Tim Collinson, the head of No. 1 Squad, was tempted to make a comment, but he refrained. He had rarely seen the old man angrier.

"The only one who kept his head and his eyes open"—Morrissey was looking at the papers on the table—"was the youngest of the clerks, name of George Williamson. It seems he does a bit in the acting line himself. He says that all the men were wearing wigs, but that he could see enough of the young man's hair, which was rather long, to tell that his own hair was, in fact, very light. He thought that the older man, the one who seemed to be the leader, had gray hair."

He looked down again at the paper.

"All the mustaches and the beard, he thought, were false. From which we can assume that, in real life, the men are clean-shaven. They had been made up in quite a professional way—eyes lined, eyebrows penciled, and so on. Brown hair, who carried the shotgun, had had a couple of teeth blacked out, and the one with red hair had a noticeable scar on the side of his face. Almost certainly phony."

"Then the only thing we know about them," said Superintendent Collinson, "is that one of them must be a deft hand at amateur theatricals."

TAKE A NEWLOOK

AT THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE.
THE GOOD, BAD, BEAUTIFUL, AND UGLY.
THE NATURAL, UNNATURAL, AND SUPERNATURAL.
THE HEROIC AND VILLAINOUS.
THE ADVENTUROUS, BIZARRE, GLAMOROUS, AND THE SENSATIONALLY SEXY.

NEWLOOK

AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW MAGAZINE FROM BOB GUCCIONE.
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND SHORTLY.

"They wouldn't have made the wigs themselves," said one of the other men. "They'd have bought them from a theatrical costumer. Might be a line there." He didn't sound very hopeful.

"We know something else about them," said Morrissey. He spoke with unusual venom. "One of them is a cold-blooded young shit. There was no reason to shoot those two men. They'd just arrived on the scene and were examining the car. The male chorus had finished their act and were on the way out. They had a second car parked two streets away. They were in no sort of danger. But Blondie had to demonstrate his skill with a gun. Which cost us Courtauld dead and Mathieson with a bullet through the top of his thigh. He may lose that leg. Until these men are caught, no one's safe. So we've got to catch them."

There was a pause while he organized his thoughts. He said, "We'll run it through No. 1 Squad. That puts you in charge, Tim. But you can call on any help you want from the other squads. My guess would be that black hair is the organizer. He probably scouts the job himself. Respectable-looking gray-haired number, he could walk into any bank and chat up the manager. Maybe he's the makeup artist, too. Got the stuff in his own house. Then all he's got to do is whistle in the other three, explain the scenario, and off they go."

"They picked up a hundred and twenty thousand in notes on the Brentwood job," said Collinson. "Should keep them happy for a while."

"Agreed," said Morrissey. "The next job won't be next week, or even next month. That gives us time. Spread the word down the grass roots. All normal rewards for information are doubled. And of course, if one of the four should decide to talk, he gets complete indemnity, as well as the reward that's been put up by the bank. One other thing. You can tell all your men, from me, that if they catch them on the job, they don't mess about. This time, they shoot first. Best to aim for their legs and keep on shooting till they go down. If there are any complaints, I'll carry the can. I'd rather see four of them crippled than lose two more good men like Courtauld and Mathieson. Is that clear?"

They agreed that it was clear.

It was just after ten o'clock on a Friday evening in the last week of August when the four men came to No. 10 Roberts Road. They approached it from behind, climbed the wall at the end of the garden, and made their way up the grass path to the kitchen quarters at the back of the house. One of the men broke a pane of glass in the scullery door, put in a gloved hand, and turned the catch. The four men walked in through the kitchen and into the front hall. Their rubber-soled shoes made very little noise, but it would be incorrect to suggest that they walked stealthily. They carried themselves like men who were masters of the situation.

They stopped outside the drawing-room door. There was light under it and they could hear the sound of music.

"Just the two of them, I guess," said the big man with the black beard. "Listening to the telly. Where do you think the kids are?"

"Tiny tots wouldn't be sitting up at this time of night," said the blond young man.

"Tucked up in their little beds upstairs," agreed red hair. "Bless their sweet hearts."

They had not troubled to lower their voices. The sound of music broke off abruptly and footsteps approached the door. As it was opened, the big man kicked it. It swung back, knocking the man behind it onto the floor. As he fell his glasses came off. He groped for them blindly for a moment, found them, and scrambled to his feet. A tubby little man in his middle forties, his face registered nothing but blank astonishment as he looked at the quartet.

> "Hold a woman at the end of a gun and you can't tell how she'll react. Sometimes they cry. Sometimes it's quite the opposite. They want to make love to you."

"You're speechless," said the big man. "Quite right. When you don't know what to say, don't say anything."

He spared a glance for the woman who was sitting in the chair beside the television set and looked a second time with appreciation. Twenty years younger than her husband, he guessed. And quite a looker.

He said to her, "Turn the telly on again, darling. We'd like a little background music. Let's all sit down, shall we? That's right. Now I want to start by making one or two things clear. Do you happen to know Pilkington, Mr. Laybourne?"

"The manager of our Brentwood branch. Yes, I know him."

Mr. Laybourne had gotten his voice back and a little of his self-possession.

"Of course, all you senior managers know one another. That's natural. I wondered if you'd seen him lately?"

"I visited him in the hospital."

"Was he talking again?"

"Not very much."

"It's an unpleasant thing, a broken jaw," said the big man thoughtfully. "Painful at the time and awkward afterward. Difficult to eat or talk. 'Specially if you happened to lose some of your teeth too."

Since this seemed to require some comment, Mr. Laybourne said, "Yes, I expect it is."

"You're wondering why I should be telling you this. You see that telephone by your chair? There's one in the hall, too. And another one, perhaps, upstairs in your bedroom."

Mr. Laybourne nodded.

"Now you may have thought that we should put these telephones out of action. Cut the wires, smash the instruments. It's what villains do in books. But we think a bit further ahead. Suppose one of your friends wants to get in touch with you. Dials your number. No answer. That's odd, they think. They might report it to the post office. Or if they live nearby they might come round to see what's up. No, no. Much better to leave the telephones alone. Then, if they ring up, you can answer them and they can hear your cheerful voice agreeing to play golf tomorrow. You do play golf?"

"Yes, but I don't see . . ."

"You don't follow the logic of what I'm saying. Let me explain. If you didn't answer, cheerfully and happily, or if you or your wife were so stupid as to think you might use one of those telephones to call for help, then two of us would hold you and I'd break your jaw up with a hammer. Then you could have the pleasure of watching while we did the same to your wife. Maybe we'd have time to attend to the children as well."

Mr. Laybourne went white, but he still had command of his voice. He said, "I can assure you we shall behave sensibly. And the children aren't here. They're spending the weekend with their grandmother."

"Excellent. Then we understand each other. And when you say you'll be sensible, I take it you're speaking for your wife as well. Or has she got some different opinions?" He turned to look at the woman. She was certainly worth looking at. He said, "Since we'll be spending some time together, darling, why don't we loosen up a little. For a start, I take it you've got a Christian name."

"My name's Susan. And I agree with what my husband said."

"Then what about getting us all a cup of coffee, Susan."

That was the beginning of a very long night.

At midnight the lights in the drawing room and front hall were turned off, and they all moved into the back kitchen. Brown hair was dispatched upstairs. "Bathroom lights, thirty minutes. Bedroom lights, another quarter of an hour," the big man decreed. "That about right? Or do you read in bed?"

"No."

"Better things to do, eh, Susie?" suggested the blond boy with a grin.

Susan ignored this. She said to the big man, "If we're going to sit up all night, I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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HAIR'S NEW WAVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM KIRK

Hair, hair. It always comes down to hair. Madame Pompadour rolled and swept hers up into a golden manurelike mound, thus delivering the heart of Louis XV into her hand. Elsa Lanchester electrified hers and ended up between the sheets with Frankenstein. Then, of course, there were Samson and Delilah (or, if you prefer the wet-look version, Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr), and countless other lonely hunters of the hairy heart.

But hair serves another, deeper purpose. It is, and always has been, a way to address one's fellow man and society at large. In tonsuring his crown, St. Anthony of Padua expressed his renouncement of the world and all its vanities. Buddha shaved his to make the same statement. More often than to renounce society, though, hair has been used to shock it. Thus, in F. Scott Fitzgerald's short story "Bernice Bobs Her Hair," the young lady so named, like many of her real-life Lost Generation peers, clipped her locks in defiant abandonment.

This tradition is still very much alive, as Malcolm Kirk's photographs attest. The first thing one notices about the latter-wave punks portrayed here is their hair.

Most of Malcolm's subjects were encountered on King's Road, in the Chelsea district of London. Long central to the flux of modern styles, King's Road in the sixties was a place of paisley caftans and Beatle cuts, mod boutiques and coffee bars. Now, however, not far from where Mary Quant opened

THEIR LIVES REALLY REVOLVE AROUND THE CLUBS. THEY HANG OUT ALL NIGHT.

the very first boutique in 1955, the heart of King's Road fashion is a clothing shop called "Boy."

"Someone at Boy suggested that I go see Mario the hairdresser down the street," Malcolm recounted. "I did, and Mario took me to his friends."

The first of Mario's friends whom Malcolm met was Frankie Door, shown here flexing his biceps in a pose that, like his solarized Elvis hairdo, displays the influence of singer Billy Idol.

"Then Mario took us to Paul, a guy with a marine cut and a feminine face." Not quite a skinhead, Paul, resplendent in plaid, strikes one as a pretty version of the Eurhythmics' Annie Lennox. Conversely, Damien Trance, a girl, evokes Boy George.

Spike's scalp, sculpted into a pattern of small, round clumps, is inspired by no rock-and-roll star, but rather by the pelt of a leopard. Livia Lowendahl, a King's Road visitor from Sweden, displays a vegetable-dyed variation of an old standard, not far removed from Bernice's bob, to complement her facial spiderwebbing. Simon, a Welshman, cuts a strangely Oscar Wildeish figure in his silk cape and fingerless gloves, his hair dry-sculpted into a sort of King's Road coxcomb. Saroj Nelson, whose thin shoulders Simon here grasps, has simulated cornrows—ethnic influences being as strong as those of rock and roll in punk chic.

NONE OF THEM WORK. SOME PICK UP A FEW QUID POSING FOR THE TOURISTS' CAMERAS.

The most impressive Mohican that Malcolm encountered belonged to Heike Hauch, a German girl who likely both crimped and used a sugar solution to keep hers standing on end.

Malcolm's favorite subject was found away from King's Road: Jock the Noo, seen here with his wife, Fiona, and, more noticeably, five sculpted spikes rising from his head.

"There was a sort of Christian-Indian rally in Trafalgar Square. Jock was standing on the base of Nelson's Column, looking very menacing. Everyone around was sort of terrified of him. He jumped off the pedestal and the crowd parted. I went up to him and said I was doing this photo thing for *Penthouse*. In a very genteel English voice he said, "Oh, *Penthouse*! I'd love to be in *Penthouse*."

Overall, Malcolm found the lot of them to be terrific subjects. "They appear unapproachable, but they're all very nice and gentle and quite cooperative." As to what they're up to beneath it all, Malcolm observed, "Their lives really revolve around the clubs—Heaven, Bat Cave, the Mystery Train Club. They hang out at the clubs all night. None of them work; they all seem to live on welfare in cheap hotels. Some of them pick up a few quid posing for the tourists' cameras, maybe half a pound a shot." When man has pride of hair, he needs little else.

SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

could cut some sandwiches."

"Good idea. And put on a bit more coffee. It'll stop us from going to sleep."

Twice more, during that interminable night, she handed out cups of coffee. No one tried to sleep.

At seven o'clock Susan started preparations for breakfast. The big man said, "Time we all smartened ourselves up. We'll use the bathroom in turns. Red goes up first with Mr. Laybourne. And go easy with that mustache of yours, Red, when you're shaving."

Red hair, who seemed to be the most amiable of the four, grinned and led the way up to the bathroom.

"Must look tidy for the next part of the program," said the big man. Over breakfast he lined it up for them. He said, "The bank's shut on Saturday, but twice in the past month you've been there on Saturday morning with a couple of other men. Smart types, with big briefcases. Got there about ten o'clock and left at lunchtime. Right?"

"That was when the audit was being done. It's finished now."

"Wrong," said the big man. "They found they'd added up one of the columns wrong. They're going back this morning to check. Fetch the gear up from the car, Brownie."

Brown hair departed down the garden and came back with a large suitcase. From it he extracted two briefcases, two pairs of striped trousers, two neat buff-colored raincoats, and two black homburg hats. When red hair and brown hair had dressed up, the big man inspected them as though they were soldiers on parade. He said, "Keep the raincoats buttoned up until you're inside, and you should pass muster. Better still if you were carrying rolled umbrellas as well as the briefcases, but you may need to have a hand free. And for God's sake, Red, put that hat on straight. Respectable accountants don't walk round with their titfers on one side of their heads. Okay, off you go. Mr. Laybourne will drive you down in his car. You usually park it in the alleyway alongside the bank, don't you? Some arrangement with the police, I believe."

If Mr. Laybourne was surprised at the knowledge of his habits, which the big man seemed to have acquired, he did not show it. He seemed, by now, to be almost resigned.

"When you get there, Mr. Laybourne gets out and opens up the side door of the bank. Red goes with him. Brownie, you turn the car round. Then go in after them." He looked at his watch. "Half-past nine. If I don't hear from you by half-past ten, I'll start worrying. And when I start worrying, I start getting active."

Back in the drawing room the big man and Susan settled down to wait. The boy seemed unable to sit still. They could hear him moving about upstairs. The big man had his chair placed so that he could look out of the window without being seen. He was sitting quite still, but she could feel the tension building up inside him. This was the climax, the bad hour when there was nothing for either of them to do but wait. Both of them were hoping that nothing would go wrong at the bank. Community of feeling was building a curious bond between them.

"It should be all right," said the big man, as though he were reading her thoughts. "Your husband's behaved very sensibly so far. No reason he should spoil it now."

Susan said, "He hadn't much choice, really, had he?" She realized that he wanted to talk and seemed happy to oblige him.

"No choice," said the big man. "But that doesn't seem to stop people from making fools of themselves. Mind you, I wasn't too surprised. Your husband's a senior and experienced man. No, it's you who've been the real surprise."

This was the climax, the bad hour when there was nothing for either of them to do but wait. Both of them were hoping nothing would go wrong at the bank.

"You think I ought to have had hysterics, perhaps?"

"I've known women to do that. Hold one of them at the end of a gun and you can't tell how she'll react. Sometimes they cry. Sometimes they freeze and go dumb. Sometimes it's quite the opposite. They want to make love to you."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true, though. When you come to think about it, it's a very special relationship between a man with a gun, who's ready to use it, and someone who's at the other end of the gun. Think about it. All the time we've been here, from the very first, we've been bosses and you two have been our servants. Slaves almost, you might say."

"You think some women like being dominated?"

Susan sounded coolly interested.

"Most women like to be dominated."

"Maybe. But I can't see anything out of the ordinary about pointing a gun at someone and making them do what you want."

"That's because you're at the wrong end of the gun. If you were holding it in your hand, you'd realize exactly what I mean."

"Suppose we try the experiment."

"I think not," said the big man with a smile. "You're too damned cool. You'd probably pull the trigger. But take a weak character like Blondie, who's fiddling round upstairs because his nerves won't let him sit still. Put a gun in his hand and he's a great big he-man. Take his gun away and he's a scared kid. The gun's his prick, sort of."

"His . . .?"

"I beg your pardon. I'd forgotten we were in the upper echelon. I should have said his genital organ."

"Oh, yes. I read about that theory somewhere. Actually, I concluded that the author was an amateur psychologist who was talking through his hat."

"Don't you believe it. Why, I can tell you . . ." Before he could tell her anything he was interrupted.

There was a clatter of footsteps on the stairs and the blond boy arrived. He seemed to have something on his mind. He said, "It's the first time I've been into some of those other rooms. And what do you think I found in the room at the end of the passage?"

"A dozen armed policemen," suggested the big man.

"I found the bed made up and all her things by it. If she's his wife, why isn't she sleeping with him?" His voice was sharp with suspicion.

Susan said, "I assume from that that you're a bachelor."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"If you were a married man you'd know that there comes a time—every three or four weeks—when it's not very comfortable for a man to sleep with his wife."

"Doctors call it a period," said the big man kindly. "Women call it 'the curse.'"

"How do we know she's telling the truth—about that or anything? She's too damned smooth. I'll tell you what, though . . ." His tongue passed over his lips. He looked absurdly young, Susan thought; like a small boy who's been promised a cream cake. "We could always find out. Tell her to take her pants off."

"We could," said the big man. "But we're not going to. Because if we did and things happened to go wrong, a charge of attempted rape would be thrown in for good measure, and that would add an extra five years onto what the judge dishes out."

The young man pouted. He said, "Have it your own way, boss, but I think there's something screwy about her." He was moving round the room as he spoke. "I'll tell you another thing I noticed. There's lots of photographs, in the bedroom and down here. . . ." He picked up the framed photographs of a boy and a girl that stood on the mantelpiece between the clock and a jar of rather wilted chrysanthemums. "There's pictures of the two kids. There's pictures of dogs and horses and one of old Laybourne, all dressed up and

making a speech to a lot of other old geezers—but not one, not a single bloody solitary photograph of her. Does that seem natural?"

He was answered by a shrill summons from the telephone.

"Get out into the hall and listen in," said the big man. And, to Susan, "You take the call in here."

It was a woman's voice. She said, "Susan? Margaret here. I hope this isn't an awkward moment to ring up. Something on the boil or you in your bath?"

"Nothing like that," said Susan. "I was sitting in the drawing room like a perfect lady, thinking about life."

"Lucky you. Well, I'm afraid I've got a disappointing bit of news for you. Both the kids are down. Some sort of virus. Nothing dangerous, the doctor says. I was a bit anxious last night, because Simon was a hundred and one and Anita was well over a hundred, but they've gone down now. And they've got their appetites back."

"That's always a good sign."

"But I'm afraid we'll have to call off the tea party we'd fixed for Wednesday. Will you break it to your two?"

"I'll tell them as soon as they get home on Monday. And don't worry, Margaret. Children's temperatures go up and down like a yo-yo."

The woman said, "Bless you, Susan," adding softly, "and the very best of luck."

"Now what did she mean by that?" said Blondie, bursting back into the room. "Why did she wish *you* good luck? It's not *your* children who are ill."

Susan, who had taken the telephone call standing up, had now returned to her chair.

She said, slowly, "I imagine she wished me good luck because she knew that the next ten minutes would be tricky. Let me explain. When she said, 'Both the kids are down,' it meant that both your men had been taken. When she added that they'd got their appetites back, it meant that there'd been no casualties."

"If that's true," said Blondie thinly, "it means there's going to be another casualty right here."

"You can test it," said Susan. "You may have noticed that I haven't looked out of the window since I came in here. If you look now you should be able to see a green van at one end of the road; it is not actually blocking the road, but drawn to the side. There's a much larger one—it looks like a laundry delivery van—at the other end of the road."

Blondie shifted the net curtain and peered out.

"The vans are there, all right. So what's the score?"

"If Morrissey is operating on his usual scale, it means that he's got a dozen men in position in front of the house and the same number behind it."

There was a long silence. Blondie said, rather desperately, "What do we do? Maybe we could use her as a shield."

P1

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"A bit small to cover both of us," said the big man. He still seemed unruffled. "Before we do anything stupid, there's one thing I'd like to find out. You said just now that you'd *expected* them to pick up Red and Brownie without any fuss. Why were you so confident?"

"The cards were stacked against them," said Susan. "We knew exactly when to expect them and what they were going to do."

"Right. I thought that was what you meant. And I found it surprising. I'm a very cautious operator. We'd had Mr. Laybourne watched, discreetly. The general idea was there, but no one except me knew just how we were going to play it. And what's more important, no one but me knew when the kickoff was going to be. That right, Blondie?"

"That's right," said Blondie. He spoke so thickly that they could hardly make out the words. Something seemed to have gone wrong with his face.

"I gave everyone their marching orders at my place on Thursday night. *Until then no one knew the details except me.* And after that we were together all the time until we came here."

"All the time?" said Susan softly. The words hung in the silent room.

"Well," said the big man, almost as though he were speaking to himself. "Let me think about that. Red and Brownie, certainly. But it occurs to me . . ."

"Was there something?" said Blondie. There was a touch of the old bravado in his voice, but it no longer sounded convincing.

"Now that I think about it—yes."

"What are you talking about?"

"You were the only one who wasn't with us all the time. After I'd explained it all to you, you slipped out, didn't you? To telephone your girl, I think you said."

Susan said, "Might that, perhaps, have been about eleven o'clock?"

"About then. Why?"

"I do know that it was about then that Morrissey got a tip-off. I remember the time because there was a lot to arrange. None of us got much sleep that night."

"It's a fucking lie." Blondie's voice had gone up nearly into the treble pitch.

"No," said the big man. "No. Keep your hands where they are." His own hand slid into the front of his jacket and came out holding a Colt Python. "Now you can pull your gun out. But pull it out slowly. Now drop it on the floor."

Deprived of his gun, the blond boy seemed to disintegrate before their eyes. Take his gun away, the big man had said, and he's just a scared kid.

"Of course," said the big man, "it might have been a coincidence. Coincidences do happen. He might have gone out to phone his girlfriend."

Susan said, "It occurs to me that there's one way of finding out if Blondie here is playing on our side."

"Don't listen to her."

"Why not?" said the big man. "She says there's an easy way of finding out which side you're on. Okay, let's find out."

"When we were given our instructions," said Susan, "Morrissey said something to us. It was because he was so angry about what had happened at Brentwood."

As she said this she shot a quick glance at Blondie. His disintegration was almost indecent. His eyes were flickering, his lips were twitching, and there was a trickle of saliva at each corner of his mouth. "It wasn't my fault." The words just seemed to tumble out. "We all had guns. We were told to shoot."

"I thought at the time you were a bit too impulsive," said the big man judgmatically. "It was clever shooting, but not strictly necessary. So what did Morrissey have to say about it, Susan?"

"I think he imagined that all four of you were gun-happy, like this kid. So he said this. It was an order. If we found ourselves up against your lot there was to

Blondie's disintegration was almost indecent. "It wasn't my fault. We all had guns. We were told to shoot."

be no hanging back. We were to shoot first and shoot fast. Not to kill. Aiming at the legs. I think perhaps he meant the word to get round. He thought one of you might be scared enough at the prospect to come across."

"The old bastard," said the big man. "So that was his idea, was it? I can believe it, too. He's no gentleman." He swung round on Blondie. "So now we've got two things to thank you for, kiddo. First, you leak the job. Then you give us all a good chance of getting crippled. Do you know, I like the idea of this little experiment. I like it very much. All you've got to do is open that front door and walk out. If we're wrong and you aren't their boy, they'll shoot as soon as you come out, at your legs. But if you are their own little stoolie, they won't shoot at all."

The blond boy seemed incapable of movement. Another moment, Susan thought, and he'll be down on his knees.

"Off you go," said the big man genially. "Find the answer for us. Move!"

The boy gave a last despairing look, turned, and shambled out into the hall. They could hear the squeak of his rubber soles on the tiles of the hallway.

The big man had moved back to the window. Susan said, very softly, "If they *don't* shoot him . . ."

The big man seemed to be enjoying the situation. He said, "If they don't shoot him, then I shall. Not really an even chance. More a two-way winner." He was at the side window, which looked directly onto the porch and the front path. He eased it open a few inches and slid the muzzle of his gun over the sill.

As he did so, the front door came open and Blondie stumbled out. Before he got to the gate, the shooting started. The bullets whipped across the small patch of garden and Blondie fell forward, screaming. The big man turned back into the room. He was much too late. While his attention was on the scene outside, Susan had taken one step backward toward the mantelpiece, lifted the wilting chrysanthemums with her left hand, and with her right hand eased out a .38 revolver, which stood ready in the vase. It was now pointed at the big man. As his own hand came up she pulled the trigger. The heavy bullet hit him square in the chest. He went down onto his knees, dropping his own gun, which slid away under the window seat. He had no eyes for it. He put both hands on the floor in front of him and tried to get up. The effort was too much. He stayed crouched, his arms now wrapped around his chest as if he were holding himself together.

He said, "I knew you were the sort of girl who'd pull the trigger. I told you so, didn't I?"

Susan nodded. She said, "Yes, you told me."

"Tell me something. I'd like to know. Did that kid give us away?"

"No. You gave yourself away. There was a six-man team watching you every moment. They worked out your plan from your own moves. Incidentally, they spotted Blondie making that telephone call. It probably was to his girl."

"I see." The idea that he and not Blondie had been the traitor seemed to amuse him. He started to laugh, but stopped as the blood filled his lungs. When he was finally able to speak again, he said, "Tell me something else, before they get here."

They had both heard the kitchen door go down. The police were coming in from the back of the house.

"I'd like to know your name."

"It's Susan."

"But not Susan Laybourne."

"No. Susan Courtauld."

"Courtauld. The name means something. I'm sure I heard it somewhere."

The police were in the room by this time. Superintendent Collinson, who was leading them, said, "We've sent for an ambulance."

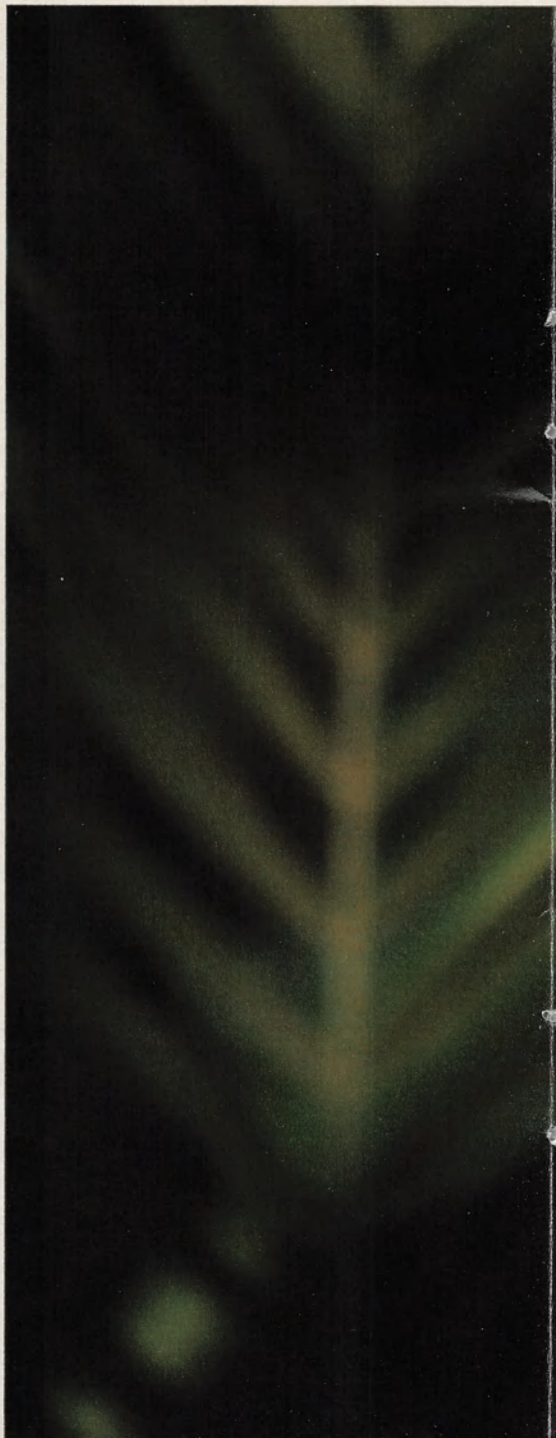
The big man took no notice of him. "Courtauld," he said. "Now where did I hear that name?"

He was still puzzling over it when he died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

BRITTANY

"Inside me there's a demon busting to get out and go wild."

Makeup and hair by Nicole Bohrer Reid



FAST FORWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. STEPHEN HICKS

Pet of the Month Brittany Dane's mischievous green eyes seemed to signal "go," and this custom-built five-feet-eight-inch 18-year-old confirms her desire for forward progress. "I'm basically a down-to-earth, family-oriented type, but inside me there's a little demon just busting to get out and go wild!"

Appropriate for this Italian-style Taurus (on her father's side, Irish on her mother's), Brittany is effusively bullish on herself. "I'm a freshman drama major right now, but someday I'll head for Hollywood to knock on some doors . . . pound on them, if I have to!"

She's aware that she's gorgeous enough to make it in the glittery big league, but two minor weaknesses concern her. "Sometimes I'm flaky—and I'm always superimpatient. If I have to wait too long for something I tend not to want it anymore."

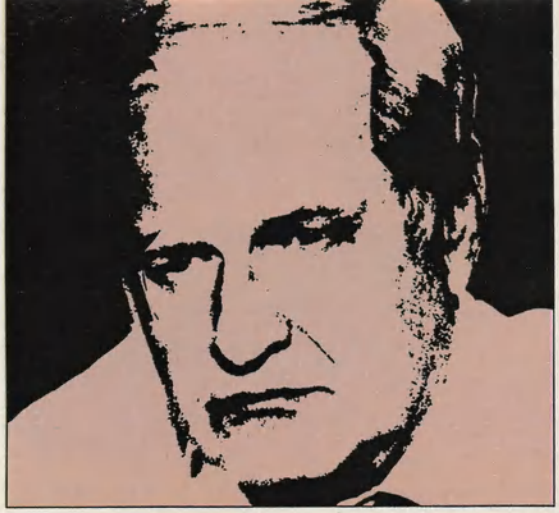
Unfair, she knows, because she does expect men to bide their time. "I hate guys who stumble over themselves, pretending they're interested in me when they're really just staring at my body!"

"In my fantasies, I dream that a tall, hard, sinister man will find me stranded, alone and naked, on some island and take me by force."

"But in real life, I like men sweet and thoughtful and romantic—and willing to let me have my way a lot. Also," adds this Bruce Springsteen fanatic, "he'd better love rock 'n' roll."

And love her enough to give her freedom. "For at least the next decade, I want to date dozens of different guys to see how they'll affect me. At my age, I've got almost everything except experience."

MISS BRITTANY DANE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"Enough fat can be slashed from government waste, enough extravagance eliminated, enough cash saved from going down the drain, to wipe out the deficit and balance the budget."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY JACK ANDERSON

The author is one of America's most respected columnists and investigative reporters. He won the Pulitzer Prize for national journalism in 1972, and he is joining *Penthouse* as contributing editor for the "Advise & Dissent" column.

LET'S DERAIL THE GOVERNMENT'S GRAVY TRAIN

Reading this article could be worth at least $100,000 to you. That's how much you can save over the next 12 years if the government will crack down on waste, fraud, and inefficiency. The average taxpayer will reduce his tax obligation by a full $100,000; your own savings will be even greater if you pay higher-than-average taxes.

This figure is no esoteric estimate. The misspending has been carefully pinpointed by a Presidential commission, which conducted an exhaustive study of the government's spending practices. Waste galore was uncovered; fraud was exposed; inefficiencies were bared. Altogether, the commission found 2,478 ways that the government skins the nation's taxpayers.

The commission is headed by industrialist Peter Grace, a certifiable curmudgeon who has sworn to spend the rest of his life eliminating the massive waste he has uncovered. Behind his grizzled exterior and gruff amiability is perhaps the canniest financial talent ever let loose in the government's counting rooms. He used his analytical powers to penetrate the collusions between free-spending bureaucrats and budget-breaking congressmen.

He found enough possible savings to wipe out the deficit and balance the budget. That's right: Enough fat can be slashed, enough extravagance eliminated, enough cash saved from going down the drain, to stabilize the government's finances.

All this can be accomplished, Grace insists, without raising taxes. Over the past 35 years, median family income has increased 7.6 times, but the taxes on that income are an incredible 246.4 times greater. Clearly, the cause of the calamitous public debt has not been too little taxation but too much spending. Taxes simply haven't kept up with federal spending, which has soared out of control. Here are some of the spending practices Grace wants to stop:

• Military spending has become so massive over the years that the generals and admirals have grown utterly contemptuous of the taxpayers' money. Grace investigated 25 major weapons systems that were started in the 1970s—the overcharges added up to a staggering $234 billion.

• In small purchases as well as large, the armed forces are grossly and very expensively negligent. Grace caught the Pentagon paying $91 for three-cent screws, $114 for nine-cent batteries, $511 for 60-cent lamps, $436 for seven-dollar hammers, $100 for 25-cent compressor caps, $1,648 for $3.43 cams, $59.28 for dollar "O" rings, $100 for five-cent simulator parts, etc.

• Enormous sums are expended to reduce poverty. This money is channeled through some 20 different means-tested programs. In a single year, $124 billion filtered through the

bureaucrats' fingers, yet only $37.4 billion actually reached the poor—no more than 30 cents out of every dollar spent.

• Federal accounting provides little accountability. No one knows exactly how much cash the government has available, how much debt is current, what's being spent, or how much is being wasted. Meanwhile, the government goes on merrily subsidizing the rich and pampering the poor. Refrigerators have been given to Eskimos; tubes of toothpaste have been shipped to foreigners with no toothbrushes.

• The bureaucrats tend to administer federal programs for the comfort and convenience of bureaucrats. In their cloistered surroundings, they have formed a pattern of living beyond the scale of the American people who employ them. Compared to ordinary taxpayers, federal employees earn 12 percent more money for similar work, retire eight years earlier, collect three times more pension benefits, receive double the vacation time, collect more health-care benefits, and travel farther and wider at government expense. In Washington, one-third of the federal workers are overpaid for what they do, and they have three times as many supervisors as a comparable private company.

• The federal system has demonstrated a pervasive incompetence in the performance of routine tasks and trusts. The Veterans Administration takes 56 days longer than private hospitals to process medical claims; it also mails out an estimated $500 million in erroneous payments every year. The U.S. Army spends $4.20 to process a paycheck that costs the average private corporation under $1. And the Social Security Administration paid $14.6 billion in error between 1980 and 1982.

• In private business a standard of competence is furnished inexorably by the profit factor. If a business branch is wasteful, loses money, or its profits decline, a bell goes off at headquarters and that branch is either pruned back or cut off entirely. But the government bureau, with no such automatic arbiter, can always claim that a poor result could be improved upon with a bigger staff and more money. The bureau chief is rewarded for the number of people he has under him, not for efficiency. So the federal government has expanded until it now accounts for 25 percent of all U.S. economic activity. In fact, the government is the nation's biggest borrower, lender, employer, insurer, landowner, landlord, and tenant.

At the center of this melancholy mess sits Washington, that modern Babylon of wondrous and wanton procedures. Some terrible enervation of common sense and ordinary resolve in Washington has permitted federal extravagance and the expanding deficit to assume the dimensions of a disaster. The blame properly should be shared by the bureaucrats who squander our money, the congressmen who appropriate it, and the special interests who threaten to spill political blood if it isn't appropriated.

But the key to the problem can inevitably be found in Congress—in its reluctance to recognize the onrushing fiscal danger, and in its related refusal to expend political capital or take political risks for economic stability.

The members are too busy divvying up the spoils. They are as unlikely to give up their spoils system as the bureaucrats are to change their wastrel ways. So it won't be easy to derail the government gravy train. It's an express run by politicians who gain applause today for offering new benefits and disappear into the woodwork tomorrow when the cost has blown the public debt sky-high.

These free-spending politicos aren't inclined to impose austerity now, which can be blamed on them, in order to forestall calamities later, which can be blamed on their successors. But if they won't listen to the alarms of economists, they will listen to the protests of the voters.

So Peter Grace and I are trying to organize a massive protest. We have come up with a plan that we think is doable—doable if there are enough taxpayers who will invest a little effort to save themselves thousands of dollars, doable if there are enough practicing Americans who will act now to halt the government's onrushing plunge toward financial chaos. Here's the plan:

Step One. We invite all Americans to sign a petition, printed at the end of this article, protesting government misspending. This is a simple taxpayers' declaration that we want an end to the mistakes, negligences, and laxities that have run up the cost of government almost beyond calculation or comprehension.

We will deliver the petition to Congress and the White House. I can guarantee that a protest, signed by millions of Americans, will get the attention of our elected leaders. For they understand that the people are still the sovereigns and hold the ultimate power in this country.

Step Two. Once the taxpayers have gained the politicians' attention, then the prodding must begin. Otherwise, congressmen will invariably give lip-service speeches against waste but will connive to continue their wasteful pet projects.

But even if a grudging Congress can be pressured into cutting appropriations, the bureaucrats will suspend vital programs and continue their extravagances. The people at the Pentagon, for example, have a propensity to cut military muscle rather than accumulated fat when economies are forced on them.

The bureaucrats must be told, therefore, exactly what to cut and what to keep. Peter Grace can point out the specif-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

For years veterans, along with a growing number of Americans who never served in the military, have tried to shed light on the many confusing and often disturbing issues surrounding the Vietnam War. At the time of the Tet Offensive 17 years ago, the American public received a clear message that all was not going well in the conduct of the war. Attempts by the Johnson administration to establish that battle as a victory for the United States and its South Vietnamese allies were less than successful. Although American public opinion had been largely tolerant of the U.S. military involvement in Vietnam during the first years of the war, things began to change as a direct result of Tet in early 1968.

This watershed event contributed to hastening Lyndon Johnson's exit from office and to replacing the public's general faith in the government's credibility with a healthy "show me" skepticism. Unfortunately, that skepticism eventually got out of hand to the point that it prevented an objective analysis of what went wrong in Vietnam and why.

Politicians, both in military and civilian attire, are reluctant to acknowledge their errors. However, in the case of Vietnam and especially the postmortem on the Tet Offensive, this reluctance reached phobic levels. Today, in the Westmoreland vs. CBS libel trial, the basis for this phobia is coming to light in painful and excruciating detail. For example, according to testimony provided by a high-ranking Johnson administration official, "We weren't surprised by the Tet Offensive, and we won a magnificent victory over the communists."

Many Vietnam veterans have found the Westmoreland vs. CBS libel trial to be personally offensive. The handling of Tet has been revealed as much less a "conspiracy" at the "highest levels" of U.S. military intelligence than as evidence of callous insensitivity on the part of those directly in charge of the war. Vietnam veterans did not need the trial to reach conclusions that were already painfully evident to those who fought the war.

Even today veterans' voices are scarcely heard in the continuing debates over national security and whether real accountability should be exacted on those who are given primary responsibility for making, rather than actually carrying out, national policy.

The two-million-plus Vietnam veterans who witnessed the failure of our flawed Vietnam policy comprise a group with an earned right to question plans for U.S. military intervention in Central America—and these veterans have more reason to be leery than their 24 million peers who "missed" the war.

Vietnam veterans are not necessarily isolationist, nor are they pacifist peaceniks; neither, however, are they easily conned by those who advocate a "holy crusade" to be carried out by someone other than themselves—in this case, the current generation of young men and women.

In recent years, for reasons which amaze, the Vietnam War has been elevated to a "noble cause" or an expression of America's resoluteness in opposing communism. These views tend to confuse both Vietnam veterans and all other citizens. After all, the Vietnam War is still a political conundrum that lacks solid justification beyond a postulated belief in the so-called righteousness of our cause.

> Over two million veterans witnessed the failure of our flawed Vietnam policy. They have an earned right to question any potential U.S. military intervention in Central America.

Vietnam veterans are now leading the search for those answers through a channel one might not have expected—fiction. At first glance this may appear to be totally ineffective. However, the last several years' crop of Vietnam War fiction has been more illuminating than the nonfictional tomes that attempted to explain the war in terms of geopolitical and historical theories. These latter works fill one void but leave blank the feel, smell, and essence of the war.

Vietnam veteran fiction writers are arguing, successfully, that the war must first be understood in human terms before it can be understood in political terms or contexts. The public must learn the limitations and costs of involving people in activities that are only vaguely and distantly felt by those who order those activities.

Unlike World War II, during which there was a substantial consensus over the question "Why are we fighting?", the Vietnam War was conducted on the assumption that everyone knew the answer without asking the question. Vietnam veterans are now asking that question in their fictional treatments of the war and the experiences they had. The answers achieved thus far indicate quite clearly that war—in Vietnam and perhaps elsewhere—was and is too important an issue to be left only to generals and politicians. Vietnam veterans are neither of these, and for that reason what they have to say is worth listening to.—*William R. Corson*

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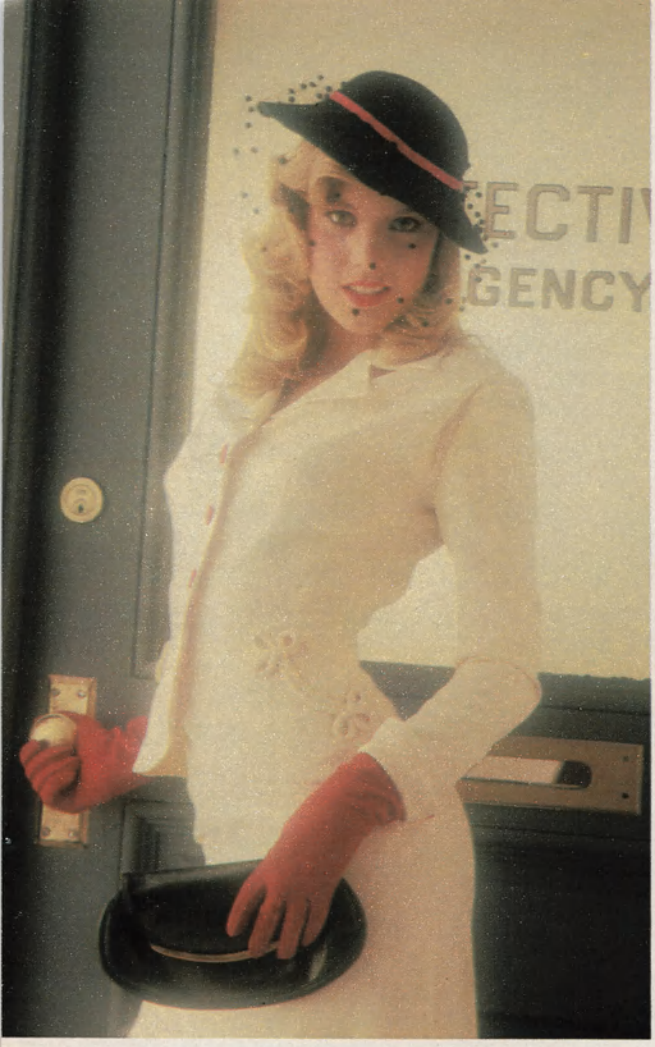
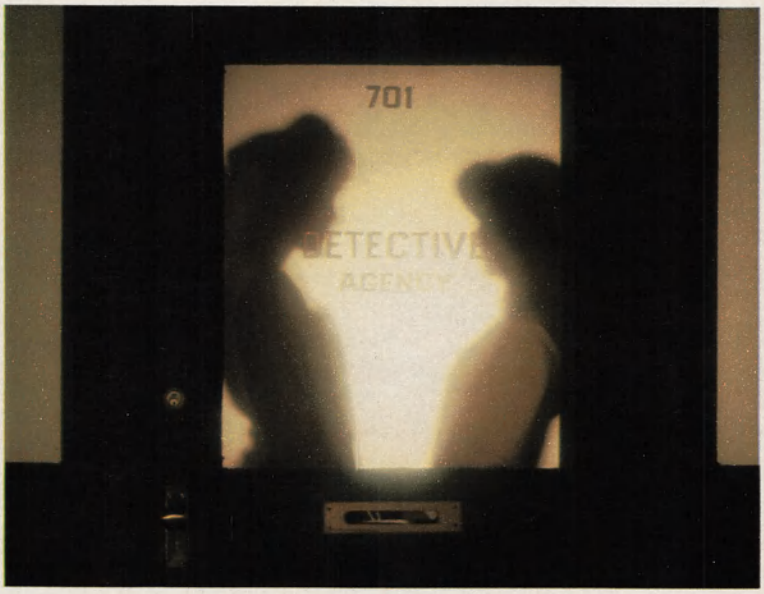
THE CASE OF THE NOT-SO-PRIVATE EYE

PRODUCED AND
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED HOLZMAN



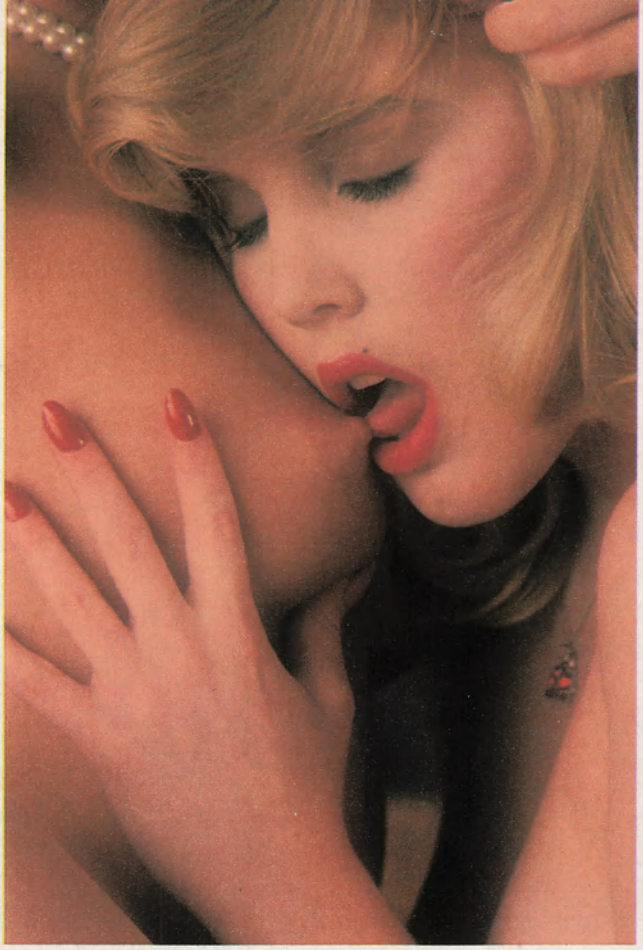


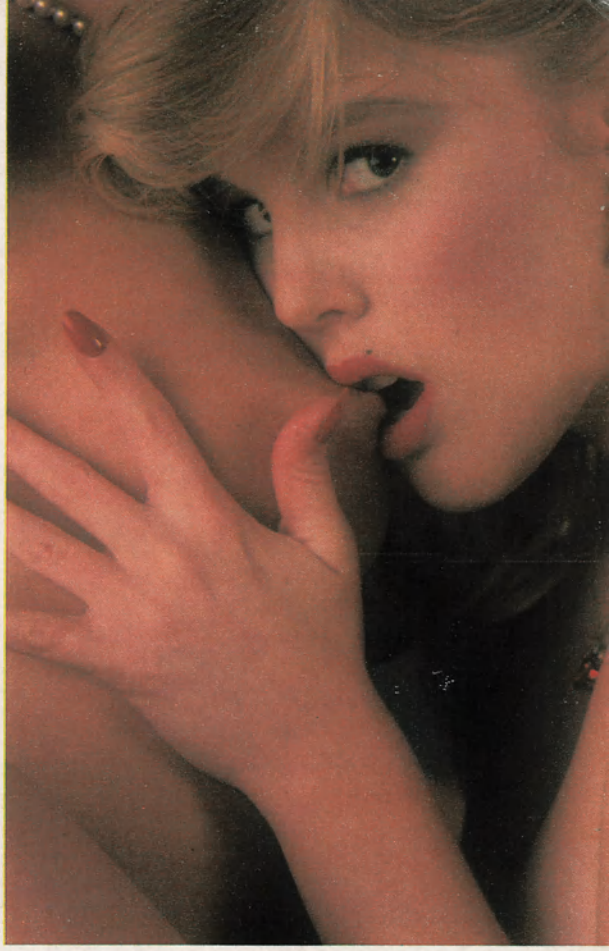
As a pretty private eye with a mission, she stood up for anyone in need. But helping lovely dames in distress was her ace in the hole. Profit was scarcely a motive in these lean Depression years. She'd hardly take the shirt off a sumptuous client's back; the body underneath would be sufficient. As the young wife sadly produced her missing husband's photo, the private eye wiped away her tears and snuggled suggestively close. Quickly, her client got the picture. . . .

Hair and makeup by Steve Riley

"You'll have to bare your breast before I can know enough to solve your case." A case in delectable points . . .

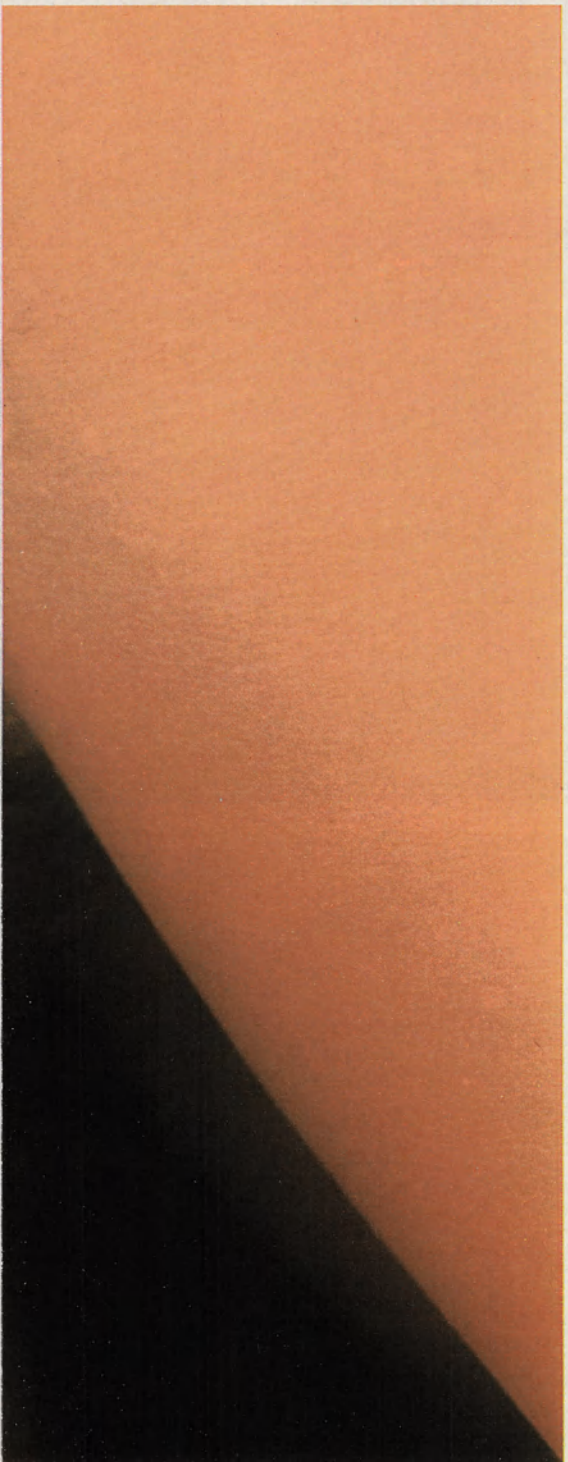
Stripped of all but the bare essentials, they found no hard clues, only soft ones—and wished that the missing man were there to help erect a stronger case.



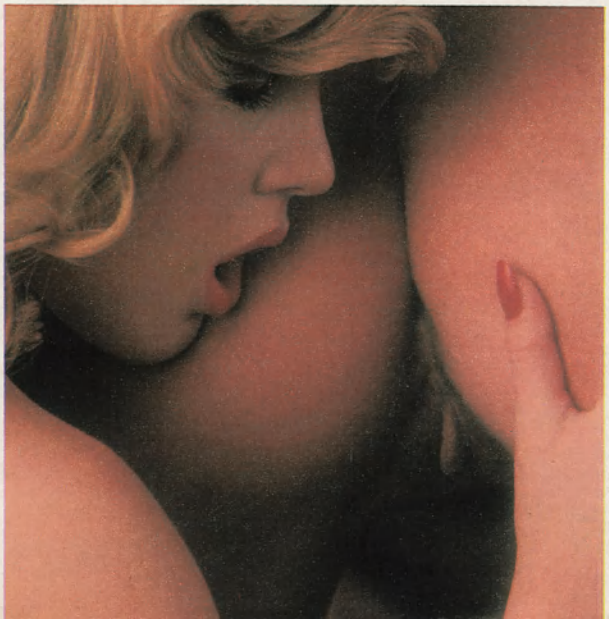


Insatiably nursing her hurt at the plentiful breast of her counselor, the wife felt her confidence swell, and she knew she was in very good hands. . . .

Searching for any signs that might explain his strange disappearance, the investigator left no stone unturned . . . and every curve uncovered.



Upon completing a body search, she pronounced with a satisfied smile, "I suspect he'll be back for a scene of the crime. And so will I!"



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 22

"As you make your bed, you must lie there!"
So teaches the Church, and it's fair.
But if men could be "loose"
And even reproduce,
Would *their* fetuses ever have a prayer?

ARCHBORTION
SHOWCASE

Nude volleyball, mountains of cocaine, hidden "swingers' clubs," and million-dollar swindles—the Go-Go Years are back with a vengeance.

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALL STREET

BY PETER McCABE

Philip L. Hehmeyer was a successful commodities trader and chairman of the New York Cotton Exchange. He lived well. He owned an antique Jaguar car, drank Dom Perignon champagne, loaned paintings to museums, and belonged to a country club on Long Island. He was 37 and about to get married. His colleagues considered him an extremely quick and able man, a man at the top of his career. Nobody expected that one fall afternoon in 1982 he would go home to his Manhattan apartment, bolt the door, and blow himself apart with a shotgun.

True, Hehmeyer had sustained some losses—nearly $60,000—but this wasn't considered excessive for a man who spent his days shouting bids to others in a trading ring. Earlier that same week, he had lost more than $60,000 in one day, but according to his younger brother, he had been able to cover most of it the next day. After his suicide, friends and family suggested that his losses might have contributed to a state of depression, but what could one make of the scrawled note he left: "Someone had to do it. Self-awareness is silly"?

The news of Philip Hehmeyer's death was greeted with a minute of silence on the floor of the Cotton Exchange. Then the opening bell rang and trading began. During the

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

OF AMERICA
DOLLARS

days that followed, friends and reporters continued to speculate about why he had killed himself. The pressures of the job, some suggested; the risks involved; the manic pace of the exchange floor. One friend remembered Hehmeyer standing one night screaming incoherently at the moon; the friend had seen him earlier that day maintaining perfect control in the trading ring.

Several weeks later I ran into a woman reporter, and in the course of our conversation the subject of Philip Hehmeyer came up. To my surprise she said she had known him, albeit briefly. She had been returning from a trip to Memphis (where Hehmeyer was from), and as she stood at the taxi stand at La Guardia Airport, a man in his thirties suggested they share a taxi into Manhattan. The man was Philip Hehmeyer. "Within ten minutes, as we rode in the taxi," she said, "we were snorting cocaine through hundred-dollar bills. His cocaine. His hundred-dollar bills." When I asked her for one word to describe Hehmeyer and her brief encounter with him, she said, "Wild."

The details of Philip Hehmeyer's lifestyle would appear to run counter to the conventional ideas about the Wall Street man—namely, that he is prudent, responsible, conservative. If the Wall Street man ever was this way, events of the past two years have cast a few doubts about him. The Street has been riddled with insider trading scandals, one involving a columnist for *The Wall Street Journal*. Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) charges have been brought against employees of major brokerage houses; insider trading charges have been leveled against former deputy secretary of defense Paul Thayer; Marc Rich & Co., after being charged with fraud and tax evasion, has had to pay about $200 million in fines and back taxes. And the litany of "sins" doesn't begin and end with scandals or swindles. Earlier last year, *The New York Times* reported that the single biggest surprise associated with the city's new drug-counseling hot line has been the extent of its use by people working on Wall Street.

To the outsider, Wall Street might seem to be a bastion of conservatism. A former girlfriend of an options trader had this to say about her run with the bulls: "I told my mother I was dating this Wall Street guy. She was real pleased. She thought he'd gone to Harvard and wore striped ties. I never saw Tony wear a tie.

"What was my life like that summer? With him and his friends, it was a party that never ended. I mean, at 27 nobody should be making that kind of money. We'd go gambling in Atlantic City. We'd drop a couple of grand, stay up all night, fly to Westhampton next evening for a party. Tony would get fucked up on coke, then crash out on the lawn. I'm putting him to bed one night and his wallet falls out. He must have had at least $20 thousand in cash in it.

"I mean, he and his friends—their whole attitude to money is different. I guess the nearest thing to it is rock stars' attitudes. You can always make more, so why not spend it? It's the pressure of the job, too—everything has to be a blowout. So it's sports cars, it's dope, it's whores, it's parties. It has to be a crazy scene, or it's no fun. These guys rented this fantastic Westhampton mansion. They installed a jukebox in the living room, had ounces of coke lying around. Nude volleyball at three in the morning, weird whores being chauffeured out from the city.

"When I first met this guy, he said, 'I'm going to turn you on to stuff that's going to change the color of your eyes.' He wasn't kidding. Half these guys are whacked out, and they're only in their twenties. I mean, how long can you keep it up? These guys bet thousands, tens of thousands, every day. They're crap-shooters. They never had it to start with, so what's the difference? Half of these traders are street kids—there's a whole lot of them on the Comex [Commodities Exchange]. The Brits are pretty crazy, too; there's a lot of them, but they're a bit more detached, out to take out what they can get. 'Course, the older traders—they're not shooting for the moon every day. That's why they're still in there. They've seen the burnouts, the flip-outs. I mean, you talk about pressure—I was watching them one morning when the opening bell rang, and it was like they'd all gone completely nuts."

> If you watch some Wall Street fund managers on the weekend, come Monday you'll want to put your cash into rare stamps.

"The world is not the way they tell you it is," Adam Smith wrote in *The Money Game*. "Wall Street teaches that money is Very Serious Business, that the stewardship of capital is holy." Smith knew better.

Wall Street threw a party in the twenties that came to an unseemly demise. Its next big bash in the sixties, given by all the go-go performance-fund managers, wasn't exactly a model of restraint either. But 40 years had passed since the crash, and the myth of respectability had taken shape in the meantime—a big PR victory for the Street. Smith let the air out of the balloon beautifully: He showed that the Wall Street man had blood in his veins, lust in his heart.

The Street has changed a lot since the sixties, when Smith first wrote about it. Back then, volume grew, order pressure increased, the old firms couldn't compete. The old boy network at companies such as Lehman Brothers fell apart. The big houses gobbled up the old houses, and in came the "hungry boys from Brooklyn," as the new wave is often called.

Markets have changed, too. The pressure on brokers to produce is tremendous—discount commissions have made the business that much more competitive. At several large houses, a broker who fails to generate a quarter of a million dollars in commissions each year finds that his share of the proceeds is cut.

But don't believe all the groans you hear. It's nice work if you're trading for your own account in a wonderfully bullish or volatile market, and there have been a couple of these the past two years. Then it's dinner at Le Cirque or Lutece and late nights at Joanna's with high-stepping dates from the model world—or if not, there are more than a few houses of ill repute in "Fun City" catering predominantly to the Wall Street crowd. And if you're out in Fire Island or the Hamptons and you run into a few fund managers and observe them in these habitats, come Monday, you may want to put your money into rare postage stamps.

In other words, if you spend any time on Wall Street after hours these days, or in such crucial locations as the men's room of a few offices just as a busy last hour of trading gets underway, you may think you're finding a new cult.

But can this be the pinstripe man? Maybe not, but it's certainly the Wall Street man of today. Dismiss for the moment those images in magazines like *Esquire* about Mr. and Ms. Clean-Living, Ambitious Yuppie. Sure, there are plenty of them on Wall Street, but even they don't all manage to work 18-hour days on just adrenaline. There are, of course, among all the echelons on Wall Street, plenty of people who think of themselves as prudent and respectable, and others who have been around long enough to witness the parade of casualties and aren't trying to outwit the market all the time or cheat bigger than everyone else. Then, too, there are all those bright young things flushed out by Harvard Business School, their heads full of corporate-analysis-IBM-think, and they contribute to Wall Street's nice, solid image, too. But forget about them. They reside in the back offices, in analysis or corporate finance, and they're not stacking the chips every day and sweating out last night's coke bugs while they try to make a killing.

They are not the new high-fliers. They may love money and what it can buy, but not enough to stake everything for it. The

people I'm talking about are more likely to have a high school education than a business degree; they are more likely to wear ties from Tie City than from Brooks Brothers. They are a motley young crew; crazed, desirous, raw; risk-takers, connivers, Johnny-come-latelies. For them, the prizes are worth the risk: the prizes being cars, yachts, drugs, women. Lust can make people crazy, and it makes a big part of Wall Street life inseparable from the prizes of the game. Wall Street doesn't like to admit it, but it has more than its share of wild dreamers and dream merchants. It has many secret lives.

"The best way to think of Wall Street today," said a broker who has worked there 15 years, "is to picture the people who came to Gatsby's parties."

ITEMS

• From *The Wall Street Journal*:

SEC Enforcement Director John Fedders said he has been telling aides . . . "We don't need every peripheral defendant" named in SEC lawsuits, once investigators have assembled strong cases against the main culprits.

• From *The New York Times*:

Frank ____, who earns $150,000 a year as a 30-year-old vice president of a Wall Street banking firm, spends his weekday lunch hours receiving doses of methadone at a clinic.

• From *New York* magazine's article about the suicide of Philip Hehmeyer:

" 'It sounded like a thousand crickets were in the room. He [Hehmeyer] was grinding his teeth. I asked him later, 'What does your dentist say about that?' Philip said, 'He tells me to get another job.' "

One Thursday evening, I meet with a Wall Street broker who had promised to show me a glimpse of Wall Street after hours. This man will be known as Ralph (not his real name—all the names of those interviewed for this article have been changed). We walk from his office to Harry's Bar at the American Stock Exchange.

Outside the bar is a line of limousines, chauffeurs standing at the ready. "Anything you want in New York," Ralph said, "those guys in the limos outside Harry's can get you. You want to get whipped by a girl with green hair, those guys can get you one."

Harry's is a plush, paneled place, red and raffish. Ralph tells me it is *the* bar on Wall Street. There is another Harry's over in Hanover Square, but Ralph assures me this one is "where the action is."

It is early evening and the place has filled up. The bar is predominantly male, with a smattering of women. The men are looking pretty pleased with themselves—the bull has been loose, if not exactly stampeding.

"Thursday is usually a good night in here," Ralph says. "Friday, you cover your shorts. Thursday, you try to get inside someone's. It's a lot like hedging." Ralph laughs, then he goes off to talk to the men he knows at various tables, "to see who's got clients with them, see who's lining up some action."

I wait for him in the three-deep crowd at the bar. Some of the men I recognize from watching them earlier on the floors of the exchanges. They are now slinging down drinks, unwinding from the strain of the day. Voices are hoarse, collars loosened; triumph gleams in some eyes. A group next to me is talking about sixteenths of points, points that can add up to thousands. Jokes are being traded along the bar—Wall Street humor, known to move as quick as rumor.

"Hey, what's the Polish National Bird?"

"What?"

"The fly."

"Hey, don't tell Freddie."

"Freddie ain't Polish."

"Hey, Freddie!"

From down the bar: "Yeah, what!"

The joke is retold, then the first man asks, "Hey, Freddie, you still short on Digital?"

"Yeah."

"Freddie, you're the only dumb Jew on Wall Street."

"Yeah? Monday, we'll see."

Ralph returns from various conferences. He's seen bull-market exuberance many times before. "Let's take a table," he suggests.

Once we're seated, he tells me, "Okay, here's the poop. Those guys over there are headed off to a club . . ." He hesitates. ". . . a swingers' club."

I wait for him to go on. Ralph is old-guard Wall Street. His father worked in this business. Ralph was brought up to be rich, but his father surprised him by leaving all his money to the Wilderness Society. Ralph has never forgiven him. It isn't so bad, he explains, working as a stockbroker, but he's tired of it after 15 years. He has gained weight and is not in good health.

"Have another," he declares. "I've got a better idea. We'll tag along with that crowd over there. They've got clients with 'em and I know where they're going." Ralph fills up the time telling me why he feels sorry for some of these young guys at the bar. "They're too young to remember anything bad," he says. "They're making so much money, they think they're invincible."

We leave Harry's on the heels of our quarry. They get into a limo. We take a cab. The clients with the Wall Street men are two bulky fellows who look like they might manage a midwestern pension fund. This is their night on the town.

As we ride uptown Ralph has about him an air of the last honest man. He wants me to see for myself, he says, that "money and a stiff prick have no conscience."

We pull up at a bar in the East 40s. (It can remain nameless; there is no reason to ruin its trade.) Sure enough, the limo is already there and the Wall Street men and their clients are getting out. The clients' eyes pop when they get inside; if there were an admission charge for this bar, they would pay it. In a row at the bar and in another row of booths are a dozen or so of the best-looking hookers these guys (myself too, for that matter) have ever seen. The women's attentions perk up as the new crowd comes in.

The Wall Street men and their clients' eyes pop when they get inside the bar. In a row are a dozen of the best-looking hookers they've ever seen.

Within a few minutes the women are mingling with the men. They are cozying up on the barstools and laughing at the same jokes they heard the night before, and the men are buying drinks and coughing up quarters for the jukebox. Sitting in a corner of the bar, Ralph volunteers that he could probably retire on what the bar must pay the cops each month to let it keep operating.

We sit and watch the show. One of the girls is running her fingers down the sleeve of a man's suit. Eventually, she says, "I'd like to sit here all night, but you know how it is."

Ralph whispers, "Five bucks they get it on."

Along the bar there are a few nods and grins. One of the hosts—a portfolio manager, according to Ralph—gives a nod to the silver-haired bartender and hands over his credit card.

"Dinner for two, Mr. Ford?" the bartender inquires.

The client takes off with the lady. Ralph informs me that "dinner for two" used to cost a hundred. He says it costs more now. "Inflation, you know." The bartender returns the card and receipt to the manager. Ralph tells me I have just witnessed the most effective way he knows of to maintain good client relations.

If you spend any time on Wall Street, you come to realize that Wall Street always provides the best—the best tickets to whatever a client wishes to see, the best hookers, the best drugs. The cocaine you can buy through Wall Street connections, one trader told me, is phenomenally pure stuff, whether you're buying in volume or picking up a lunchtime gram in the Trinity Church courtyard. Of course, it should be. When you're making a six- or seven-figure income you can afford the best stuff. As one 29-year-old investment

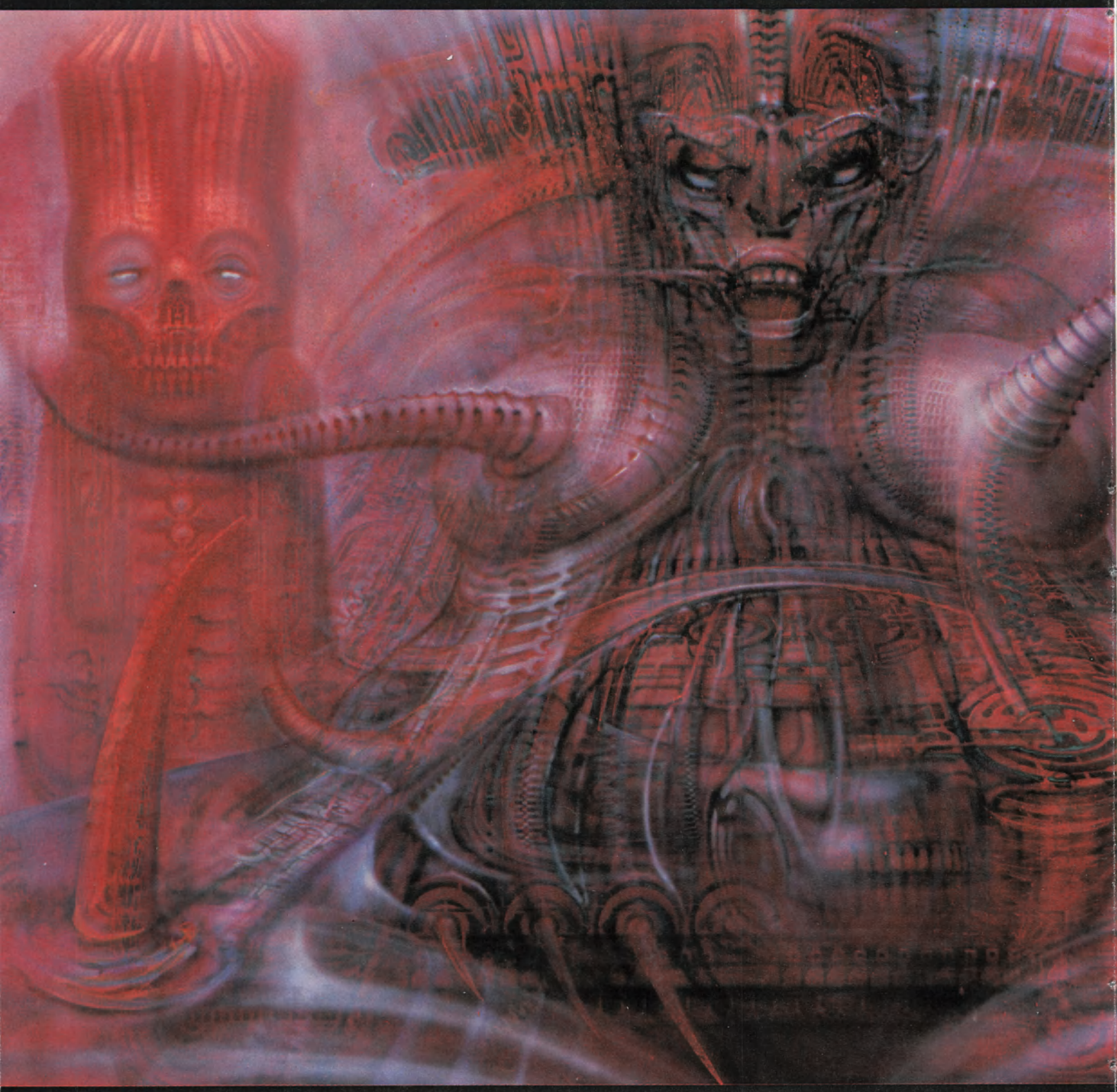
CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

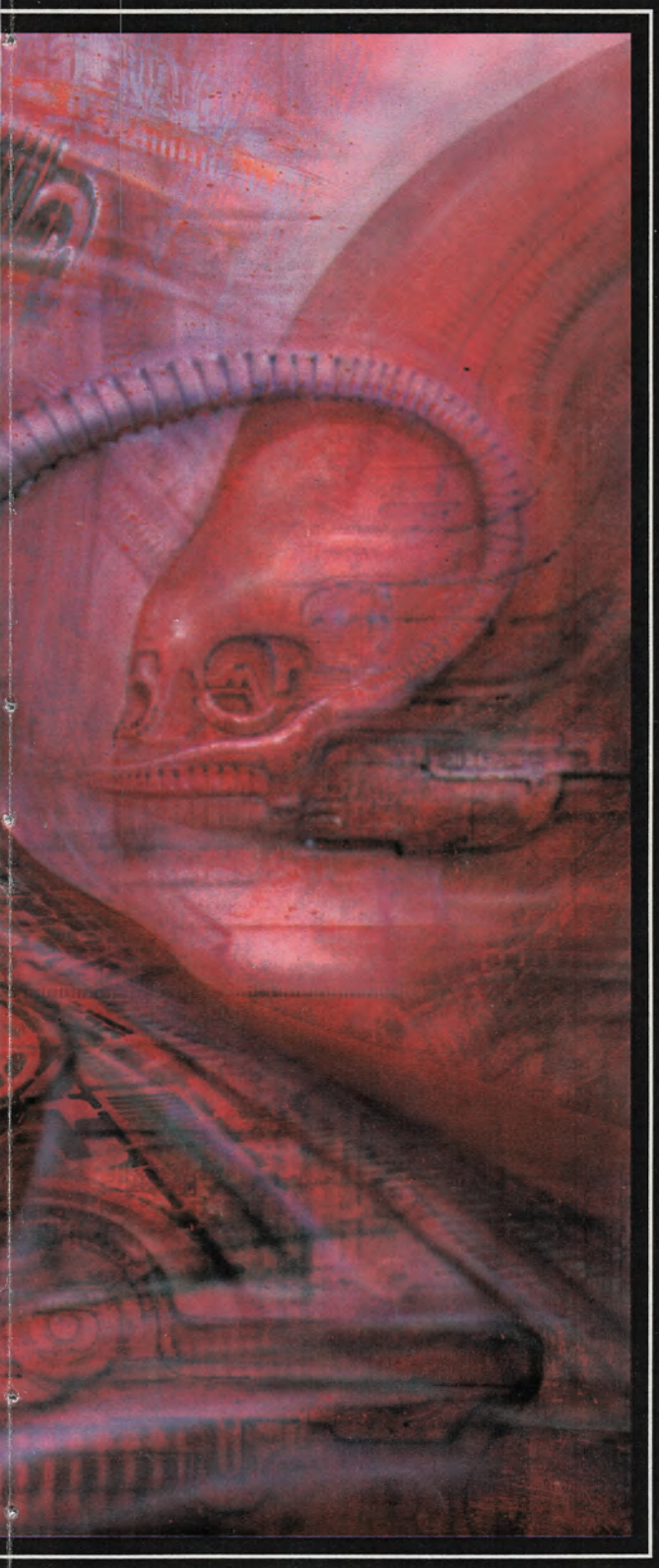
H.R. GIGER

This Oscar-winning artist exposes the secrets of his soul in his latest, and most powerful, masterworks.

H.R. Giger, one of today's most imaginative artists, rigorously explores his subconscious to find images that are at once haunting and hideous, filled with religious metaphors, and yet fearfully immortal. An Academy Award winner for designing the futuristic horror movie *Alien*, Giger's obsession with fantastic and unreal subjects dates back to his early childhood, when at the impressionable age of four he viewed stills from Jean Cocteau's classic film *Beauty and the Beast.* "Around the same time my father received a skull from a pharmaceutical house, which I immediately took possession of," he recalls. "It was my first contact with death." And from that moment on, Giger has drawn inspiration from the grotesque images that haunt his dreams, creating paintings that are otherworldly and, at the same time, indelibly real.

Creating art, as all artists know, is a process fraught with fear, anguish, and often debilitating anxiety. Giger's fame has not freed him from

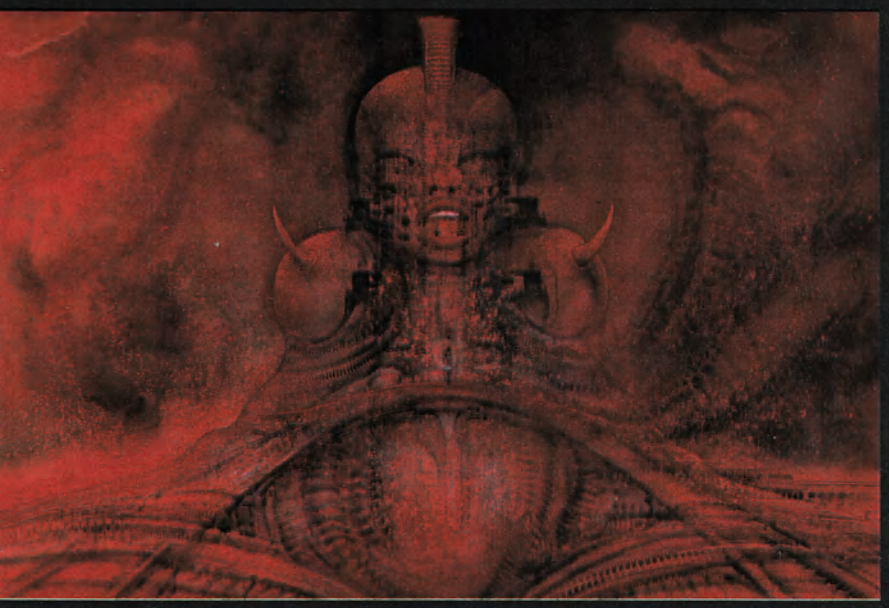




these maladies. "I remain in a state of nervous excitement, hoping to find the resolution to start work. I put off the decision. But once I start, I am so disturbed by the white canvas that I have to work continually until it's covered. I am driven on by my obsessions . . . by anxieties and problems and freeing myself of them."

This series of images, which he calls "Red Ladies," is a decidedly new direction for Giger. In this case, his inspiration for the work does not come from dreams; rather "it comes from the situation at the moment. It is the trauma of the moment that now inspires my work." Through the tension Giger manages to create—in part, by polarizing the forces of good and evil—we as viewers and voyeurs can reach into the subterranean areas of our own psyches and come to a better understanding of our common mythology.

Infatuated with the female form, Giger depicts women simultaneously as human,



animal, demon, and goddess. Their bodies are corpselike, yet uncannily alive; their siren spirits cast spells from which there is no escape. "I love women and I am fascinated by them . . . especially their mouths, skin, and legs," Giger says. "It is important that I have an erotic atmosphere when I work. . . . Women are very dangerous . . . but I like to walk on a tightrope." For Giger, these female forms arise out of both primeval and deeply personal levels. Years ago, the artist had a tumultuous love affair with a Swiss actress named Li Tobler. She committed suicide in 1975, but in Giger's art she lives on. "She was a fairy risen from my dreams to become reality," he recalls. And, indeed, her face seems to appear again and again in his paintings—as if by echoing her image he will be able at once to exorcise and immortalize his longings. Original works of art by H.R. Giger may be obtained through Ugly Publishing, SeeStrase 9, 8805, Richterswil, Switzerland.

WALL STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

banker told *The New York Times*: "When you make half a million a year you can afford a cocaine lifestyle. After a deal you say, 'Let's celebrate, get a couple of suites in a hotel, girls from an escort service, a couple of limos, a case of Dom Perignon, and an ounce of cocaine.' It's just part of the good life."

According to a number of sources, the traders are the heaviest users. Trading is a young man's game. It's where the fast money is, and cocaine is part of the lifestyle. "What else would you expect?" said one broker. "Cocaine is the drug that perfectly complements the profession."

I met one commodities trader who admitted that his coke habit had skyrocketed during the last year. He used to snort as soon as the market closed. Now he needs a toot to get to work. He insisted that job pressure was in part responsible for his need. For Jay Goltz, coke provided just part of the intensity he needed for work. Or so he said. I first met him in the Hamptons where he had rented a summer house with friends.

Mondays at 7:30 A.M. he would pull himself together, shake off the tremors, call his assistant at the office, and tell him: "Terry, if it opens down, sell chemicals. Don't matter. What? Yeah [impatiently], sell 'em. Sell DuPont. Whack the hell out of it." Then he would call a cab to take him to a seaplane, which would drop him off close to Wall Street, and he would be in his office shortly after ten.

Jay was then a trader for one of Wall Street's leading institutions. He was a loner in his attitude to the market, never read a *Barron's* or a *Journal*. "Everything is in the price," he would tell me when I asked him about his market philosophy. He simply needed to be more right than wrong. He loved bear markets. "I'm a wizard short seller. Can't buy for shit. The world is coming to an end—that's when I'm at my best, when I believe that a few weeks before everyone else does."

During our first meeting at his summer house, he and several trader friends were watching a Mets game and betting on every pitch. A series of coke lines lay on the coffee table in front of them.

"Fifty, it's a ball!" Jay was yelling. "You wanna double? Seaver on the mound, man. You got a pitcher like Seaver and you won't double? What kind of chickenshit are you, Tommy?" He tossed down a couple of hundred-dollar bills. "Here, make it four to one."

That summer there were "coketails" every few hours or so, and games of croquet that got hopelessly out of control. There were bourbon "coketails" and tequila "coketails," and one evening back in New York there was a three-car bulldozing in the Yankee Stadium parking lot because Jay's car was boxed in. He paid off the drivers in cash and never asked for receipts. There were weekend coke junkets to Atlantic City, a bonefishing trip to the Bahamas to cool out. Some weekends he would turn up in the Hamptons, and his eyes would be puffy and his nose would run more than usual.

"Bad week?" I would ask.

"Could be worse. Down a few million. What the hell—it ain't my money."

He decided to get out, and unlike many, at the top. "This is a kid's game," he told me. "I ain't a kid no more. I could go crazy if I stay in this."

There was a party to celebrate his "retirement," and he brought the goodies: a couple of ounces of coke. He presented a margarita to someone with the glass rim rubbed with the world's most expensive salt substitute.

"Now, that's a coketail!" he roared.

Jay took three-quarters of a million dollars away from the market. He went to live in the Florida Keys for a year. He caught a lot of tarpon and bonefish, and he spent a lot of money on boats. At the end of the year, he came back to New York. I went to see him.

> "When you make a half million a year," said one 29-year-old investment banker, "you can afford a cocaine lifestyle."

He was a partner in a small fund, and he was trading for it. He didn't mention if it was a "kid's game." I watched him trade for a while. He bought a few thousand shares of one company, and I asked what the company did.

"Paradyne? I dunno. They could make paradynes for all I care—this baby's going up."

Then I watched him lose $30,000 in 20 minutes. He had heard from another broker that another account had a big buy order for Kodak. It was true, but the order did not go in. It turned out they were going to hold it off until Monday. This was a Friday afternoon. In the meantime, Jay had bought in.

"This is what I do," he said. "Get in the middle with these guys and mix it."

He was excited. Then the stock started to fall back: 72-¾, 72-½, 72. I was white. Jay was out of his seat, jabbing at the Quotron machine. The entire market was coming back.

"What the fuck is going on here?" He grabbed the phone, finding time in the same breath to tell me that I'd brought him bad luck. "You told me you were sure!" he screamed at his informant. "You asshole, I just bought 40,000 shares."

He was out of the stock within minutes. He kicked the trash can, thumped his desk, then stormed out to the bathroom. A couple of snorts later he was back.

"Shit," he said. "I was up $60,000 the past two days. Fuck, I hate to give it back."

The New York Stock Exchange has a rule that a broker cannot give a client a gift worth more than $50. Brokers have long since found ways around this little regulation. Stories abound: One broker told me of phoning a scalper he knew in Boston, and getting tickets for a Bruins-Rangers playoff game. The client in this case did not care what he paid—the tickets were several hundred dollars apiece. Another broker rented a helicopter, filled it with clients, and landed it on the field at a Giants-Jets game. A bit more than $50. Ah, yes, but legally more safe than an expensive transistor radio.

"Club 13 on Avenue A is closed now," one broker told me. "But in its day . . ." His eyes glaze over. "It was a whorehouse, and what a house. It was almost for brokers only. A dozen beautiful young things, naked at the door, and they would put on any show you asked for."

The servicing of clients takes place at all levels on Wall Street. Remember, competition is fierce, especially now that commissions vary so widely, so if it costs a night on the town to keep a client happy, nobody thinks much about it. There is also a widespread feeling on Wall Street that if companies such as Lockheed can be in the business of buying friends, paying bribes abroad, then "we" know how to take care of clients, too.

By clients, I'm not talking about the small investor looking to find a secure haven for last year's hardware store profits. I'm talking about big money, in many cases foreign money, money in the pockets of those thieves to whom we pay too much for oil. Listen to Ed Jensen's account:

Ed is an investment-portfolio manager for one of the big institutions on Wall Street. The man deals with clients all over the world, travels to the Middle East a lot, and knows a lot of Saudis. But he can't be expected to know all the important Saudis, so in his desk he keeps a list of the most influential ones—including the names of the royal family, of which there are about 600. One day he gets a call from a man who claims to be a Saudi prince. Indeed, the man is who he claims to be, and this man wants to have lunch with Ed because he has some money he wishes to invest.

Our Saudi friend is trying to decide which Wall Street institution he should place his funds with. Ed meets the man for lunch and finds his guest neatly attired in a three-piece business suit. Bear in mind now, our prince has to be dis-

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creet. He can't smoke a cigarette in public in his own country, or he might risk losing his hand, but he's been to New York before, and he has sampled some of the perks of decadent Western civilization, and he wants to try a few more. What he wants from Ed in return for a huge sum to invest is an apartment stuffed with cocaine, liquor, and girls who will walk around in their underwear and sit on his face. He wants some institution on a par with the Morgan Bank or the Oppenheimer Fund to provide him with these benefits, and to whoever does, he will dispense his largesse.

A tough decision for Ed. Here he is, sitting across from this wealthy man who likes him, who thinks he is smart, and who is confident his money will be secure with Ed. And Ed is trying to decide what, if anything, he can do for this prospective gold mine of a client. All it will cost his firm is a few hundred in whores and a few thousand in drugs, both of which he can get his hands on in 30 minutes.

Ed pauses in the middle of his story.

"Well, did you do it?" I ask him.

Ed has the look of a man who has passed up the opportunity of a lifetime.

"I passed him along to a friend of mine who runs a hedge fund," he says calmly. "I told the prince that if he spent a little money that way, he could get all he wanted. He spent *all* of it that way."

The SEC is nobody's favorite institution. Its critics include law professors, Democratic congressmen, even its former officials. It operates on a tight budget. Its work force is small. It has conducted a widely publicized campaign lately against insider trading, but these cases are hard to prove. No less importantly, insider trading is hard to define, as a congressional committee discovered.

"This SEC made itself the national nanny," a New York law professor, John J. Slain, told *The New York Times*. "It has put itself into a false position of trying to get investors perfect information, which is impossible." Slain added, "What they typically do is find some poor schlunk who has been indicted about four times and has run out of money for lawyers, and use him to try out some new theory of law."

Brokers are no less kind. "The SEC is famous for shutting the stable door once the horse has bolted," one said.

The fact is that the SEC has a tough time of it. Wall Street is a wonderful world of opportunity, and it has lured to its bosom a rather wild and wonderful bunch. Wonderful in their raw optimism, in their eagerness to grab the pot of gold. It takes nerves of steel to listen each day for the first hint that the orchestra will stop playing; and if the music does end, there will be a big price to pay. So the corners get cut, a few lies are told, the rules get bent or broken. Why not? After all, nothing much happens to the guys at the top. But the SEC even has a tough time proving cases against the small fry. Its targets often outsmart it. Some of the less scrupulous fund operators the commission has pursued are men who have paid their dues, have worked their way up, and know the ropes. Take the case of Jamie. His story was told to me by two brokers—Ralph, my guide from earlier on, and somebody named Vic.

Jamie had gone to a good school out West. He took a small nut of $25,000 and ran it up to a few hundred thousand in a year. He did a few risky things, and one day he outsmarted himself and the SEC came after him.

"Now Jamie was a flake," Vic said. "He kept his account in a shoebox and had two dishy Icelandic women working for him, but he wasn't dumb. He appealed the case and won."

"The only thing was," Ralph said, "Jamie wasn't around for the decision. He was in jail in Afghanistan on spy charges."

Before long, both brokers were engrossed in telling their stories.

> The girl runs her fingers down the man's sleeve. "I'd like to sit here all night," she says, "but you know how it is." Ralph whispers to me: "Five bucks they get it on."

"Remember Crazy Mel?"

"Sure I remember him," Vic chuckled.

Ralph explained that Mel, a legend on the Street, had turned a few hundred thousand dollars into a $40 million hedge fund, then blew it. All of it. "Some went to dope," Vic said, "some into movies—anyway, it was all invested unwisely."

"At some point, when all the creditors were after him, he claimed he'd suffered a heart attack," Ralph went on. "I heard the story from a woman who was dating him. She called a hospital he'd been admitted to, and the nurse in charge told her, 'I'm sorry, miss. Mr. Geller has expired.' "

Six weeks after I heard this story, Vic called me with an update. Mel Geller, it turned out, was alive after all.

One day I went down to Wall and Broad and talked to a few clerks hanging around outside the exchange. We talked about futures—theirs.

"You get to see all sides of the business," one of them said. He was all of 19 and had tinted his hair Day-Glo orange. "It might seem like we're doing nothing, but we're learning."

"You can learn it so quick," another said. "Options are the name of the game. Get your client into options."

"Bigger commissions?" I suggested.

"Sure, and you can trade against the order."

"Is that kosher?"

"Everybody does it."

"Do you have an account now?" I asked another clerk.

"Nah—too busy running bets."

"Bets?"

"You can place a bet on the exchange floor quicker than you can get off an order."

"We're getting into this business at the right time," the first clerk said. "The eighties will see a big jump in the Dow. Volume will be bigger than ever. Look at the last few years. A hundred-million-share day is normal now." Truth shone in his eyes.

"So you think you'll be rich?"

"I got a good shot at it."

"All sorts of new indices are opening up," said the second kid. "Stock-futures indices—big area."

"Risky?"

"But you can make a killing."

"It really is the ethos of this country that you *ought* to be rich," a broker I met in the course of researching this story told me one evening. "You get reminded of this all the time, *everywhere*, but it's even worse if you work on Wall Street. It becomes the goal, the only goal. At the end of the day you add up the score. That's all that counts.

"I find it worse when things are prosperous. People say that only fear and greed move the market, but that's a tired cliché. There's the feeling of not wanting to miss out—that isn't necessarily the same thing as greed. It's the feeling that if everyone else can afford vacations, expensive meals, beautiful women, why not you, too? I think it's a kind of peer pressure.

"Then there's the game itself, wanting to be right. When I first came to work on the Street, I was excited, just as excited about being right as about making money. It's fun for a few years. Maybe you make some money, you buy things you could not afford to buy at one time, but *things* you take for granted after a while. Being right is what keeps you up for it—and that's why some guys fall apart. They *have* to be right."

Our broker paused and stared at the paintings on his living room wall.

"There's an old Wall Street story," he said. "It says it all. A guy who has made a lot of money has fallen on hard times. He's been losing heavily. He has a beautiful mistress, and one evening he tells her about his predicament.

" 'Will you still love me if I lose it all?' he asks her.

" 'Oh, honey, I'll still love you,' she says. 'But I'll miss you.' "

QUEENS OF THE X-RATED CINEMA

CHRISTY

"I love oral sex," this month's hot shot, Christy Canyon, tells her many admirers. "I love getting head and I love giving head," our 18-year-old California beauty informs us. However, it was as the star of the X-rated video *On Golden Blonde* that Christy had her most exciting sexual encounter. "Before the movie I had never made love with a woman. I was uncertain at first, but I said what the hell. Wow, was it a turn-on. I really got into it." Christy believes the experience has changed her sex life. "My fantasy is to make passionate love to another beautiful woman in the same room where my boyfriend is tied up and can't move. Only when he can't take it any longer do I untie him and let him fuck both of us."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Making X-rated films and videos is a labor of love for luscious, doe-eyed Christy. "I've only done four or five of them, but it's something I would recommend every woman experience at least once in her life. The men are especially fun to work with."

Christy admits that her on-screen orgasms may not always be real, but in everyday life she is not satisfied until she experiences two orgasms in every lovemaking session with her partners. Looking at this beauty, you have to agree that she has a right to be demanding. "My boyfriends must show me a lot of affection. I hate it when they just want to jump into it."

Makeup and hair by Nicole Bohrer Reid

Christy confesses to liking older men. "They seem more together. Men in their thirties really turn me on. I think that I perform better when they are playing opposite me."

Curvaceous Christy was an early bloomer. "When I was younger I'd masturbate four times a week, but having my first lover was ever so much better."

The future isn't one of Christy's major concerns. "I really like what I'm doing, and I don't know when I'll move on to something else." And with a wink, she adds, "I'm having too much fun."

The plot of a porn film
is like the frame of a painting.
You don't look at the frame.

X-RATED VIDEO

PENTHOUSE PICK
Up! Up! And Away!
(Caballero)
All American Girls was one of the monster hits of recent porn history, a movie that hit and fastened hold onto a formula for X-rated success: Round up a coterie of staggeringly beautiful girls; put them through the paces of a loose, episodic plot; and have them expose their sex holes to the world. This is porn's bottom line—no Shakespearean wordplay, no deep Freudian probings, no Joycean brilliance or Proustian introspection—just tits and ass and beautiful people fucking. When a porn film is done in an episodic way (as opposed to a series of vignettes), the context serves simply as a vehicle to bring the viewer the entertainment of hot women doing raunchy things.

Up! Up! And Away! continues the tradition of presenting spectacularly delicious pussy-fucking and -sucking, as if with a gang of nympho rabbits. There is, of course, a plot, in this case with the added plus of being delivered within lavish settings. But the plot of a porn film is like the frame of a painting. You don't look at the frame, you look at the artwork. And in *Up! Up! And Away!* the art and the essence are sex.

This film could have been called "Airport 69" or the "25,000-feet Club," or any other title that would hint at the steamy world of airline sex. The producer, Bob Bouschard (who also did the *All American Girls* films), actually went out and rented a Boeing 747 for the film's in-flight sex scenes. Anyone who has spent a wearingly horny red-eye flight staring at a stewardess and loosening the seatbelt around his boner will find his fantasies coming true here. One fuck scene (with the hot, hot Stacy Donovan) happens in full view of a planeload of passengers, and another gives the term "cockpit" new meaning.

But by and large, it isn't the planes or the very luxurious homes (all looking like coke dealers' mansions) in the film that make this a *Penthouse* pick. The women are so fresh, so searingly sexy that the only way most men can get their hands on anyone like them is to lighten their wallets by about $1,000 for an hour's worth of fun. These are the women of fantasy, and *Up! Up! And Away!* fleshes out the fantasy. Cody Nicole, Laurie Smith, and the beauteous brunette Bridgette Monet make this film burn.

Studhunters: *few virtues.*

A quick word about two negatives. A male actor with the unlikely moniker of Sasha Gabor bills himself as a Burt Reynolds look-alike, but he's more like a proxy for the evolutionary missing link: big and hairy and dumb. The 15 wet scenes also weigh against this production. The total unreality of a male withdrawing his pecker at ejaculation just so he can prove by a spray of genetic material that he's a real man—well, it's enough to make the viewer feel he is the prisoner of the delusions of bald-headed and aging pornographers. It is nauseating and archaic and belongs in the dark ages of smut.
Up! Up! And Away! ⊥⊥⊥

QUOTE OF THE MONTH
The Woman Who Loved Men
(Essex)
"Her eyes were soft, limp pools of desire, and her body, oh, it was perfect—a Venus de Milo with arms."
—Eric Edwards, in *The Woman Who Loved Men*
At least he didn't say "A Pietà minus the kid." The man responsible for this mess won't use his real name, calling himself "Adam" in the credits. If it weren't so overblown it might actually be good, because Ginger Lynn, the lady of the title, is passably sexy. The ridiculous script she and others are made to mouth sinks this one, though, straight down to the bottom of the barrel.
The Woman Who Loved Men ⊥

The Woman Who Loved Men: *sunk by the script.*

ANUS, ANYONE?
Butter Me Up (Channel X Video), *Rear Action Girls* (Lipstik Video), *Anal Annie and the Backdoor Housewives* (Video Tape Exchange)
The adult videotape market is starting to diversify, reaching out to the predilections and perversions of special-interest sexual aficionados. One man's fetish is another man's nameless horror, and who are we to judge what is right and wrong and what is merely hygienically unsound?

There are plenty of people out there who believe that anal sex is to fucking what the New York skyline is to attics. These are the tapes for them. *Butter Me Up* and *Backdoor Housewives* were both made by someone who calls himself Charles De Santos, and perhaps it is just as well that he hides behind a pseudonym. Shot directly on videotape, they feature marginally pretty women whose main attraction seems to be their confused approach to pain and pleasure. *Rear Action Girls*, shot on tape by "Bruce Seven," is a bit better.

It has a joy-bead scene right at the beginning that defines the excruciatingly sexy world of anal copulation perfectly. *Butter Me Up, Rear Action Girls, Anal Annie and the Backdoor Housewives* ⊥⊥

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
In Love (VCA)
To say that *In Love* isn't a porn classic is like saying *War and Peace* isn't a good book. The film has had too much impact on the X-rated business not to be accorded at least some recognition. But *In Love* succeeds in spite of, and not because of, its pretensions.

And pretensions are one thing this film has in abundance. A romance novel gone X, the story is the saga of Andy and his life torn between two women. After about the third decade or so, we stop following the ponderous plot developments and start waiting for the sex. When it comes, it's sultry enough to justify the whole production.

In Love reaches for the stars from the gutter, and has the technical proficiency of director Chuck Vincent and of porn's best actors and actresses to help it get the job done. It's a great porn film but not a great film. Maybe someday we can have both. *In Love* ⊥⊥⊥⊥

COUPLES' FILM
Jack 'n' Jill 2 (Platinum)
Couples' film of the month, couples' film of the year, perhaps couples' film of all time. You know *Jack 'n' Jill 2* is not your usual porn production because it takes such a leisurely time to get to the first sex scene. When it does arrive, the sex is soft and sultry, not sizzling and liquid.

Porn classic In Love: *a great porn film but not a great film.*

J 'n' J 2 reunites Jack Wrangler and Samantha Fox, both of the first film, as a couple of New York swingers who are trying to keep their marriage together in the face of all odds. And sometimes the odds are pretty odd—leather parties with sex-mad taxi hacks, a cat burglar very much into pussy, musical chairs played with bed partners, a vision of *vagina dentata* that is the weirdest thing this side of *Cafe Flesh*.

The threat to Jack and Jill's marriage comes in the form of Rachel and Josh, a couple who absolutely mesmerize the title two at their first meeting. Jerry Butler is Josh, and he continues to be one of the strongest leads in porn, providing something for the ladies while serving as a stud inoffensive to male viewers. Carol Cross, as Rachel, is a real find, a stunningly fresh newcomer whose air of innocence collides head-on, with what she does with her body. Cross's body is taut, young, and without the overbearing chest that seems to be required of porn starlets—but it is her way of staring into the camera, imploring it, that I find haunting and horny.

The principals, especially Sam Fox, are the ones who carry this film to its heights. Fox has never been better or her acting more sharp, and one measure of this is that I was halfway through the film before I remembered that she wasn't doing hard-core anymore. Her imminent retirement is a disaster for adult films, but this last effort—her *schlong* song, so to speak—stands with her best work.

J 'n' J 2 may try too hard for laughs, and the script, by the veteran duo of director Chuck Vincent (again!) and writer Rick Marx, may stretch the limits of contrivance. There are times when the film may make you wonder if porn *has* to be this way: artificial, unpolished, slightly lame. But taken all together, *Jack 'n' Jill 2* does what a porn film is supposed to do—deliver up hot sex—and in a way gentle enough to be perfect for couples. *Jack 'n' Jill 2* ⊥⊥⊥

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
Studhunters (Caballero)
In the beginning there was sex. After sex came the soundtrack. Since fuckers and fuckees have difficulty in mouthing anything besides random sighs when caught up in the frenzy that is sex, the soundtrack spawned music. There should be inverted commas around that word, "music," because to the makers of adult video and film, it's just one floor away from elevator Muzak.

Studhunters, an erotic romp through the life of ace sex photographer Suze Randall, has quite a few virtues. Nevertheless, it earns the title of Cliché of the Month for showcasing its music (the title tune is even coming out as a single). The mush of sound has been put through the flavor remover, like Woody Allen's mother's roast chicken. Silence may not be golden, but it's better than devalued crap like this. *Studhunters* ⊥

—*Al Goldstein*

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

"KILLING"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

Conway did not have the woman's body (Lucas had burned it up in his cookstove at a religious retreat), but he dogged Lucas for almost a year and finally arrested him on a weapons charge.

Lucas said that he suddenly saw a "bright light—the brightest I ever saw" in his jail cell in Montague County, Texas, and the Lord told him to cleanse himself of his crimes. Four days after Conway had placed him in solitary, Lucas called jailer Joe Don Weaver and said, "I've done some bad things."

He went on to say that he did kill the elderly Ringgold woman, Kate Rich, and his own 15-year-old common-law wife, Becky. That same evening, before the sheriff's men could check out those two murders, he opened his third pack of Pall Malls and grinned: "An' there's at least a hundred more out there."

Later, as law-enforcement officers scurried from here and yonder, the total climbed to over 200, then 360, then maybe even more.

Lucas pleaded guilty to the Rich murder and got a 75-year sentence. Weeks later he tried to claim insanity in the killing of Becky and found himself tagged with a life sentence. Then his troubles really began. In April 1984 he was tried for the 1979 Halloween-night murder of a still-unidentified hitchhiker in Georgetown, Texas.

During the trial the prosecution played videotapes of him confessing, which included a dramatic segment wherein Lucas tells of killing "every way known to man. I even filleted 'em like a fish." Although his lawyers made a valiant effort to present an insanity defense (even showing, for example, that Lucas cashed a check in Jacksonville, Florida, less than 24 hours after the hitchhiker slaying), Lucas was given the death penalty.

Early on, Lucas implicated his homosexual lover, Ottis Toole, 38, of Jacksonville, in many of the crimes. Toole confessed to most of those and added a few of his own, including the murder, in Florida, of Adam Walsh—a five-year-old boy, kidnapped from a shopping center, whose decapitated body was eventually discovered.

Later Toole recanted this last confession, but reconfessed later still. He now is ensconsed in Florida's death row, convicted of killing an elderly man in a rooming-house fire. "Whatever Henry says I done, I done," he said recently. "I still love him."

Lucas, at this writing, resides in a private cell at the Williamson County Jail in Georgetown, about 30 miles north of Austin. He has a color television set, a ready thermos of hot coffee, several packs of cigarettes each day, and a tape recorder. Scores of letters and cards from well-wishers, reporters, and preachers are stuffed under his mattress.

He has become a reasonably good artist—oils of still-life and outdoor scenes hang here and there in his prison cell. A Catholic lay sister has become Lucas's trusted friend. She taught him to paint, often she prays with him and brings him his food, and she also helps him answer his mail.

It is obvious that Lucas has, for the most part, enjoyed his celebrity status. In his first 47 years he was seldom asked for an opinion; today his every utterance is fodder for some cop's investigative report or for some hopeful author's files. But it seems to be taking a toll on him. Almost every weekday he must meet with officers or travel by helicopter or plane to California, Florida, Colorado, or around Texas to help solve more murders.

No more trials have been scheduled, but officers say that early in 1985 grand juries will charge him in several more cases—"some of the stronger ones." His days at Georgetown seem numbered: He must soon be sent to death row at Huntsville, and he doesn't want to go. Things won't be so good for him there, he feels.

> "I would do it outta hate, pure hatred. I was . . . you might say, forced to hate people. I just hated human beings, period!"

The following exchange was gleaned from more than 50 hours of interviews conducted on assignment for *Penthouse* by Hugh Aynesworth, a Dallas journalist who has logged more interview time with serial murderers than any other person alive. Aynesworth and Stephen Michaud spent more than 150 hours with serial murderer Theodore Bundy in writing their best-selling *The Only Living Witness* (Simon & Schuster, 1983; NAL/Signet paperback, 1984). Aynesworth and Dallas journalist Carlton Stowers are currently working on a book, *Lucas*, to be published later this year.

Penthouse: Henry, you have confessed to killing upward of 360 people in some 35 states and three foreign countries. The Texas Rangers claim that between 190 and 200 of these cases have been solved, or cleared. You have said that extreme abuse by your mother and her callous attitude about bringing home scores of men and making you watch her indulge in sexual intercourse with them resulted in your hating women—including your mother—with a vehemence of almost unbelievable proportions. Do you feel your mother's behavior caused you later to kill women almost without feeling?

Lucas: That was one of the things that started it. The first one I ever killed in my life was when I was 14 years old.

Penthouse: That was, I believe, between Blacksburg, Virginia, and Christiansburg—on the highway.

Lucas: Well, it's farther down. It's between Staunton and Harrisonburg.

Penthouse: How did it happen? What was going on then?

Lucas: Well, I was livin' down at my half brother's house. I went out in his car, you know, drivin' around, and I'd run up onto this girl, you know, and I, uh, decided that I was gonna have relations with her. So I take her out and up onto the hill where we was at . . . and I had relations, you know. I don't know if I was scared or whether I just had a hate within me, uh, that caused her death or what.

Penthouse: Did you strangle her?

Lucas: I ended up stranglin' her.

Penthouse: Was that the first sex you had ever had?

Lucas: Oh no, I have been taught sexual relations by a man that, uh, lived with my mother.

Penthouse: Bernie?

Lucas: Yeah.

Penthouse: Tell us about Bernie and how that happened.

Lucas: Uh, well, he wanted me to learn about sex. So he took an', uh, he took me to his girlfriend's and wanted me to have sexual relations with her . . . wanted her to teach me, which, uh, every time it'd go so far, she'd say, "Quit." An' I'd quit and start back up again and we'd quit again. It went on and on. I never did really finish sex with her. It was always just a start and that was it.

Penthouse: But you've told me you really never did "feel" anything. It was just—

Lucas: No.

Penthouse: Why do you suppose that was?

Lucas: (laughs) I don't know . . . why it wasn't. I just didn't have any desire for her. I don't know if it was from watchin' Mom . . . but I just didn't have any desire.

Penthouse: What else did Bernie teach you?

Lucas: He taught me to, you know, to kill animals and have sex with 'em. I've watched him many, many times, you know.

Penthouse: He did it?

Lucas: Yeah.

Penthouse: What kind of animals—goats?

Lucas: Anything . . . any kind of animals.

Penthouse: Well, did you get any kick out of that?

Lucas: No.

Penthouse: Well, how come you kept doing it . . . if you really didn't want to?

Lucas: I really don't know. I just had the hatred for females. It didn't matter if it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

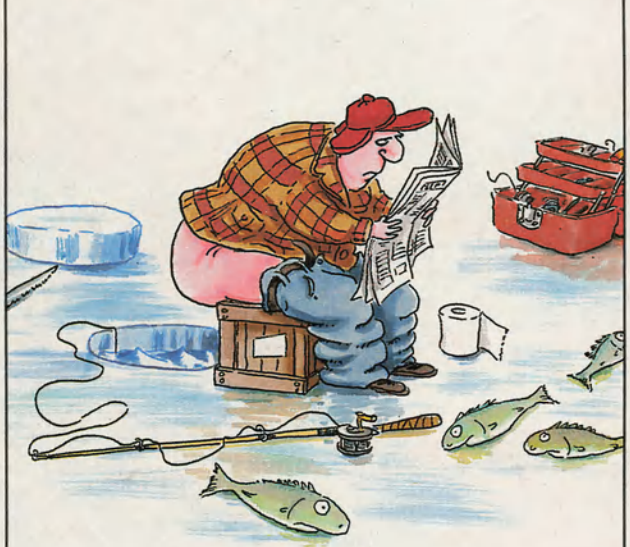
A Satiric Midwinter's
Night (Wet) Dream from the *Penthouse*
Humor Department

WINTER SPORTS

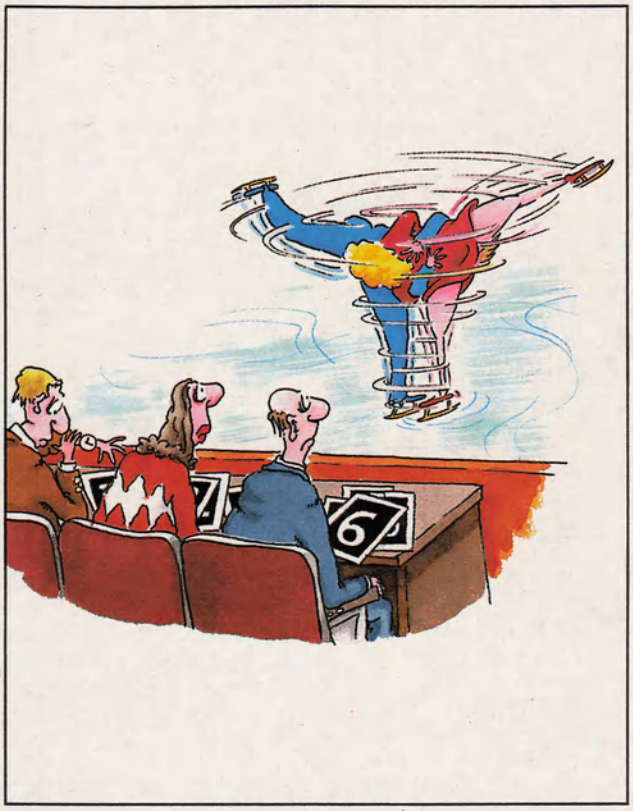
BY BUD GRACE

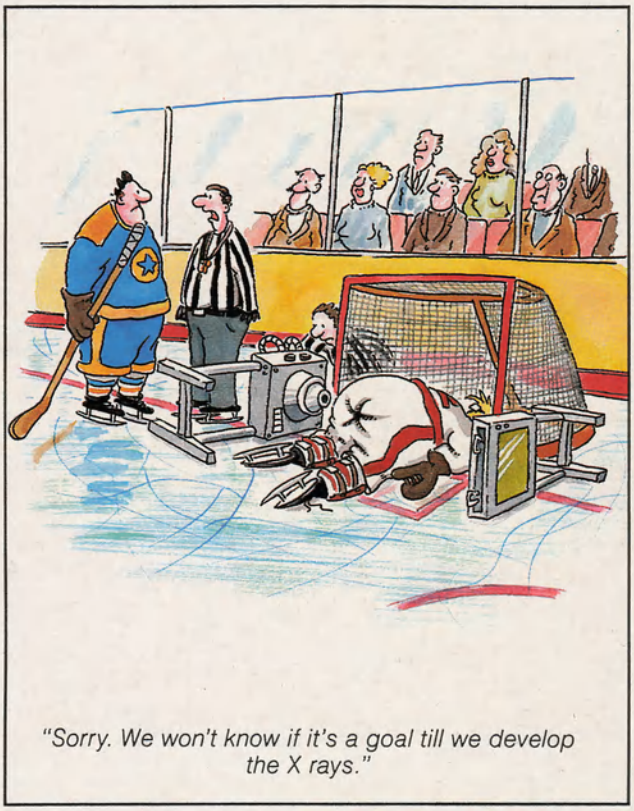
"He's right. It doesn't say anything about the goalie being human."

"Looks like another perfect score for the French team."



"Lead dog's in heat."





"Sorry. We won't know if it's a goal till we develop the X rays."

"KILLING"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

was animal . . . whether it was a human being or what.

Penthouse: About the time you killed the first girl, you left home and lived with relatives and on the street, but your mother kept coming back in your life. Until, in 1960, when you were about 24, you finally killed her. Tell us how and why that occurred.

Lucas: I was livin' with my half sister, Opal, in Tecumseh [Michigan] and my mom came from Virginia to stay with her. I was engaged to a woman, Stella, and one weekend after work, I went with her to a tavern to drink beer, you know. About 11 o'clock Mom and Opal and her husband came in—and the first thing that started in was an argument. She wanted me to go back to her home, to live with her, and I said, "No." She said, "Well, you're not gonna marry that woman." I said, "Well, I am."

Penthouse: She didn't like Stella.

Lucas: No.

Penthouse: Was it because she wanted you to provide financially for her?

Lucas: Yeah, it was that reason. An' I took an' said, "Well, I'm not gonna stay here and argue"—because the people were gettin' upset—and so I leave and go home. When I get home I go to bed upstairs, you know. So here comes Mom in, arguin' and drunk—and so we got in another argument.

She started beatin' me over the head with a broom . . . an' during the argument, with her striking me over the head with a broom handle, I swung at her with a knife. It just barely nicked the skin of her neck, an', uh, she died of a heart attack. Since I was the one that swung at her with a knife, that made me guilty of, uh, second-degree murder.

Penthouse: But you didn't know she was dead at the time. You ran away.

Lucas: I took off. I left. I went on up into Tecumseh there and stole a car and went back to Virginia—away from where she was at.

Penthouse: Why did you leave the house after cutting her?

Lucas: I was just scared. It was, uh, seein' her layin' there . . . an' it just scared me.

Penthouse: Did she say anything?

Lucas: No, she didn't say a word.

Penthouse: When did you find out she was really dead?

Lucas: After, uh, about two weeks. The police in Ohio picked me up for hitchhiking and they told me they had a warrant for my arrest for suspicion of murder.

Penthouse: Did you ever feel like someday you might kill your mother? There seemed to be so much hatred there.

Lucas: Yeah, I told somebody I was. I was in prison in Virginia. I told 'em that if they made me go back to my mother's that I would end up killin' her. So we agreed there in Virginia that I wasn't to go back there; that I was goin' to Michigan.

Penthouse: You told psychiatrists at Ionia, and later at the Michigan prison, that you had had sex with your mother after she was dead. But, obviously, that wasn't true.

Lucas: No . . . huh uh . . . no.

Penthouse: Was that story sort of the ultimate put-down? Here was a woman that you despised. She had treated you terribly all your life . . . and the sex after death thing was the ultimate degradation. Was that what was in your mind?

Lucas: Yeah, I figured that if I could just disgrace her, you know, in front of all the police and her family, you know, that it would actually give me the satisfaction. But it didn't.

Penthouse: How did you actually feel after killing her?

Lucas: Well, I sorta went off my rocker after that. I had a nervous breakdown.

Penthouse: Did you have heavy guilt?

Lucas: No, not a guilty feeling. It was just, uh, with my family—my half sisters and stuff—the way they were. It put a lot of pressure on me and caused me to have the nervous breakdown.

Penthouse: What else was going on in your mind?

Lucas: Well, I felt like committin' suicide. I hated, uh, every phase of the correctional institution. I was in fights every time I turned around. I was havin' fights with guards, with doctors, and I just didn't want to live. I just wanted to do everything I could do to force *them* to kill me. That's the way I was when I first was sent away to prison.

Penthouse: So, at 14 you killed a young girl and at 24 you did in your mother. How many were there in between?

Lucas: None.

Penthouse: This girl, your first victim—was she hitchhiking?

Lucas: No, she was a school kid; she was waitin' for a school bus.

Penthouse: And you dragged her to an embankment and sexually molested her. Did you enjoy it that time?

Lucas: No, it didn't—the sexual act didn't mean nothin' to me at all.

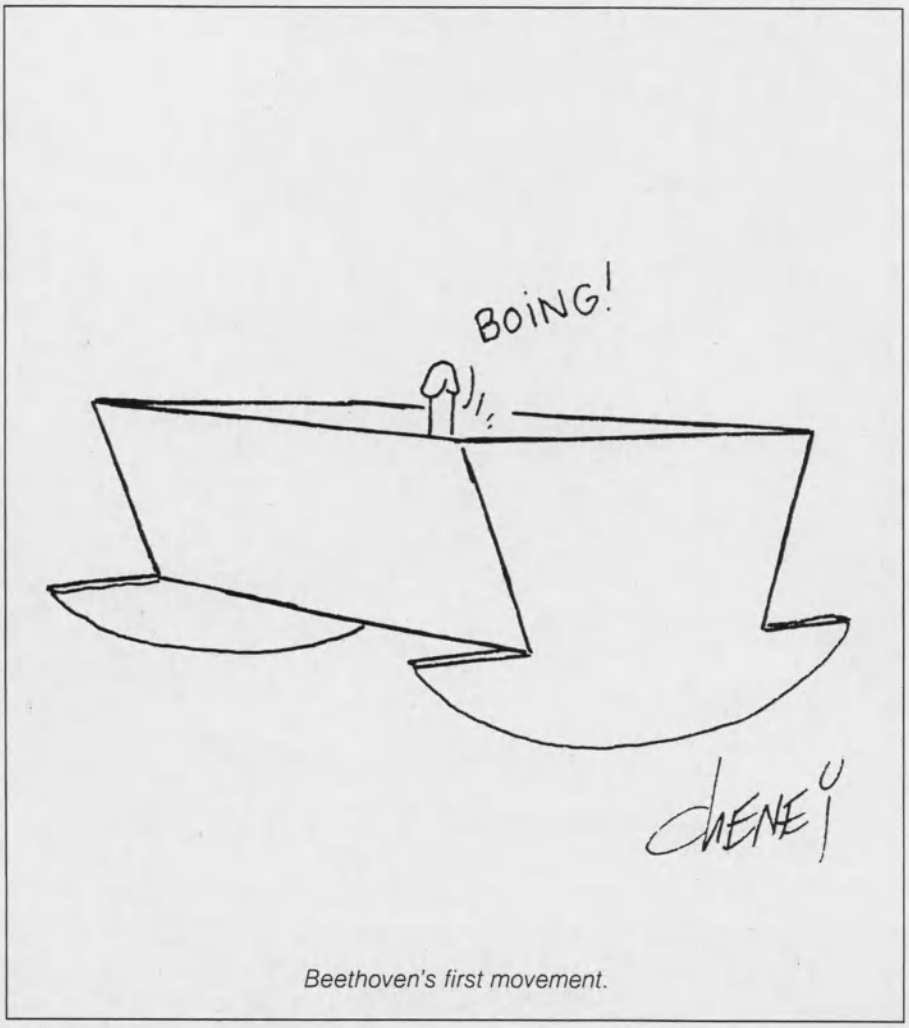
Penthouse: Did she beg you not to kill her?

Lucas: No, she didn't say nothin' about killin' her. She just said, "Don't hurt me." An' I just took her on up there. I never had no intentions of hurtin' her at all.

Penthouse: You did it, then, accidentally?

Lucas: No, not really accidentally. I was just so scared that, uh, she'd run and tell somebody that I had actually had sex with her . . . I'se just forced to strangle her.

Penthouse: Okay, you were in the Michigan prison and/or Ionia State Hospital from 1960 until 1970, then were paroled for a few months and taken back until 1975. According to the numbers, you started killing furiously after that. What triggered this? Would you just feel like



Beethoven's first movement.

you had to kill somebody?
Lucas: No, uh, all during . . . well, it was from '75 . . . or let's say 1970, when I got out on parole, an' that whole year I killed. An' then I went back to prison from '70 to '75 and then I got out in '75 and I start killin' again. I had already told the doctors in there that I was gonna kill again.
Penthouse: Well, what would happen? Would you just see a girl and have to have her?
Lucas: I would just do it outta hate, pure hatred. I was in such a, uh, you might as well say, *forced* to hate people. I just hated human beings, period!
Penthouse: Men too?
Lucas: Yeah, it didn't matter. I just hated.
Penthouse: As you rambled from state to state—you told police—you killed people in almost every fashion known to man. But more often than not, at least according to your statements to police, there was some kind of sexual activity, sometimes after death. Since you have said that sex was not satisfying to you, why the emphasis on sex?
Lucas: That was just a cover-up, but, uh, as far as the sex. You may find one victim that never had sex to her. You'll find another that's had sex . . . and ten more that's never been touched. [None of the murders charged to Lucas thus far has borne the signs of sexual penetration.]
Penthouse: You told us early on that you had never, *ever* had an adequate or enjoyable sexual experience.
Lucas: No, I haven't. I never . . . towards women when I grew up, I didn't have any feelin's for 'em. I'd see a woman on the street; I'd have to go around the opposite direction. I couldn't even go around 'em.
Penthouse: So after killing all over the nation for four years, you met Ottis Toole in 1979 and for two or three years you often traveled with him. Then in late 1981 or early 1982 you took off with his niece Freida "Becky" Powell. You ended up killing her in the summer of 1982. What about the alleged homosexual relationship with Toole? Is that true?
Lucas: I have to say yes, but it was a male-to-female type relation. To me he was a queer. That's the way I looked at it. I did it more or less for him, as a favor. As far as a sexual relationship, there wasn't nothin' there.
Penthouse: Is it really true that when you and Toole would kill together, he would often eat human flesh?
Lucas: Yeah, it's true . . . several different cases.
Penthouse: How about you? Would you do the same?
Lucas: No. That's one thing I refused to do.
Penthouse: How did you feel about it when he did it?
Lucas: I didn't like it. I never liked it from the very start, you know. I told him many times that if he didn't quit it, I'd leave.
Penthouse: And in 1982 you did leave Toole and started traveling with Becky. Were there some happy times there?
Lucas: Oh yeah, I guess you could call it happy. We never argued. The first argument we got in was in Stoneburg, Texas. And the second argument was when she died. We always laughed and cut up between us. She kept me awake sometimes when I was so tired I couldn't even see straight [while he was driving]. I knew I had to keep travelin' . . . so she'd keep me awake.
Penthouse: You testified at your trial in Denton, Texas, in 1983 that you and Becky argued because she wanted to return to Jacksonville—and you didn't want her to go—and that she slapped you, and in a split second, you stabbed her to death. Isn't it true you told her you would kill her if she didn't stay with you?
Lucas: It was the blow itself that caused me to kill her. She could call me all kinds of names, you know, and I wouldn't pay no attention to 'em. I don't know; I've been beat so much, uh, by different people, that if somebody puts their hands on me it just sends cold chills all through me. It even does it today, you know. I don't know if it's somethin' inside me that does it. If I'm expectin' it, you know, it ain't nothin', but if I'm not expectin' it, look out.
Penthouse: You told me when you were first arrested that you and Becky were close from the day you met her [age 11], but that you didn't have sex with her until she was 14, a few months before you killed her. You "guessed" it would have been three or four times and you said you never climaxed or enjoyed it. Isn't that a bit weird?
Lucas: Yeah, uh, it's, uh, weird. I know, but I . . . my love for her was like a daughter . . . you know, a father to a daughter. I never thought of her as a sexual. . . .
Penthouse: You told me that after accidentally killing Becky, you returned two or three times to the site and sat and cried and talked to her—even though her body was cut up and scattered all over the barren field. Today you have photographs of her in your cell. Do you still talk to her?
Lucas: No, uh, I don't talk to her. I can . . . I keep those as a memory of what I did do . . . and it reminds me constantly. Before, I couldn't even talk about it. To me, she's still here . . . and I'll take those pictures wherever I go. It becomes difficult, you know, to be able to see her and not be able to touch her. I guess you can call it a punishment.
Penthouse: It has been written that you claim the victims never knew they were going to die. You did it pretty fast.
Lucas: They *never* knew they were gonna die; at least mine didn't.
Penthouse: Why? Were you just being humane, or—
Lucas: I don't know. I just never liked to see people suffer.

KILLERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

it all goes back to his mother's attitude.

Why are some women attracted to these killers?

What really horrified me when I went down to Bundy's trial in Miami was that the whole first row, right behind the defense table, were Ted Bundy groupies. There were probably ten or 12 really pretty young girls with dark hair parted in the middle. And I thought, Do they realize that they look just like Ted's victims? When he would turn around and smile at them, they'd giggle. It was like he was Elvis Presley or a movie star. Since then, I must have had three dozen letters from women who felt sorry for Ted Bundy, who had read my book and still wanted to write to him, and who asked me what they could do to cheer him up. I would write back to them, asking, "Did you read my book? I wasn't writing about a teddy bear."

Do these killers have relationships with women when they are on their murder sprees?

Randall Woodfield, "The I-5 Killer," was very handsome. He was the all-star athlete of Newport, Oregon, the greatest athlete the town ever had, and he was a draft choice for the Green Bay Packers. He was also picked by *Playgirl* as the "boy next door." [After Woodfield was arrested, the magazine decided not to run his photograph.] Anyway, I've never written about a man who had more women. After he was sentenced to something over 150 years for murders, many young women started writing to him.

So you'd say that even serial killers have their groupies.

All of these murderers in prison who have any publicity at all have their groupies. These women think that they're going to be the one woman who will make that man happy, who will prove him innocent, or who will lead him on the right path.

What characteristics do they have in common?

The women? I think they run the gamut from women with no egos; to those who feel important because this man, this famous killer, is their man; to women who feel very confident and think, "By golly, I can straighten him out."

If anybody believes that the concept of serial killings is hype, manufactured by writers such as Ann Rule to sell books, the FBI's Uniform Crime Report dispels such a notion. In 1965, 5.4 percent of all murders in the United States could be considered random and senseless. That is, there was no connection between the victim and the killer. By 1981, more than 17 percent of all murders fell into this category.

Pierce Brooks, a former Los Angeles Police captain of detectives, is another leading authority on serial murder. He was one of the detectives instrumental in solving the famous "Onion Field" case. When Brooks retired from the LAPD, he went to live in Oregon and worked as the chief of a couple of small police departments.

Brooks had been aware of random killers earlier in his police career. One of his famous cases in the fifties involved Harvey Glatman, "The Lonely Hearts Killer." Brooks realized that killers such as Glatman are able to get away with their crimes because of their mobility. Too often, different police departments in nearby municipalities are unaware of similar kinds of murders not committed in their jurisdictions. A serial killer will work in one area, killing in one pattern—same modus operandi, same type of victim—but as soon as it becomes dangerous to him, he moves on to another locality. Recognizing this, Brooks and a few other homicide specialists came up with the idea of VICAP.

What is VICAP?

VICAP stands for Violent Criminal Apprehension Program. It will involve every police department in the country having a standardized form to fill out for certain kinds of murders—lust murders, murders of young women, murders of children—not the mom-and-pop murders, but the kind of serial murders that we have been talking about. The information will go into a central area, which will be connected to the FBI academy in Quantico. It will be run jointly by the FBI and by law-enforcement officials outside the FBI. The information will go into a computer, but the main key are the crime analysts, who will be able to see a commonality. When I talk to law-enforcement officers, I say, "Will you fill out one more form, if you had a 'loser,' and send it in?" They say, "Of course."

What is a "loser"?

That's what detectives call a homicide case they can't solve. Lots of times they may actually know who did it, but they don't have the physical evidence they need. And since most prosecutors like to have a high percentage of convictions, they will not go into court with a case unless they've really got good physical evidence. These "loser" files are usually four feet thick.

Despite the possibility of "turf wars" between the FBI and local law-enforcement authorities, Ann Rule says that she is hopeful about VICAP. "It won't be a deterrent, but I think it's going to be effective," she tells us. "It will be better than what we've been doing so far—catching these monsters by fluke."

"Boogergram."

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

Hard Times

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"BLACK" COUNCILMAN PALES UNDER CHARGES

Stockton, California, City Councilman Mark Stebbins campaigned as a black and won the election—even though he has blue eyes and white parents. Ralph White, who ran against him, launched a recall campaign the day after Stebbins took office. White, who is black, claims that Stebbins tricked voters by lying about his race. "The white boy said he was black, too," White said. "It's not a racist issue. He lied to my people and said he was something he wasn't." Stebbins admits that he grew up thinking that he was white, but that after he moved to Stockton he realized that he is actually black. "I have accepted myself and called myself, as I see it, what I am," he said. "My choice is my choice." White says that Stebbins's calling himself black is part of a national conspiracy to drive blacks from office. (*Newsday*—submitted by Jo Joy, Port Jefferson, N.Y.)
Which means watch out for those dark-horse candidates.—Editor

Hot Dish at the Hot Dog Stand

Officials in Monroe Township, New Jersey, want to close down Gerry Clevenger's hot dog stand for safety reasons. They fear that the proprietor is so shapely that passing motorists will watch her instead of the traffic. The 30-year-old Ms. Clevenger said that she left her job as a cocktail waitress for hot dog hustling because she wanted to be in the sun, work her own hours, and bring her nine-year-old son to work with her. "I haven't caused one accident on this corner in the two months that I've been here," she said. "I don't even wear shorts to cause any accidents." Ms. Clevenger's controversial curves were first pointed out to lawmakers in the township by Butch D'Allessandro, the owner of Butch's Little Ponderosa across the street from Ms. Clevenger's stand. Butch did admit that he didn't like the competition for hot dog sales. (*Toronto Star*—submitted by Mark Kortschot, Toronto, Ontario)

They could just put up a sign: DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD.—*Editor*

COUNTY FAIR ATTRACTION IS BULLSHIT

A new attraction at the Eldrige Summer Festival in Illinois is the cow-pooping contest—otherwise known as "Iowa Roulette" or "Bessie Bingo." It's easy to play: The cow is placed in a 100-foot-square pen. Inside the pen, 50 two-by-two-foot squares are drawn and numbered. Players bet five dollars per square on where the poop will plop, with the winner receiving $125. The star of the 1984 performance was a steer named Kojak, whose shitting ability was unknown. "We'll have feed and water in the pen, so maybe that will hurry things up a bit," said Bob Branden, the event's organizer. (*Quad-City Times*—submitted by J. Rice, Rock Island, Ill.)

There may be a problem when folks start trying to cash in their cow chips.—Editor

WHERE'S THE BEEF CHOP SUEY?

China's first fast-food restaurant has opened, complete with Donald Duck adorning its roof. The Yi Li (Righteous Advantage) Fast Food Restaurant offers hamburgers, hot dogs, and sweet-and-sour pork. Donald Duck, the official restaurant logo, is shown with a drumstick and a drink on the restaurant's place mats, on its packaging, and on the roof. Two other fast-food restaurants are planned to ease the shortage of restaurants in Peking, even though prices at the Yi Li are expensive compared with other eating places. The Yi Li also has a few idiosyncracies, such as serving hot dogs with tartar sauce and forks for the sandwiches. (*Newsday*—submitted by Jo Joy, Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.)

Maybe Donald is the famous "running duck of imperialism" we've heard so much about.—Editor

THE BOTTOM LINE OF XEROX

Secretary Jodi Stutz of Deere & Company in Moline, Illinois, didn't realize that putting her bottom on the Xerox was grounds for getting the boot. "I can't believe I got fired over this," she said. Miss Stutz said that other employees were breaking in the new copying machine by making photocopies of their hands and faces. But Miss Stutz went them one better. While another secretary guarded the door, Miss Stutz pulled down her pants, sat on the machine, and pushed the print button. "It was very, very funny. It bordered on crude, maybe, but it was funny." (*Kansas City Times*—submitted by John Scroggs, Kansas City, Mo.)

Sorry that this is the only impression of Miss Stutz we can offer our readers.—Editor

MUGGERS RIP OFF ARM

Rosa Visser, an immigrant from El Salvador, was accosted by four muggers in San Francisco. When they grabbed her purse, they also took her artificial arm. The purse contained $60 in cash and $600 in jewelry, but the custom-made arm was worth $9,000. (*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*—submitted by J.M. Behar, Cleveland, Ohio)

Better than losing an arm and a leg.—Editor

HOW TO KNOW IF YOU'RE WORKING WITH ALIENS

Many Americans work with space aliens who look human—but you can spot one of these visitors by looking for the following tip-offs:

1. Odd or mismatched clothes. "Often space aliens don't fully understand the different styles, so they wear combinations that are in bad taste," noted Brad Steiger, a renowned UFO investigator and author.
2. Strange diet or unusual eating habits. Space aliens might eat french fries with a spoon.
3. Bizarre sense of humor.
4. Takes frequent sick days. A space alien might need extra time off to "rejuvenate its energy," said Dr. Thomas Easton, a theoretical biologist and futurist.
5. Keeps a written or tape-recorded diary. "Aliens are constantly gathering information," said Steiger.
6. Misuses everyday items. "A space alien may use correction fluid to paint its nails," said Steiger.
7. Constant questioning about customs of coworkers.
8. Secretive about personal lifestyle and home.
9. Frequently talks to himself.
10. Acts physically or emotionally strange when near certain high-tech hardware. "An alien may experience a mood change when a microwave oven is turned on," said Steiger.

The experts pointed out that a coworker would have to display most if not all of these traits before you can positively identify him as a space alien. (*National Enquirer*)

SEND HIM UP TO THE *REALLY* BIG HOUSE

There's no jail that can hold him, says Oscar Nichols, a prisoner at the federal prison in Lexington, Kentucky, who tips the scales at 585 pounds. Nichols is suing the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, charging that it is cruel and unusual punishment to keep him in a cell designed for average-sized offenders. Nichols was 15 pounds heavier last year when he was arrested for giving a government informant weapons to kill three people. (*San Francisco Chronicle*—submitted by Clifford Woodard, Vacaville, Calif.)

It would certainly be cruel and unusual punishment to have to be his cell mate.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

LISTEN, SON, IF YOU PLAN TO RUN FOR CONGRESS IN 1986 YOU'D BETTER START GETTING ORGANIZED.
I KNOW, DAD, BUT THE TRUTH IS I FEEL I'M NOT QUALIFIED!
NOT QUALIFIED?!! YOU'RE A CITIZEN AND OVER TWENTY-ONE.
OF COURSE, BUT...
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN DIVORCED OR INVOLVED IN A SCANDAL, HAVE YOU? YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN TROUBLE WITH THE I.R.S., HAVE YOU?
NO, NEVER... BUT...
YOU'RE NOT AN ALCOHOLIC AND YOU DON'T PLAY AROUND WITH HOOKERS, DO YOU? YOU DON'T HAVE TIES TO THE MAFIA, DO YOU?
NO, BUT...
...THAT'S MY POINT... I'M JUST NOT QUALIFIED.
Edward Sorel

MOVIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

the *Billboard 1943 Music Yearbook* put forth that "The cost of sets, which will start at $200 and go up near infinity, will keep [television] away from the hepsters."

That was long ago, back when the Strand Theatre was the jewel of Astoria and the skinny guys with the hair were not yet born. Soundies have long since vanished from the cultural consciousness of hepsterdom. But music and television have become the Liz and Dick of American art forms, and the marriage of the two has bloomed into the most sensational media love affair of our time.

Twenty years after the decline of the Soundies, pop video clips began to appear sporadically on TV. The Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and others made videos in the early sixties. Throughout the next decade, videos continued to be made, but primarily for promotional purposes within the industry, not for public eyes. In 1980, the year after the record business took its worst dive in recent history, promotional videos began to be shown more and more frequently in clubs and on television. With joy, the music industry found that the promotional devices that had been used to plug new records were being eagerly accepted as entertainment. The day of the ultimate commercial was upon us.

MTV went on the air in August 1981. Carried by 300 cable outlets, it was the first network whose programming consisted entirely of commercials. The record companies, delighted by this godsent means of free advertising, eagerly gave MTV all the videos it needed. Outside sponsors came forward, willing to purchase paid advertising time; these commercials between the commercials resulted in about $7 million in revenue for MTV during its first year and a half of broadcasting. Not since the death of P.T. Barnum had three-card monte been dealt on such a grand scale.

Within three years, MTV was being carried by some 2,000 cable affiliates and received in 18 million homes. Its advertising revenues had tripled, but its programming was no longer being supplied free of charge by the record companies. Rock video had boomed, and MTV began paying for exclusive rights to certain videos. The network paid $250,000 for the privilege of premiering Michael Jackson's 14-minute, million-dollar "Thriller" video in 1983; other less bruited deals followed. In the summer of 1984, MTV signed agreements with CBS, RCA, Geffen, and Polygram, which gave the network exclusive first-run rights to selected videos in return for blanket payments.

While four of the more than 100 video shows that currently crowd the air—the USA Network's "Night Flight," the Turner Broadcasting System's "Night Tracks," "ABC Rocks," and, biggest of all, NBC's "Friday Night Videos"—are believed to attract larger audiences than MTV, it is felt by many within the music industry that MTV will prevail as the arbiter of rock video's future. Others, in light of the network's recent exclusivity deals, fear that MTV is becoming a bloated and noxious monopoly that will in time kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Last September the Discovery Music Network, a new rock-video cable service, filed a federal suit against MTV, charging it with violations of antitrust laws and accusing it of "pernicious, predatory, and anti-competitive" practices.

Tony watches as another limousine, the longest one yet, pulls up. "That must be them," he says. He's right, it's them: Daryl Hall and John Oates, bona fide rock stars direct from Manhattan via the 59th Street Bridge. Just by looking at them, the old guys with the dogs can tell they're not headed for the Strand Lanes. No bowling bags.

Hall and Oates had been working on their new album for more than three months at Electric Lady Sound Studios, on the money side of the bridge. The album was done—finished at four in the morning the Friday past—but the work was not. For, these days, no record is truly complete until the video shoot is wrapped.

Viewing the reels of various video directors, Hall and Oates had chosen Jeff Stein. Now 30, Stein had made his directorial debut with a 1979 documentary about the Who called *The Kids Are Alright*. His video credits include Billy Idol's "Rebel Yell," the Cars' "You Might Think," and the Jacksons' "Torture."

Meeting with Hall and Oates at the recording studio, Stein had discussed possible concepts for the video. (No one has ideas anymore; they have concepts.) It was agreed that the video should somehow plug the album, which was called *Big Bam Boom*, as well as the single, "Out of Touch." So far, two versions of "Out of Touch" had been mastered, the single version and a special, longer disco mix. Now a third version, a cross between the existing two, was mixed for use as the video soundtrack.

Though the influence of rock video has been pervasive—on mainstream commercials for everything from cars to cosmetics, from fashions to fast foods; on movies such as *Streets of Fire* and *Purple Rain*; and on TV series like "Miami Vice"—many critics view this influence, and indeed the noble art form itself, with scorn. Videos are mindless, pretentious, and tasteless, these critics say, seeming not to realize that they are enumerating three of the cardinal attributes of made-for-TV success. It is true that many of the big video directors, such as Bob Giraldi and George Lois, come from backgrounds in straight advertising, a medium that gen-

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erates more money than veneration. But many respected movie directors have also tried their hands at rock video, more often than not with lackluster results: John Landis (Michael Jackson's "Thriller"), Bob Rafelson (Lionel Richie's "All Night Long"), Tobe Hooper (Billy Idol's "Dancing With Myself"), William Friedkin (Laura Branigan's "Self Control"), Andy Warhol (the Cars' "Hello Again"), and Brian De Palma (Bruce Springsteen's "Dancing in the Dark").

Perhaps the blame has little to do with the directors. Michelangelo, after all, had to bend for the Medicis and popes, not for the skinny guys with the hair. And for video directors, there is another problem to be reckoned with—the risk of running afoul of the Church of MTV's moral guidelines. Forsaking the true spirit of rock and roll in a quest for middle-of-the-road success, MTV has banned or censored several videos—the Rolling Stones' "Neighbors," O'Bryan's "Lovelite," the Cars' "Hello Again," and others—on grounds of indecency.

Daryl Hall and John Oates, who take their music seriously, aren't too fond of rock videos. Daryl sees them as a crass and odious, but inescapable, part of modern music-making. Of the more than dozen videos that Hall and Oates have made in the last five years, Daryl has seen little artistic worth in any of them. But the maw of the populace demands its MTV, and Hall and Oates are inextricably bound to the business of that vast feeding. They are among rock video's hottest acts. Exclusivity rights to this forthcoming video have already been bought by MTV. Furthermore, MTV will cosponsor (with Pontiac) Hall and Oates's upcoming tour. It was, like it or not, time to conceptualize once again.

"I figured we'd have the title of the album, *Big Bam Boom*, in huge letters, like *Ben Hur*, as part of the set. At the end of the video, the letters will explode," Jeff Stein says, showing me the storyboards. "And there'll be this immense set of drums. The bass drum will roll over Daryl and John. We'll put life-size cutout photos of them under it, and the band will peel them up, you know, like they've been squashed flat by the drum. And we're gonna have a great big clapboard with crazy names on it, and a billboard with pictures of Daryl and John with holes cut out where their faces should be, and they'll stick their actual faces in the holes. All sorts of things."

Perhaps sensing that my prosaic mind has failed to absorb the conceptual glow of things, Stein says, "We don't usually follow the storyboards too closely, though. We just sort of see what happens as we go along."

One thing is clear from the very outset: This is going to be an extravagant and expensive production. Most rock videos cost between $20,000 and $50,000 to make. The budget for this one has been set at close to $250,000. In the end the total bill, picked up by Hall and Oates's record company, RCA (less profitable acts often must pay all or part of their own video costs), will well surpass a quarter of a million dollars.

Once Daryl and John have okayed the storyboards, and their management company, Champion Entertainment, has approved the estimated budget, matters are turned over to Picture Music International, the production firm that Jeff Stein works with. Plans are made to shoot the video at Silvercup, but a last-minute decision is made to use Tony Argento's studio instead. The trouble with Silvercup is its floor-to-ceiling support pillars, which hinder shooting. Tony's 60-by-85-foot soundstage is columnless. It also costs less to rent: $1,600 per day, double for overtime; electricity and security included. "But I gave 'em a special deal," Tony says.

Working with Jeff Stein as production principals are producer Harvey Shapiro and executive producer and editor Kathy Dougherty. Like Stein, Shapiro is 30; but, bald except for a bushy Clarabell fringe, he looks much older. Having worked as the production manager on 20 or so Miller beer commercials, he says that the difference between making a beer commercial and making a rock video is one of creativity. "A rock video is like a little three-minute movie. It's artistic," he tells me. Having long ago learned never to argue art with a baldy, I nod slowly and deliberately.

> Of the more than dozen videos that Hall and Oates have made in the last five years, Daryl has seen little artistic worth in any of them.

Thirty-six-year-old Kathy Dougherty, who has been a film editor for the past decade, first worked with Stein on a Paramount feature fiasco called *It Came from Hollywood*, and has since edited all his rock videos. As the person whose responsibility it will be, through splicing and montage, to invest all this conceptual gimcrackery with some sort of coherence and form, the editor seems to be the only member of the production hierarchy who really needs to know what she's doing. But, then again, what do I know from art? I'm not bald; I'm not even skinny.

The director and producers have assembled beneath them a crew as vast as their vision. Not all of the crew seem to have functions, but they all have titles.

Work on the set has preceded the rock stars' arrival in Astoria by three days. Since Saturday night the studio has been furious with the hammering, sawing, drilling, and shouting of carpenters, eight to 13 of them at a time, working round the clock in shifts.

"These are the guys makin' the fuckin' money," a production assistant tells me. "Overtime, double time, triple time." The lowly PA shakes his head. "They make out like fuckin' thieves. Five hundred a day is nothin' to these guys. Some of them'll walk outta here with five or six grand by the end of the job."

It has been the task of art director Matthew Jacobs to transform Jeff Stein's grandiose conceptual notions into palpable props and sets. The billboard was not much of a problem to build, nor was the giant clapboard. The eight-foot white letters of plywood and Fome-Cor spelling *Big Bam Boom* were done and hoisted into place without too much difficulty. But the colossal drum set that stood at the heart of this video vision was becoming a monstrously troublesome piece of work.

"Everything had to be scaled up perfectly, and it had to look real," explains Matthew, a craftsman with the strength to smile in the face of all this art. "The bass drum would have to be eight feet in diameter. So I studied some actual drum sets, and I figured out that I needed to multiply every measurement by four and a half. The final sketches took about three hours to draft."

In labor and material ($5,000 for 25 sheets of stainless-steel formica alone) the big drums alone will end up costing about $60,000—more than the total outlay of the average rock video. When the final figure is revealed to him, Matthew mutters "Jesus!" and shakes his head in a sort of amazement that seems to be tinged with embarrassment, maybe even guilt. All those starving art directors in Biafra . . .

The big drums are still unfinished when Hall and Oates arrive on Tuesday. Slowly, the radial saws and the band saws, the electric sanders and the drills, are moved aside. With long-handled rollers, the concrete floor is painted white. The machinery of illusion begins to fill the studio: grip stands and Mole-Richardson wind makers, 6,000-watt color quartz lamps and the mighty Louma crane. A table in the vestibule is laden with victuals for the long night ahead: a bag of Mister Salty pretzels, Temptee whipped cream cheese and Wheatsworth crackers, a mound of glazed doughnuts, a cantaloupe, and a cardboard plate of miniature Milky Ways.

The director wants everything white and hazy. A trash-can lid is affixed to the crossbars of a wind machine, and a Spectrasmoke "cookie" is ignited and set to smolder in it. The wind machine is switched on, and the studio fills quickly with a noisome miasma. At this point it is

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difficult to tell the carpenters from the production assistants, the electricians from the grips. Most of the fifty or so people in the studio are merely busy looking busy, it seems; and now they are all overtaken by the foul-smelling haze, dawdling about like the lukewarm souls confined to the antechamber of Dante's Inferno.

Someone asks someone else, a blasé fellow wearing a yellow T-shirt and a tool belt, to stand by the big white letters so that the cameramen can get a light reading. The blasé fellow complies. The director passes by. "Why are we even testing this guy?" he asks irately, throws up his arms, and walks away. The blasé guy grasps his crotch and grimaces suavely at the director's back.

Several coughing souls amble out, seeking air or cream cheese. "Close that door!" yells an authoritative voice behind them. "You're letting the smoke out!"

Tony Argento paces by, looking at his watch. "As of eight o'clock, it's 84 hours they been here. And they're just getting started," he smiles.

Finally, it is magic time. The designated wardrobe person hands Daryl Hall his artificial leopard-skin suit jacket. John Oates crawls into one of the *O*-holes of the big white BOOM. "No, wait a minute," Daryl says, "too much makeup." The designated makeup person rushes forward.

"Everybody be quiet!" the assistant director yells. The sound of Hall and Oates's "Out of Touch" booms forth from large speakers. Daryl begins lip-synching and dancing in front of the big white letters as John plays hide-and-seek among the *O*-holes.

"*Broken ice still melts in the sun . . .*" Daryl lip-synchs with consonant emotion.

Then it's over. The studio fills with applause and cheering, and the smoke begins to clear. "Beautiful!" the director exults. "Beautiful!"

They do it again, then again, as the night wears on, as the Temptee coagulates and the glazed doughnuts dwindle. It is past one in the morning when Hall and Oates leave the studio. The carpenters stay, working through the dawn, hammering away in triple time.

On the following afternoon, the big drums are still unfinished. A watermelon and kiwi fruit have been placed near the leftover Wheatsworth crackers. One of the carpenters walks by looking at the OTB ticket he has just bought. "If this thing wins, I'm goin' on a fuckin' bat." He grabs a kiwi fruit and examines it. "How do ya eat these fuckin' things?"

Television camera crews begin to arrive and are held at bay. "Is Daryl the tall one or the short one?" asks a crushed-looking man strapped to an unwieldy video camera. Someone several feet away scrutinizes him and says, "Is he one of the ABC people?" "No," he is told. "He's from 'Entertainment Tonight.' ABC sent over three *melanzanas*."

I ask Daryl how it's going. "These videos are turning into major productions," he says. "We used to shoot them in a day. The last one took two days. We'll be lucky to get out of here tomorrow night. Then we're supposed to do another one two weeks from now, for the single after this, so that it'll be ready for release while we're out on tour." Does he think this video will turn out better than those in the past? "I don't know. We'll find out."

As darkness descends on Broadway, the big drums are finally finished. So tonight, instead of dancing around in front of the big letters, Daryl and John dance around in front of the big drums. The long neck of the Louma crane sways through the noxious haze like a prehistoric beast, its camera-head darting and turning with strange reptilian grace. Most eyes are on this technological marvel rather than on the prancing, lip-synching rock stars. It has stolen the show.

"Beautiful!" proclaims the director, who is now speaking through an electric megaphone. "Beautiful!"

> Producer Harvey Shapiro says that the difference between making a beer commercial and making a rock video is one of creativity. "It's like making a three-minute movie."

Later, John Oates is supposed to jump up and down on the giant foot pedal of the big bass drum, but no one can figure out how to make it work. A team of production assistants is sent out into the night in search of a spring that might do the job. Hours pass, and the team returns with all manner of coiled metal—motorcycle shock absorbers, garage-door springs, and so forth. In the end, the garage-door spring is used, with less than optimal results. "Talk about waste," one of the production assistants remarks while disposing of a heap of gleaming shock absorbers.

The shooting is scheduled to end on Thursday, but Thursday's dusk approaches with no end in sight. The four members of Hall and Oates's band, who are to feign playing in front of the big drums tonight, congregate on the roof of the old theater marquee. "I guess this is the big time," one of them announces, looking down on Broadway; two of the other musicians laugh. The third is preoccupied: "I'm gonna tell Daryl and John to stick it up their asses. Who the fuck are they to tell me I can't play with Peter Wolf if I want to? They can't tell me I can't work. I mean, fuck them, let 'em give me a piece of the pie." He too looks down on Broadway now. "Yup, the big time," the other repeats, and they all laugh as somebody comes up and tells them to get ready.

Meanwhile, the plans to blow up the big letters have been foiled. Permits have been obtained, paperwork has been done, fire marshals have been paid, and Steve Kirshoff, the pyrotechnist, has been standing by; but it turns out that the studio itself failed to comply with one or another bureaucratic regulation. At first, the production company members are crestfallen. But not to worry: "We'll have Daryl and John burst through the Fome-Cor fronts of the letters," the undaunted director declares.

The Spectrasmoke stench does not abate till after dawn on Friday, and the video is still unfinished. Work is suspended for a day—as this is no ordinary Friday, but the date of the first annual MTV Video Awards, at which Hall and Oates will be among the host of celebrity presenters.

When shooting resumes on Saturday, Jeff Stein is smiling. The Cars video he directed was given the Video of the Year award last night. "Beautiful!" someone says to him, winking. "Beautiful!"

By this time, a frayed and desperate weariness has set in. Having begun to hear it in their sparse sleep, people flee now when "Out of Touch" blares forth yet again from the big studio speakers. The look on the remaining carpenters' tired faces seems to express the suspicion that there may be more to life than money. And the fumes, the fumes . . .

"Is this where they're making the rock video?" a young neighborhood girls asks excitedly, sneaking through the doors. The face of death turns to her, glances at her schoolgirl bosom, and grimly nods.

All is over at long last on Sunday morning, more than a week after it began. From here, the three hours or so of 35-millimeter negative footage that has been shot will be taken by Kathy Dougherty to be transferred to one-inch silent tape. In a few days' time, she will emerge with a rough cut synchronized to a mono soundtrack. Then color correcting, dissolving, and slow-motion effects will be worked out at Editel lab. Finally, a four-track stereo master will be laid down on the one-inch videotape, to be delivered to RCA, which will deliver it in turn to MTV, which will present it to the hungrily awaiting populace on a Friday evening, 12 days after the last wearisome "Beautiful!" has been uttered.

Tony watches the limousines pull away on this suddenly quiet Sunday in Astoria. Soon the old guys with the dogs will be coming around. By nightfall, art's last lingering fumes will be gone with the wind. But they'll be back. After all, there are 8 million concepts in the Naked City. This was only one of them.

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

ics; in fact, he has already provided Congress with an array of unsought opportunities to avert the consequences of spending run wild.

If petitions fail to arouse Congress and prodding won't budge the bureaucracy, something more graphic will be needed—something with a little anger and blood in it. Grace and I have formed a nonpartisan, nonprofit, grass-roots organization that will keep the politicians' feet to the fire and confront the bureaucrats who waste our money. We would like to invite you to sign up with Citizens Against Waste. We'll call on you when a letter needs to be written or a little cain needs to be raised.

Step Three. Despite our pressuring and prodding, the spendthrifts won't quite give up the ghost. We'll need eyes and ears across America to keep a watch on them. This will be a welcome reversal of the present practice: government officials now do the watching. They like to ponder the conduct of the rest of us and decide when our actions run afoul of their regulations.

The more urgent question is: Who watches the bureaucrats? More often than not, it's done with mirrors. The public must depend upon the bureaucrats to police themselves. But the bureaucrats, being human, are more interested in protecting than probing themselves.

The best deterrent, we believe, would be a watchful citizenry. So if you see any government waste, report it to us. And, as an exercise in citizenship, please copy and sign this taxpayer's declaration. Mail it with your address to Citizens Against Waste, P.O. Box 1000, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044. Then make a dozen more copies and ask a dozen of your friends to sign them; then ask these friends to approach a dozen of their friends. And so on.

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

of the "Pretty Woman" video by Van Halen is purely fictional. What little depiction there is of any pseudo-bondage is done entirely tongue-in-cheek and in a humorous way. In no way does it condone S & M. You'd have to be pretty dumb to think otherwise.

4. Tosches implied that Van Halen's first album, *Van Halen*, was released three years ago and just recently declared platinum, along with their most recent album, *1984*, and that those are the only ones to have done so. Well, for your information, their first album was released in 1978 and was declared platinum six weeks later. Also, their next four albums *all* went platinum within weeks of their release and the album *1984* has been declared double platinum.

Next time, *Penthouse*, get your facts straight before you go slamming heavy metal.—*Chris Bobak, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada*

Nick Tosches replies:
I am indeed grateful to my correspondents for bringing to light my mistake of placing the David Lee Roth poster in the incorrect Van Halen album. There is no telling how this misunderstanding, had it not been brought to my attention, might have led to some further social disgrace in the future. I must confess that in the course of my life I have misplaced greater things. I am sure that David Lee would understand.

However, regarding my correspondents' attempted rationale of heavy metal's S & M overtones, I can only presume—and, for their sake, hope—that they're kidding. If they actually see heavy metal in terms of good taste, I doubt that they themselves know what the music is all about. I am sure that David Lee would understand. (As to Mr. Cohen's "symbolic chains that bind a man's heart when he's lost his girl": B+, kid.)

Finally, I must confront Bobak of Halifax, the self-described "world's No. 1 Van Halen fan," who says that Van Halen is not a heavy-metal band. I will have you know that one of the informants I used in writing my article also describes himself as the world's No. 1 Van Halen fan, and he says that Van Halen is without a doubt heavy metal. It doesn't really bother me that there are two of you claiming to be the world's biggest Van Halen fan. If the world during the Great Schism could accommodate two popes, surely it can accommodate two No. 1 Van Halen fans. What bothers me, see, is that one of you is nuts—and I can't tell which. I am sure, very sure, that David Lee would understand.

MEN AND POLITICS

In regard to Sidney Siller's November 1984 column: Frankly, I am amazed that Mr. Siller could find nothing better to write about than the issue he is making out of women keeping their maiden names, Geraldine Ferraro in particular.

Who the hell cares what name a person chooses to be called? I couldn't care less if, Mr. Siller, you chose to go by the name "Sidney Shithead," which is obviously more in tune with the kind of "man" (and I use the term loosely) you are.

It would seem to me you are scraping the gutter looking for something to "slam" women for and you are definitely trying to get at Ms. Ferraro with the most petty piece of shit you can find.

"Siller." I'll just bet that is the name you were given at birth. Try putting the shoe on the other foot, Sidney. Would you want your accomplishments (if you have any) associated with your spouse's family name? Wouldn't you want your own family name to get the acknowledgment?

And why are you concerned that John Zaccaro may be inadvertently called Mr. Ferraro? Afraid it may bruise his ego? It shouldn't if he loves his wife. But then some men live their lives around their egos, don't they!

You bitch about feminists. You are obviously a chauvinistic jackass. What makes you think your views are any better than theirs? Has it ever occurred to you that women become feminists because they've had all they're going to take from assholes like you?

Let's keep America great by being a progressive country, instead of having a population with closed minds. Get your head out of your ass, Sidney, and smell the fresh air! It's 1984 and the world is changing.—*Teri Hall, Rock Island, Ill.*

Sidney Siller replies:
Obviously, Ms. Hall, you are as uninformed as you are biased against men. Your vulgar abuse of me personally fails to collectively consider the fact that most men and women value their family heritage and their name. Your gutter attack against my analysis of Mrs. Ferraro's name usage is typical of feminist distortion. If you were a regular reader of my "Men's Rights" column, you would understand that a man's family name is a generic, intangible property right that he can lose along with his children, his family, his assets, and his equal rights in this American society.

By the way, I think you would make a terrific infantry combat officer. No doubt you could tongue-lash the enemy into an early surrender.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

hind my back and then tied them to an overhead pipe. Even though apprehensive, I could feel my cock swell with desire as I looked at her sitting in front of me. She wore only a black garter belt, hose, black high heels, and a black mask which hid any emotion in her face.

By 8 P.M. I had my ass paddled 20 times or so and was left there in the dark with a large dildo plug up my ass. Later she pulled a chair up behind me and stroked my hanging cock until I was about ready to explode and then she stopped. This treatment, with variations, continued for hours. Every hour or so she would remove the gag, listen to me beg and plead, put the gag back, and then ask how I felt about women's resolve. The sex we had later that night was very intense for both of us. My question is, are there very many women like this?

In one way I feel guilty about what we did and at the same time wish that it would happen again. It also bothers me that Madeline experienced emotions that normally only men would show. When I asked her how and where she got the idea for the other night, and how she knew to tie someone so securely, she only smiled. The bottom line is that I'm wondering if she could have done this professionally before. In other words, was she a hooker? Also, do hookers perform services like this often?—J. R.

What a mass of complexes you have! Your male-chauvinist oriented point of view says there are certain emotions that only men are allowed to have. Incidentally, where does an ordinary, average, all-American *boy* learn how to tie someone up?

Your problem is that you can't make up your mind what you want. You have a secret urge to humiliate yourself, so you date a woman who is better educated than you, has a better job, has more money than you, and in general wears the pants.

Your macho hormones make you cover yourself by saying she is "older," but you hurriedly add that she is *still* attractive. In a truly masochistic way, you attack her verbally and finally (to your unspoken delight) she does what you have been begging for: She punishes you. She ties you up, paddles your ass, and tantalizes both you and your cock, and you love it. Then that little, yellow streak of normal maleness creeps out from wherever it's been hiding and says, "Goddamn it, she's gotta be a professional, she does it all too well."

Don't worry. If she does it well, it means that she enjoys it, and in your own words, you "wish it would happen again." All you have to do is shoot your mouth off and then beg for forgiveness and it will happen again. I suspect that each of you has found the partner he or she has always been looking for.

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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU AN OPEN BOOK?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Most of us wear emotional masks. We pretend to be what we're not; we keep up appearances; we hide things about ourselves that we don't want others to know. It's a rare person who's truly an open book, and this psychograph is designed to find out if you're one of them.

Self-disclosure, which University of Florida psychologist Sidney Jourard defines as "being oneself in the presence of others," is a key factor in mental health. People who are psychologically comfortable with themselves allow others to see them as they really are. Sure, all of us put up a false front occasionally; that's only human. But if we continually mask our true feelings, beliefs, and identities from others, it often indicates serious psychological trouble. In his book *Self-Disclosure*, Jourard notes that "an obvious factor in the background of any neurotic or psychotic sufferer is his tendency to conceal his authentic thoughts and feelings in order to live a cosmetic life of pretense."

The study of how much of themselves human beings disclose to others has been an important field of psychological research since the late 1950s. That was when Jourard, the pioneer in this field, stumbled on its importance almost by accident. While preparing a book on personal adjustment, he asked his acquaintances to describe *him* as a person. The diverse replies he received made him realize that he was presenting many different faces to the world. It became clear, he says, "that much of my action was aimed at misleading others, at misinforming them about the person I knew myself to be."

Since that time, researchers have conducted hundreds of studies to determine what part self-disclosure plays in our psychological lives. They've found, among other things, that women disclose more than men; that boys tell their mothers more than they tell their fathers; that American men rate higher as self-disclosers than European or Middle Eastern males; that blacks disclose less than whites; and that Jewish men are more self-disclosing than Catholic or Protestant men. They've also discovered that a willingness to be self-disclosing plays a crucial role in interpersonal attraction. We instinctively like those who are willing to share themselves with us. Despite all the myths about Casanova, it turns out that the men who are really attractive to women are those who reveal their authentic feelings and not those who come on with a glib line of bullshit.

To find out where you stand on the self-disclosure spectrum, answer the following questions honestly. Don't think too much about each item—give the first response that comes to you. After all, if you can't be honest with yourself, how are you going to be honest with others?

1. It's the day before payday and you don't have any money to spare. Your coworkers are going out to lunch. When they ask if you're coming with them, are you more likely to reply:
   (a) "I'm broke."
   (b) "Sorry, I can't go with you. I've got some things I have to do."

2. You feel a virus coming on but you go to work anyway. You screw up some important business because you feel so lousy. The boss calls you in and wants to know what went wrong. Are you most likely:
   (a) to say, "Yeah, I screwed up."
   (b) to say, "I was sick as a dog that day."
   (c) to make up some other excuse

3. You screw up some important business at work simply because you're not paying attention. Your boss wants to know what went wrong. Are you most likely:
   (a) to say, "Yeah, I screwed up; I just wasn't paying attention."
   (b) to not offer any excuse
   (c) to say you weren't feeling well that day
   (d) to make up some other excuse

4. When you're late for an appointment, are you most likely to:
   (a) tell why you're late
   (b) make up an excuse that isn't true
   (c) act as if you're not late at all

5. If you found out you had an incurable disease, with whom would you be most likely to discuss it?
   (a) no one
   (b) only with my closest friends and relations
   (c) probably with just about anyone, as long as the subject came up as a natural part of the conversation

6. If the pay were the same, would you rather be:
   (a) a law-enforcement officer
   (b) a college professor

7. You're sitting around having a beer with some friends. Talk turns to salaries. Do you:
   (a) try to reveal as little as possible
   (b) tell how much you make
   (c) say something that leads them to think you make more than you actually do
   (d) say something that leads them to think you make less than you actually do

8. Are there some things you're so ashamed of that you wouldn't reveal them to anybody, not even to your closest friend or lover?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) Yes, but there are also some things I've been ashamed of that I have revealed.

9. Do you live beyond your means, frequently buying things you can't really afford?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. If you're having problems at work or at school, are you likely to discuss

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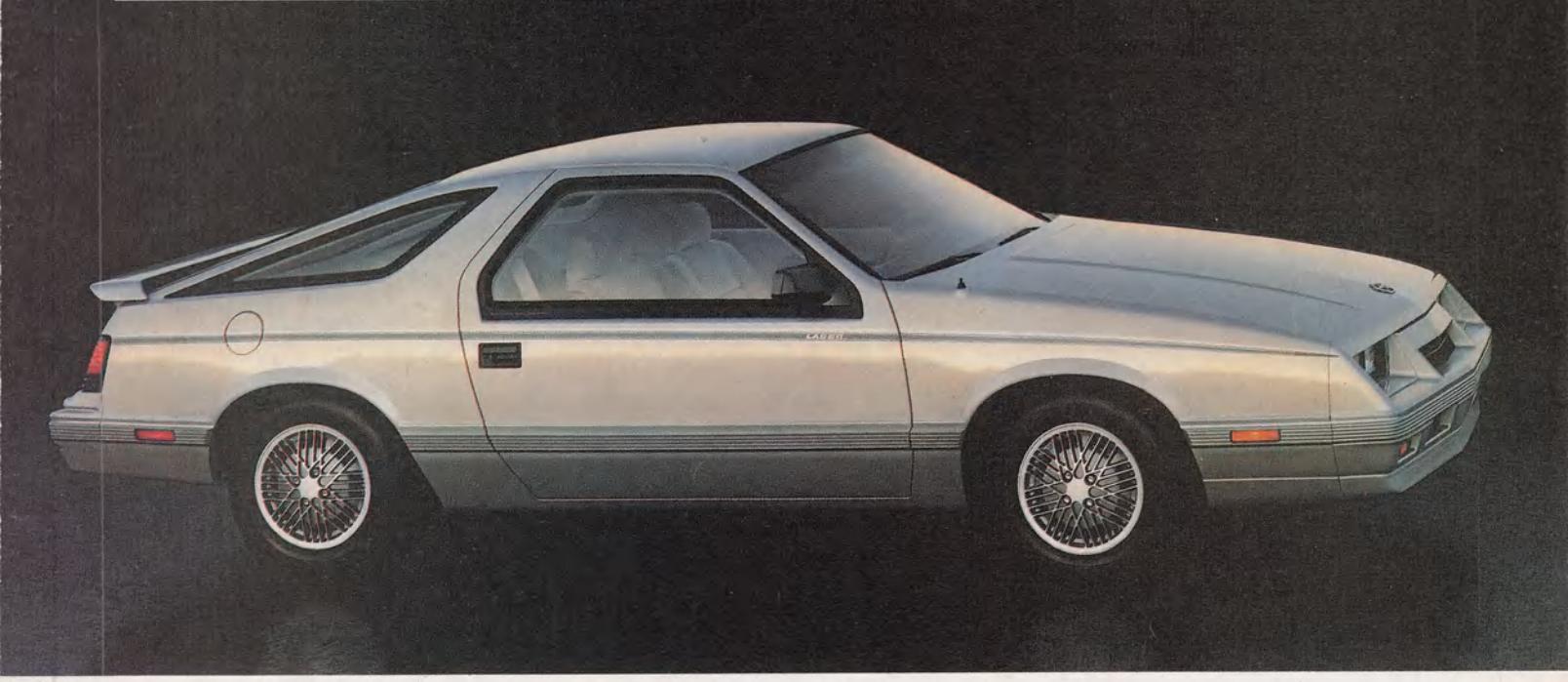

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"The men who are really attractive to women are those who reveal their authentic feelings."

PSYCHOGRAPH

them with your superior?
(a) yes
(b) no

11. How likely would you be to discuss personal problems with a psychiatrist, psychologist, rabbi, minister, or some other type of counselor?
(a) very likely
(b) somewhat likely
(c) not very likely
(d) not at all likely

12. Would you be willing to sacrifice a lot in order to live in the best neighborhood, own a great car, and wear the best clothes?
(a) yes
(b) no

13. Your relationship with a woman you love is obviously falling apart. Do you:
(a) let things drift, hoping they'll improve
(b) ask her to discuss what might be wrong

14. You're going out with a woman for the first time. Are you more likely to:
(a) talk about things you really enjoy
(b) talk about things you think will impress her
(c) say very little
(d) talk about a mix of things: some you enjoy, some that are designed mainly to impress her

15. In casual conversation do you often bring up your past achievements, awards, honors, etc.?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) No, that's tacky.

16. Do you ever discuss with friends how you feel about your body and appearance?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Do you think most people have a pretty accurate idea of what you're really like?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. You're at a party and are asked what you'd like to drink. Are you more likely to:
(a) state your exact preference, even though it may turn out that they don't have it
(b) say, "I don't care; whatever you've got is fine."

19. When you're in bed with a woman, do you usually tell or direct her toward the type of sex you prefer?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Check as many of the following categories as you would be willing to discuss with people who are casual acquaintances but not close friends.
(a) your political philosophy
(b) religion
(c) your cultural preferences
(d) hobbies
(e) aspects of your own personality
(f) your finances
(g) things you like and dislike about your physical makeup
(h) none of the above

21. Do you prefer that people:
(a) think you're more competent than you really are
(b) think you're less competent
(c) have a relatively accurate idea of your competence

22. You're talking to a casual acquaintance who has strong religious or political beliefs that differ from yours. Basically, you enjoy the relationship and don't want to sabotage it. When this person begins fervently talking about religion or politics, how are you most likely to respond?
(a) I discuss seriously how I feel.
(b) I make jokes or sarcastic remarks that show I disagree but that aren't likely to get the other person angry.
(c) I just try to keep quiet, or attempt to steer the conversation toward other subjects.
(d) I act as if I agree.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points; the lowest, 22.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-3, b-5, c-1
3. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-1
4. a-5, b-1, c-2
5. a-1, b-3, c-5
6. a-2, b-4
7. a-3, b-5, c-1, d-2
8. a-1, b-5, c-3
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-2 d-1
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-5
14. a-5, b-1, c-2, d-3
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-2, b-2, c-1, d-1, e-5, f-5, g-5, h-0
21. a-1, b-1, c-5
22. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1

If you scored 110 to 125 points:
You are an extreme self-discloser. You show all, tell all, and don't give a damn about the consequences. A high level of self-disclosure is generally a healthy psychological sign, but you may have too much of a good thing. You seem to have no need for privacy at all, which sometimes indicates a high level of insecurity.

86 to 109 points:
You are a high self-discloser, but you also have a sense of propriety about what to reveal and when to reveal it. People in this category may be the most psychologically healthy. You are honest and straightforward in your dealings but don't go overboard.

62 to 85 points:
Like most people, you're quite selective in what you disclose and to whom you disclose it. You're probably relatively open with people who are close to you, but you tend to erect false fronts when you're among people you know less well.

38 to 61 points:
You are a low self-discloser. As far as you're concerned, very few people have any right to know who you really are. This isolating stance may make you feel very lonely. You are probably reluctant to reveal things even to those who love you the most. People in this category use a lot of emotional energy in projecting false images of themselves.

22 to 37 points:
You are terribly secretive about your feelings. People like this often have a poor image of themselves; they fear others will hate them if they reveal their true natures. In fact, quite the opposite is usually the case. Most people already sense that you're hiding behind all sorts of emotional masks and false fronts. They will like you more, not less, if you share yourself with them.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

I'm a 23-year-old male who loves to masturbate while watching the lovely female contestants play "The Price is Right" on TV. It really gets me hot when they jump up and down in the aisles and then jiggle their tits all the way to "contestant's row."

When a really gorgeous brunette with a healthy set of knockers gives the host a hug, I *really* envy him. The women seem to love him, especially the fantastic models who smile and extend their pretty hands toward the luxurious showcase prizes. I'll bet they're good in the sack. They certainly are in my dreams.

First, I stroke my cock slowly but steadily as the show goes on. It's such a pleasant feeling to work up slowly.

About three-quarters of the way through the show, I start to pick up speed, stopping periodically to catch my breath. By the time I feel the flow of come beginning its rapid shoot, the bids for the grand prize showcase are beginning.

I start to stroke furiously until my hand is nothing more than a blur between my tense legs. I let out an ecstatic moan and press a pillow against my chest, while locking another pillow between my thighs and biting my lower lip. When the announcer chirps, "A brand new car!!!" I go nuts. It's like simultaneous orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

ON THE HORIZON

It was a perfect beach day on the island. Low dune grass separated us from people on either side. They couldn't see us—as long as we remained horizontal. I lay with my head near her hip, applying suntan lotion to the beautiful flowing curve where her back rises to meet her ass. Her pelvis slowly undulated against her towel. We were hot. The morning had been spent with my cock in her warm mouth. We were steaming again.

I squirted some lotion on the inside of her thighs. Her muscular ass contracted in surprise. I smoothed the creamy lotion over the radiant globes of her ass to where her black suit eclipsed my caressing fingers with a thin strip. All that separated me from her delicious strawberry-blond pussy was this material.

"That feels so good," she said in a voice as sweet as spring wine. I followed the curves down the crack and under her suit. As I touched her anus her cheeks squeezed my fingers, but I slid between her rosy lips to her clit. I wanted to suck it badly. She rolled onto her side, allowing me access to her pussy. She let out a long sound that consisted of a medley of the letter *o* stifled at the end by my cock filling her mouth.

Just then, the beach-patrol jeep drove by, abruptly interrupting us. (Puritan virtue was thought to be part of the charm here. A woman had been arrested for going topless. We couldn't even find a copy of *Penthouse*!) And Shelly was having a problem swallowing all of me. When she was young, she had a bad experience with oral sex. Now she was holding back. It was all I could do to keep from grabbing her gorgeous blond head and impaling it totally. But I really cared about her and was letting her find her own time, even if it meant switching to a hot fuck for me to come. But if that happened, we would be all too obvious to the patrol. Suddenly I stopped worrying about it, because the head of my cock had passed her last barrier and slid down her silken throat. I felt her gag slightly as her tongue slithered between my balls. I stayed there and felt her moan around my cock until she needed a breath. Then she moved down and up my pole with several electrifying strokes. Frantically she worked her lips and tongue while she sucked wet and hard. I was just about to take flight when my worst fear was realized. She stopped.

She held me teetering on the edge, overwhelmed—but only to make it last. She opened her big green eyes, looked up at me, and fluttered her eyelashes. Then it happened.

The first hot wave of come shot down her throat. I was coming faster than she could swallow and it made her choke a little. Her pussy contracted around my fingers, and she went over the top and out of control.

We lay back, creamed in euphoria. Finally, I said, "This is the stuff 'Forum' letters are all about." I closed my eyes and felt the warm sun bake my body.—*Name and address withheld*

LOVE NOTES

Five months ago I met a man who has me absolutely mesmerized. Now you may think, what's so special about that? Well, let me give you a brief description of the situation.

I am a fairly nice-looking, nicely built, divorcée with a daughter. I am divorced simply because my ex-husband is a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am lover who has no desire to please anyone but himself. Over the past three years, I have searched for a lover who could totally satisfy me. Finally, I have found him: my sweet Walter.

At the time I met Walter, I was involved with another man and working as an assistant manager in a small grocery store. Walter came in regularly to stare at my chest, when he thought I wasn't looking, and to make small talk. I knew from the look in his eyes that he would do just about anything to get into my tight-fitting jeans.

One day, on an impulse, I played a joke on him. It went like this.

As he held out his hand to collect his change, I touched him and said these words: *I am from outer space. My sex*

raped. If you liked it, smile. The sudden bulge in Walter's jeans told me my forwardness really turned him on.

The next day he came into the store with a note for me. My heart almost jumped out of my chest when I read these words: *I am a red-blooded American male. I have three sex organs. Two of them are my eyes, which undress you every time I see you. The third organ is my tongue, which would love to tantalize and ravage every square inch of your luscious body.*

I knew I had to have this man. The date for our encounter was set for two days later. We drove to a hotel about 30 miles south of where I work.

Once in the room, we wasted no time undressing each other. For a full five minutes we both just touched each other, taking in everything we saw. My body was absolutely trembling with desire.

Walter lay me on the bed and spread my legs as wide as they would go. Starting at my toes, he licked and kissed his way to the top of my head and back down again, giving extra attention to my left breast, which displays a beautiful rose tattoo. Stopping at my steaming box, he patiently worked around its outer lips before going inside. Slowly, so as not to miss anything, he explored my inner body. As my breathing became more rapid, so did Walter's sensational tongue-fucking. With a tongue as quick as lightning, and the other bodily skills of an accomplished lover, he gave me the most pleasurable orgasm I have ever experienced. Knowing that the job was not yet finished, he happily licked up the puddle I had produced, leaving not a drop in sight.

Then I exchanged places with him and gave him the same erotic tongue-bath I had received. Stopping at his cock, I licked and sucked it until I had it well-lubricated with the juices of my mouth and then, like a starved tigress, I swallowed it whole. In and out, in and out, I deep-throated his shaft, making it harder and harder with each thrust of my mouth and flick of my tongue. My hands were all over him, feeling every muscle in his well-developed body. Juices were running down my own legs and wetting the sheets in little pools around my knees.

Then he did something I was not at all expecting, but loved anyway. He pulled me up on top of him and rammed my cunt down on his pulsating cock. My God, the feeling was incredible. All I could think about was that wonderful cock inside my twat, pumping me into oblivion. Within seconds, we both exploded in an earth-shaking orgasm.

When I finally regained my strength, I climbed off of Walter's hard member and lay on my back. Walter put my legs up high on his shoulders and slid his fingers down to my dripping pussy where he opened me wide.

He entered me very gently, pulling out when he felt my vaginal muscles tighten around him. He teased me like this until I begged him to give me what I knew he possessed. With a sly grin, he drove his cock into me with the precision of an arrow shooting for the bull's-eye. At this point I was completely under his control. He expertly rubbed his organ along my clit with each thrust, making my pussy quiver and throb with pleasure.

My impending orgasm built with each thrust. Reaching up, I locked my hands around the headboard so that I could push harder to meet his body. I began to feel the jerking spasms of relief as my juices flooded out. As I came I tightened my cunt around his cock, sending him into an orgasm to match mine. His pace raced as he pumped more and more come into me. After savoring all the juices from each other's mouths, we lay back and discussed all the fucking we would do in the future.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Our Pet of the Month (page 67) was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; and Harrison filters. Sondra Dickson (page 36) was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 Photomic camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Hank Londoner shot "The Three-Minute Movie" (page 48) with a Nikon F3 camera and a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens. Our love set was shot by Ed Holzman with a Nikon 35mm camera and a Nikkor 85 lens.

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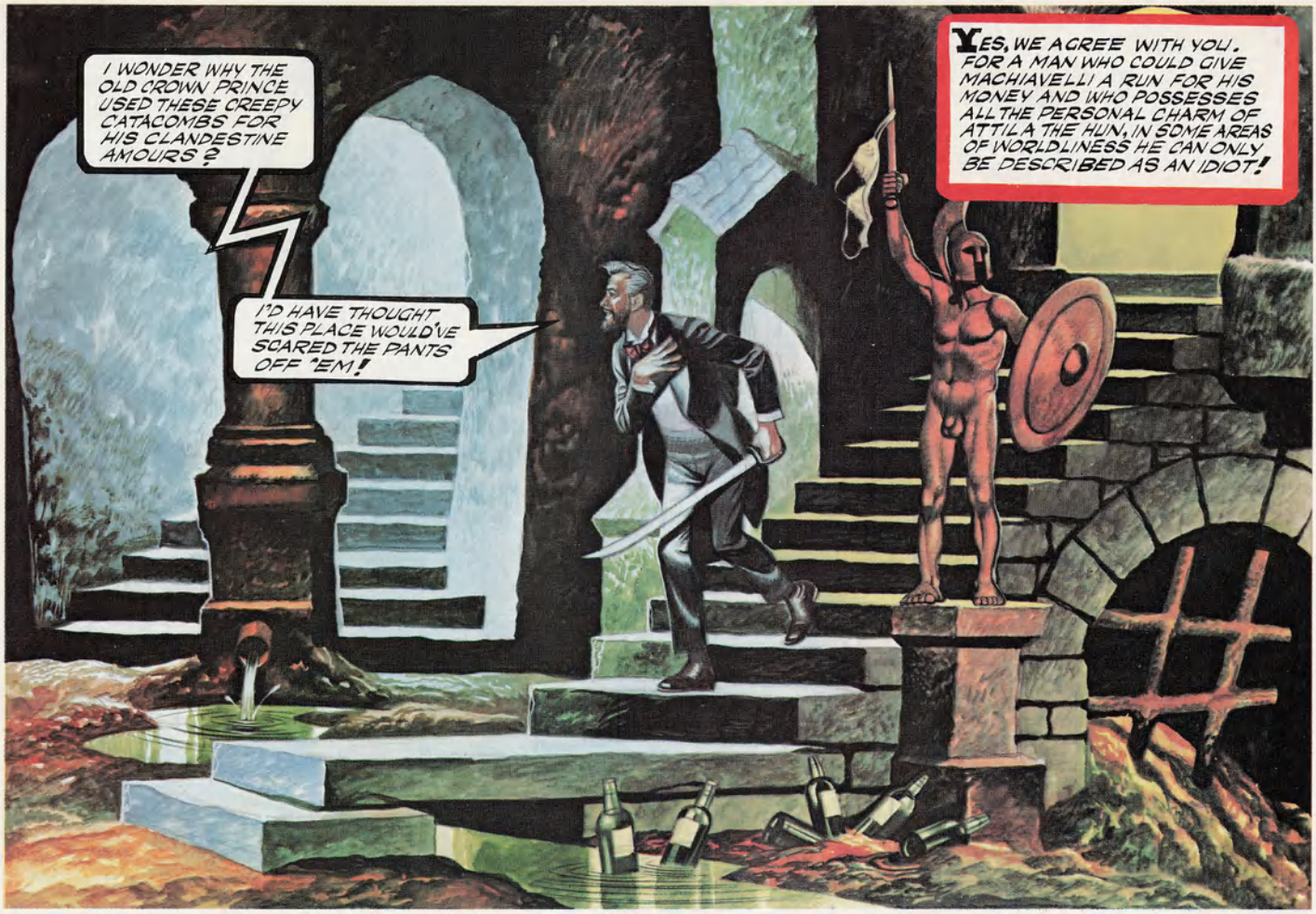
Sweet chastity
THEIRS NOT TO REASON WHY, THEIRS BUT TO DO OR DIE: INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH RODE THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE..... STIRRING STUFF! AT THE HEAD OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN CAVALRY, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN HAS ARRIVED AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT VLAD. WILL HE BE IN TIME TO SAVE THE CROWN PRINCE? DOES HE EVEN WANT TO? READ ON.....
EAT YOUR HEART OUT RONALD REAGAN!
A LEADER OF REAL STATURE IS ARRIVING ON THE WORLD STAGE!
NO QUARTER! CUT THE TRIPES OUT OF ANY OPPOSITION!
HOORAY FOR BARON FRANKENSTEIN!
LIBERATOR OF TRANSYLVANIA!
WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO INSTALL SOME TRAFFIC SIGNALS AROUND HERE? THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN THE DAY OFF FROM THE ORPHANAGE TO CHEER — SO CHEER!
by Ron Embleton and Bob Guccione

WHERE IS THE CROWN PRINCE?
HE'S IN THERE, BARON.
COLONEL—YOUR SWORD! I'M GOING IN!
WE'VE TRIED ALL THE DOORS TO THE STATE APARTMENTS—THEY'RE LOCKED!
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH HIM! SURELY—WE SAW YOU GO IN THERE SOME WHILE AGO?
?
I'D SWEAR TO IT! YOU WERE WEARING A LAVENDER SUIT!
I NEVER WEAR A LAVENDER SUIT!
THAT WAS MY BROTHER OTTO—I SENT HIM HERE TO WARN THE CROWN PRINCE!
STAND BACK—EVERYBODY!
I KNOW A WAY IN. THE CROWN PRINCE USED TO BRING SOME OF HIS GIRL FR..... HIS CLOSE FRIENDS IN THIS WAY.
CLICK
PARDON ME!
MY GOD! IT LOOKS DARK IN THERE!
CREAK
A SECRET PASSAGE!
REFERRED TO, SO I'M TOLD, BY CERTAIN OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S LADY FRIENDS—AS CRUMPET ALLEY!

AT THAT MOMENT SWEET CHASTITY AND A FEW SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE PRESS ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.....
UNCLE VINCENT! IT'S ALL OVER! THE TERRORISTS AT THE AIRPORT HAVE SURRENDERED!
SWEET CHASTITY! PRAISE BE— YOU'RE SAFE!
GET THIS ON FILM, MAN— EVERY BIT OF IT! THIS'LL KNOCK "DYNASTY" OUT OF THE RATINGS!
DON'T GO IN THERE ALONE, UNCLE VINCENT—THE LAST OF THEM COULD BE IN THERE!
CAREFUL!
I MUST—IT IS MY DUTY!
GREAT! THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS —VIOLENCE AND TRAGEDY!
GIVE ME HALF AN HOUR AND IF I DON'T COME OUT—SEND IN THE CAVALRY!
THE HORSES WOULD NEVER GET THROUGH THE DOORWAY!
ON FOOT —IDIOT!
DON'T LET HIM GO IN THERE ALONE!
COULD I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE IN RESTRAINING THAT POOR DISTRESSED YOUNG LADY?
LET ME GO, BARON —NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT!
MY GOD! SHE'S UPSTAGING ME AGAIN!
GET IN CLOSE! GET EVERY DETAIL! FORGET ALL THAT INVASION OF PRIVACY CRAP—JUST THINK OF THE VIDEO RIGHTS!


I WONDER WHY THE OLD CROWN PRINCE USED THESE CREEPY CATACOMBS FOR HIS CLANDESTINE AMOURS?
I'D HAVE THOUGHT THIS PLACE WOULD'VE SCARED THE PANTS OFF 'EM!
YES, WE AGREE WITH YOU. FOR A MAN WHO COULD GIVE MACHIAVELLI A RUN FOR HIS MONEY AND WHO POSSESSES ALL THE PERSONAL CHARM OF ATTILA THE HUN, IN SOME AREAS OF WORLDLINESS HE CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS AN IDIOT!

WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO DO IF I COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH THESE TERRORISTS?
I'VE ONLY GOT THIS RIDICULOUS TOOTHPICK!

EEAHHGH!

EEEK!

THE CROWN PRINCE!
THEY'VE DONE FOR HIM!
EEYECH!

OTTO!
THE OLD FAGGOT FINALLY GOT HIS COME-UPPANCE!
WHAT A WAY TO GO!

OH, NO- NOT MORE!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?

YE GODS! IT'S A MASSACRE!
IT'S LIKE THE SICILIAN VESPERS!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

DEAD!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

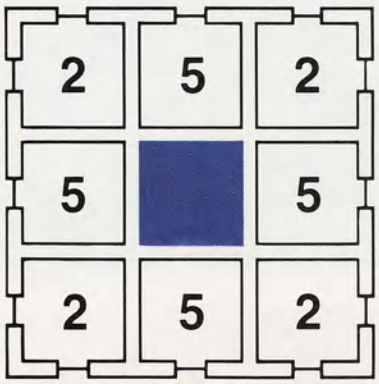
HA-HA-HA!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
HEE-HEE-HEE!
NOT THE WAY MOST OF US WOULD REACT IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES! BUT THEN VINCENT ISN'T EXACTLY LIKE THE FELLER NEXT DOOR — IS HE? WE WARN YOU — THERE'S WORSE TO COME!

A collection of
conundrums to amaze and amuse.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

1. FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES. Captain Burk of the starship *Benterprise*, the first space-time expedition to visit both Pluto *and* Plato, brought aboard 28 bottles of brandy—for medicinal purposes—which he kept in the ship's "wine cellar," a three-by-three-foot storage bin in his quarters. Suspecting that some crew members might try to make off with a bottle or two for recreational purposes, he arranged them in the bin as shown below, so that nine bottles can be counted on each side. In this way, he felt, he could tell at a glance if any were missing.



During the next party on C deck, however, the first mate snuck into the storage area and appropriated four of the bottles, then rearranged the ones that remained so that when the captain next checked his cache, he would still count nine bottles on each side of the bin.

A few days later, the navigator decided to pep up a private party using the same technique. He also stole into the secret room and took four bottles, then rearranged the rest so that when the captain next checked, there would still be nine bottles visible on each side of the bin.

How, during their covert operations, did the first mate and navigator each arrange the bottles?

2. PETITION. The diagram above serves double duty: Use it again for this puzzle, ignoring the numbers. Now it represents a new apartment building with eight apartments—four at the sides and four at the corners.

The housing director has received a complaint from some tenants in the building: Apparently twice as many people have a southward view (toward a garbage dump) as look east (toward a sheet-metal factory). Those who have a view to the west (toward another apartment building) are only one-third as many as look south, while the lucky tenants with a northerly view (toward the park) are only half as many as look east, toward the sheet-metal factory.

There are 20 tenants in the building, all told, and there is at least one in each apartment. How many people occupy each apartment?

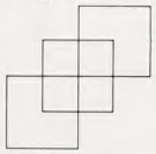
3. BONG! When the clock in the bell tower strikes six, it takes 18 seconds between the first and last strikes. How many seconds does it take for the clock to strike 12?

4. COUNT 'EM. Reader Jack Guberman of New York City sent us a puzzle on a business card, reprinted below. The challenge: Read the card through once only, and count the number of times the letter *F* appears:

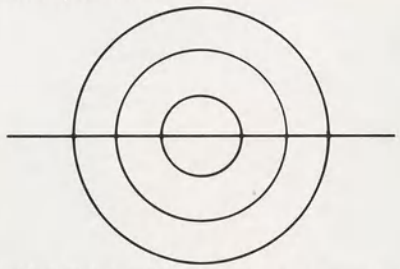
FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF MANY YEARS.

5. TWELVE POINTS. Michael Stueben, editor of the puzzles column in *Capitol M*, the Washington, D.C.–area Mensa newsletter, tells us that the following problem fooled 97 percent of the high school students in a junior math league comprised mainly of members from advanced geometry classes. The students were given 30 minutes to solve six problems similar to this one, so if you can solve this correctly in a five-minute sitting, you may move to the head of the class. The problem: Given these 12 evenly spaced points, how many rectangles have four of these points as vertices?

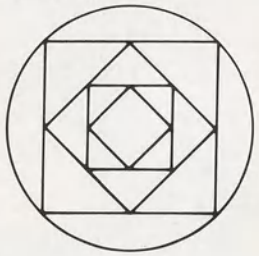
6. THREE SQUARES. Can you trace the design below—three overlapping squares—in one continuous line, without lifting the pen from the paper and without retracing any line?

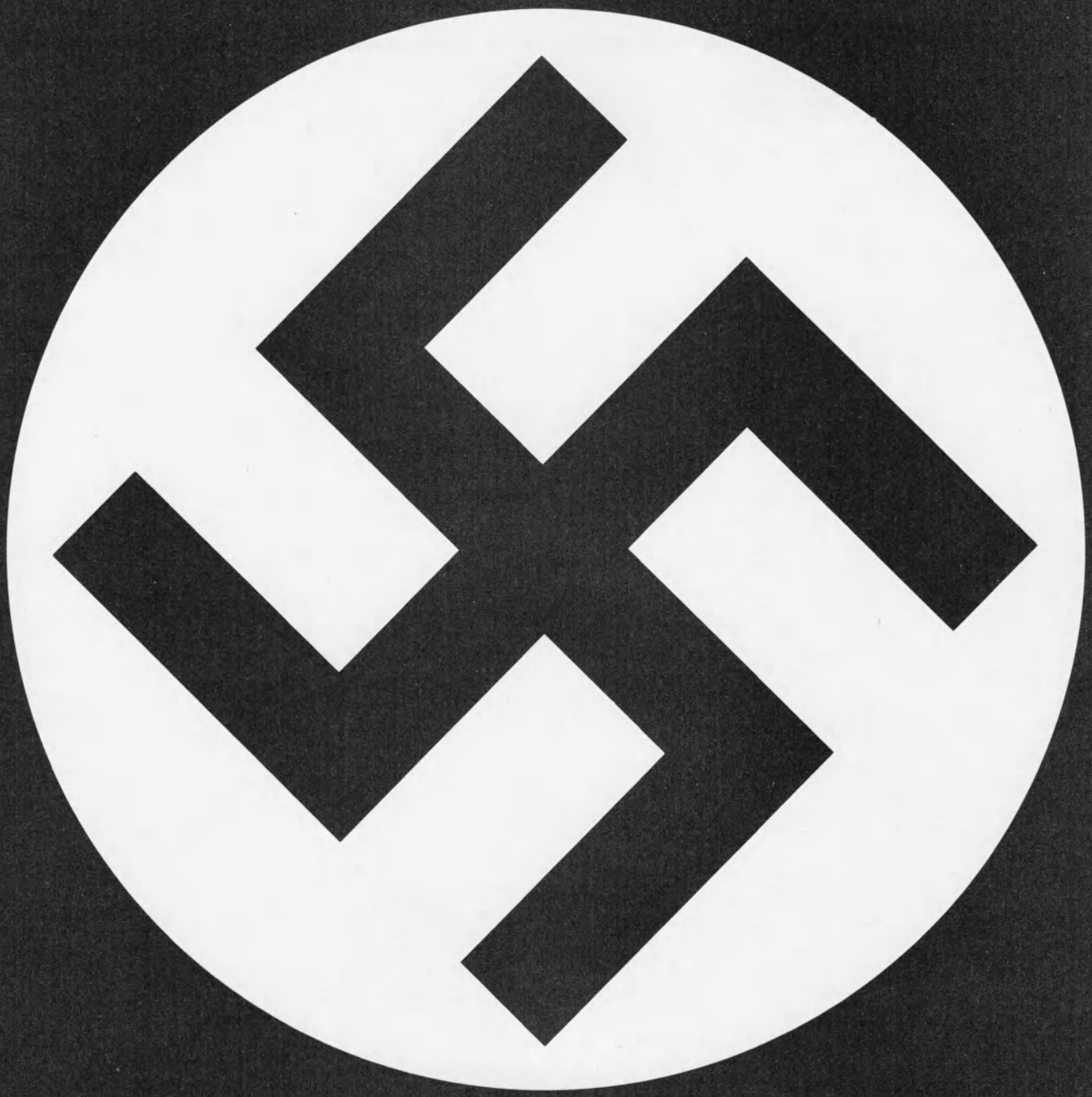


7. TARGET. The design below shows three concentric circles with a line through the center. It is possible to draw the figure in one continuous line, without any line crossing another, and without lifting the pen from the paper. How would you do it?



8. CIRCLE SQUARED. The geometrical design below — four squares at alternating angles inside a circumscribed circle—can also be drawn in one continuous line, without lifting the pen from the paper, and without going over any line twice. Can you do it?





Why not let somebody else think for you?

You don't have to leave America to find people who are willing to do your thinking for you. Right now, some Americans are making important decisions about what you should be allowed to read and see and hear. That means you don't have to think as much.

These Americans want to make rules about what television programs you may watch, and what books and magazines you may read. Rules just like the ones they had in Nazi Germany and have today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

If these Americans succeed in their efforts to censor television programs like *Mash* and *The Day After,* magazines like *Cosmopolitan, Penthouse* and *Playboy,* and books like *Ulysses, Catcher in the Rye* and *Huckleberry Finn,* our lives will be a little less complicated. And a lot less free.

As an American, you have the freedom to think for yourself and say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by The Coalition of Concerned Publishers.

GAMES

9. BOOK IT. The English teacher's assignment was simple: Select any book in the school library and write a book report on it. Max Jock was walking through the stacks, moaning about how he would rather be out playing sports, when his eye spotted a book with these words on it: HOW TO JOG. "That's my kinda book," Max said. "It will be a snap to write a book report on that. How much can there be on the subject that I don't already know?" With that, he checked the book out and headed for the gym. The night before the report was due, he opened the book and was amazed to find that it had almost nothing to do with jogging. Why?

10. CLOCK PROBLEM. A clock loses four minutes every hour. It was set correctly three and a half hours ago. Now, the correct time is noon. To the nearest minute, when will this slow clock show noon?

11. ADD UP. The correct way to write nine thousand nine hundred and nine dollars is $9,909.

What is the correct way to write twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve dollars?

12. UPDATE. A few months ago we posed a question here that provoked several readers to ask for an explanation. The question had been sent in by an Arizona reader who said she had been driving behind a pickup truck—the kind that displays its brand name in big letters on the back panel—and noticed it bore an unusual license plate: GSNDHT. She guessed that the truck belonged to a doctor, possibly one who treats colds and the flu, who had gotten personalized plates to say "gesundheit." Then she realized there was another explanation entirely. When she finished laughing, she decided to write us with the following challenge: What kind of truck was she driving behind?

The answer we gave was that the truck was an Isuzu, the gag being that this brand name sounds like a sneeze, to which the license-plate legend underneath was an appropriate reply.

Reader Mark Mele of Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, got the joke but suggested that it might work better if the truck were of a different brand, with its first and last letters obscured by mud splatters. What truck would he prefer?

13. WORDIES. Assume that the following pairs of three-letter words are related:

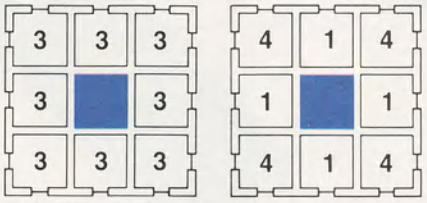
sly	hob
vow	eld
all	zoo

Which of the following four-letter words are related to each other in the same way?

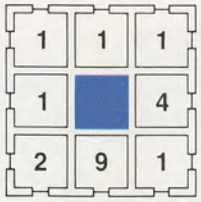
(a) vary, (b) glow, (c) lose, (d) part, (e) told, (f) come.

Answers:

1. MEDICINAL: The first mate left the bottles as at left, the navigator as at right:



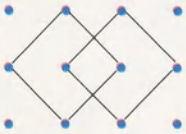
2. PETITION: The 20 tenants are arranged in the apartments as follows:



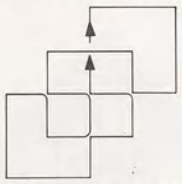
3. BONG: 39.6 seconds. Between the first and sixth strokes there are five intervals, so each interval must last 3.6 seconds. Between the first and twelfth strokes there are 11 intervals—and 11 times 3.6 equals 39.6 seconds.

4. COUNT: If you said three *F*'s, you're wrong. Count them again. (See 14.)

5. TWELVE POINTS: There are 20 rectangles. Did you overlook these two squares?



6. SQUARES: Here's one way to do it:



7. TARGET: The design below shows one possible solution.

8. CIRCLE SQUARED: One possible solution is shown below:

9. BOOK IT: The book was one volume (the "H" through "J" section) of an encyclopedia.

10. CLOCK: 12:15 (*not* 12:14).

11. ADD UP: $13,212.

12. UPDATE: "DATSUN." With the first and last letter obscured it becomes ATSU . . . GSNDHT.

13. WORDIES: (b) glow, and (e) told. The words are related to each other by a simple code in which each letter of the alphabet corresponds to another letter as read from the opposite direction, so that *a* = *z*, *b* = *y*, *c* = *x*, and so on.

14. COUNT (again): There are *six F*'s on the card. If you counted fewer than that, you probably did as most people do—you ignored the *F* in the word *of*, because it is pronounced as a *V*.

Actual size of ship, stem to stern–one foot. Contains 24 ounces of solid sterling silver and 24kt gold vermeil. Oak and glass display unit at no additional charge.

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COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE

NANCY ELLISON

MICK JAGGER INTERVIEW

It's been more than 20 years since rock and roll's British Invasion, and its greatest conqueror remains its king—Mick Jagger. For two decades Jagger and the Rolling Stones were billed as "The World's Greatest Rock-and-Roll Band," and many think they still are. Shaggy, loud, and almost always profane, the Stones—in their lyrics and deeds—were the leaders of a youth revolution that shook the world. Next month, in his most unusual interview, the iconoclastic Jagger speaks to *Penthouse* Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein about everything from the Beatles and Marianne Faithfull to Reagan's reelection and the Falkland Island invasion. It is an unusually open and frank discussion with the man behind the image of rock and roll's greatest superstar.

HERWARTH VOIGTMANN

TAKING A NEW LOOK

In its brief life of only 18 months, the French magazine *Newlook* has become one of the most talked-about publications in the world. Its spectacular images—of exploits and adventures, of the unexpected and the overwhelming—its raw sensation, and its sensuous and erotic pictorials, have made it *the* magazine in France for those young men who don't bother with self-justification, who are not encumbered by prejudices. Now *Newlook* is coming to America, and next month's *Penthouse* will present an exclusive preview of this exciting magazine that crackles with the energy of today's universe.

PAUL WUNDERLICH

SEPARATE BUT EQUAL

Hard-core feminists aside, everyone knows that men and women are different—and thank heavens for it! But the reality of some of these differences can be fascinating, as this article by Jane Barr Stump, Ph.D. (excerpted from her forthcoming William Morrow book) will show. Stump explores some of the more fundamental and controversial ways in which the sexes differ—including erotic fantasies, reaching one's sexual peak, and walking out on a lover. The sexes may be equal, but no one ever said they were alike.

ICUFON ARCHIVES

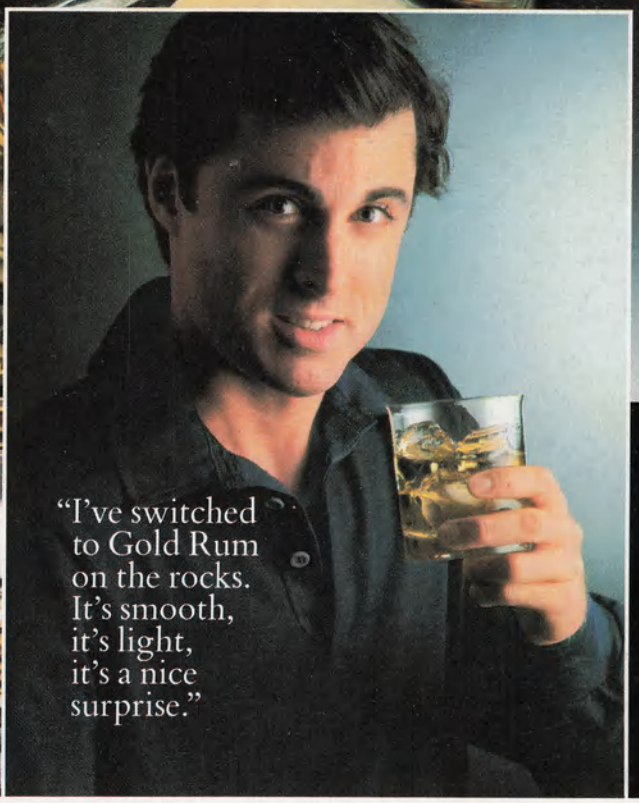
REAL FLYING SAUCERS AND OTHER SPY STORIES

There has been a revolution in the world of espionage—one that has caused the traditional human spy not only to come in from the cold, but to practically disappear. Next month, in an excerpt from his forthcoming book *Warriors of the Night: Spies, Soldiers, and American Intelligence* (to be published by William Morrow), *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Ernest Volkman illustrates some of the more dramatic successes and failures of this new world of espionage—including the true story behind the flying saucer sightings that started in 1947.

ATTAINING NEW HEIGHTS

Today's mountaineers are not the equipment-laden, bearded pioneer types of yesteryear, but rather successful young professionals who thrill to the challenge of conquering a sheer rock face with only their hands and feet. Known as "soloing," this highly dangerous form of climbing requires heavy doses of stamina, strength, and skill. Don't miss this breathtaking photo essay in next month's *Penthouse*.

Gold Rum instead.
Instead of Canadian, Bourbon or Blends.
Surprise yourself.



"I've switched to Gold Rum on the rocks. It's smooth, it's light, it's a nice surprise."

People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. The reason? Puerto Rican gold rum has the lightness that people prefer today.

You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum.

THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
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Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's:
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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